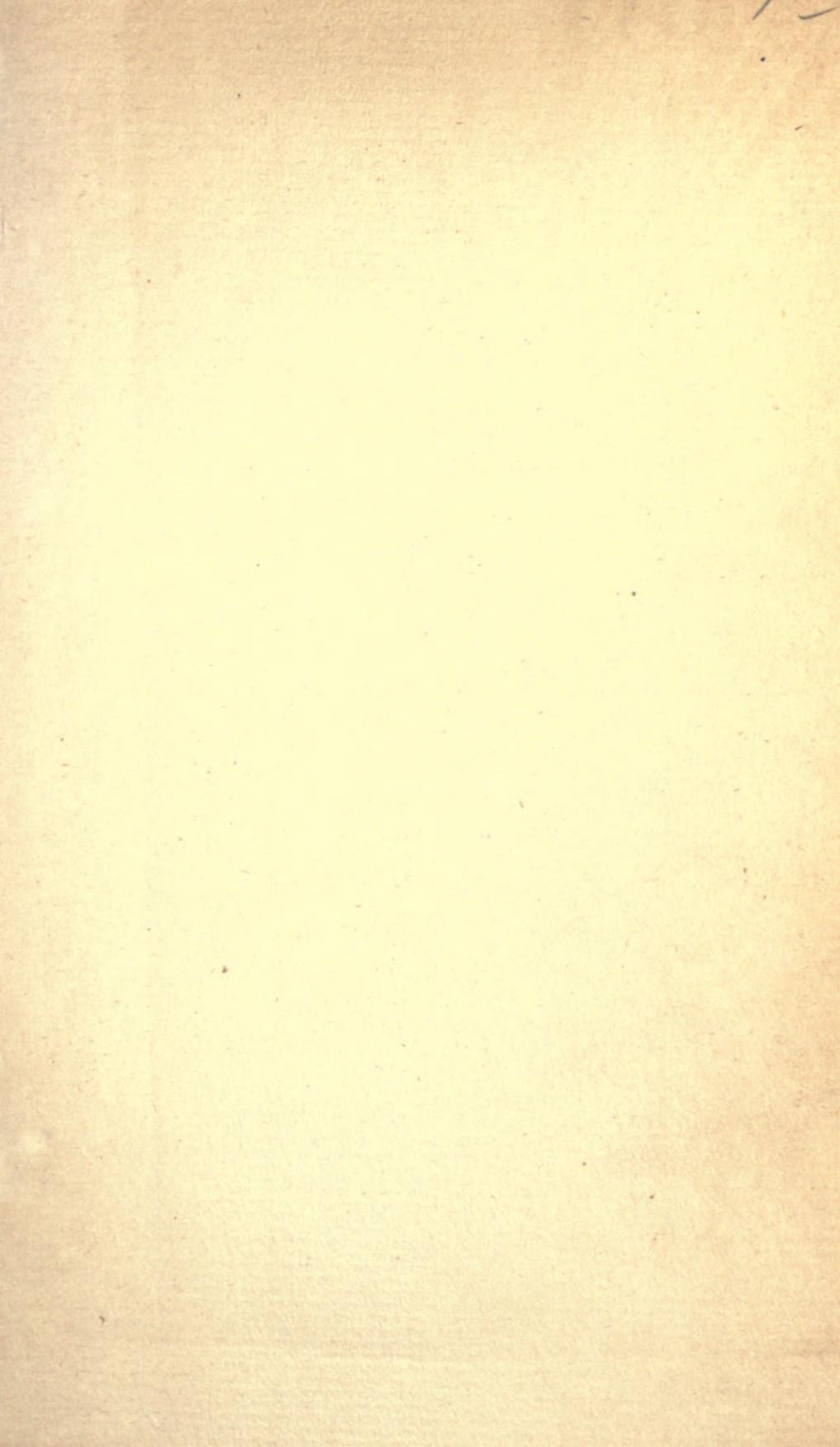


THE JOURNAL OF  
JOHN MAYNE 1814









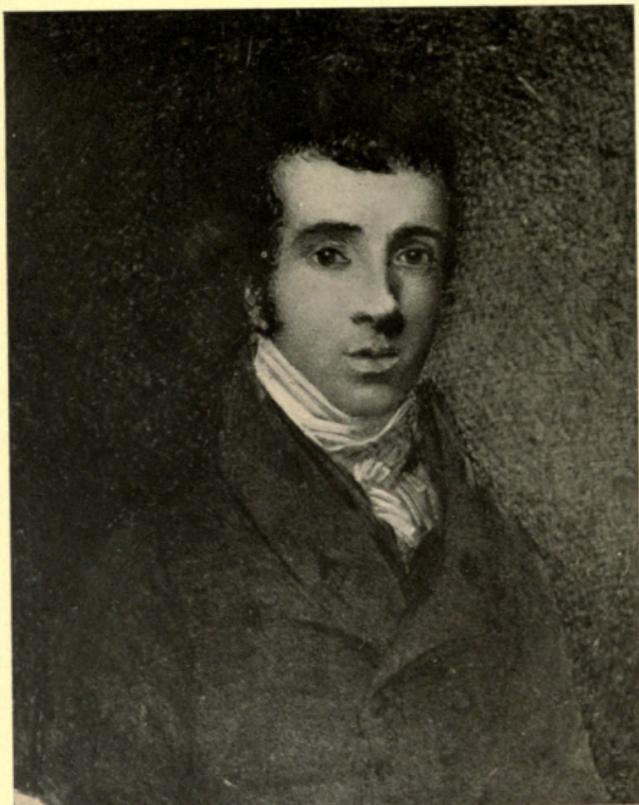


THE JOURNAL OF JOHN MAYNE

Veder le genti e'l culto di lor fede,  
E tutto quello ond' uom saggio m' invidi :  
Quando mi gioverà narrar' altrui  
Le novità vedute, e dire—io fui—

Ger : Lib : Cant : XV, stans. 38.





To  
My Family -  
John Mayne -  
Sept 1817 -

*From a miniature in the possession of Abm. Colles, Esq., M.D.*

# THE JOURNAL OF JOHN MAYNE

DURING A TOUR ON THE  
CONTINENT UPON ITS RE-  
OPENING AFTER ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦  
THE FALL OF NAPOLEON, 1814  
EDITED BY HIS GRANDSON  
JOHN MAYNE COLLES WITH  
NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS

REVIEW COPY  
WITH JOHN LANE  
COMMEMORATIVE

LONDON: JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD  
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## INTRODUCTORY NOTE

THESE pages are contemporary notes, taken during a tour on the Continent when it was reopened to the English after the Revolution, immediately before “The Hundred Days.”

Mr. John Mayne was about twenty-three years old when he paid this visit to France and Italy and thus recorded his observations. He was the third son of Mr. Justice Mayne, of the Court of King’s Bench in Ireland ; and was himself called to the Irish Bar in January, 1816. He subsequently married Anna, daughter of the Very Rev. Dean Graves, and died in the year 1829, at the age of thirty-eight.

Mr. Mayne did not penetrate into the high places of politics, nor does he recount interviews with personages. His study was of “the man in the street,” and of continental views, manners, customs, and amusements generally ; and his descriptions and comments, expressed with kindly humour, evince shrewd powers of observation and criticism.

The travelling companions referred to in the diary, were his eldest brother, the Rev. Charles Mayne, and the wife of the latter—Susan, daughter of Mr. William Henn.

Some six or seven years later, Mr. Mayne again made a tour of the Continent, as one of a family party which included his father and mother and his brother, Richard, who was afterwards, for nearly forty years, Chief Commissioner of Police in London. On this occasion, the diarist saw fit to modify some of the clear-cut opinions formed in his youth and haste, and added copious notes accordingly to his diary of 1814.

So far as such notes are here reproduced, they are printed in italicised paragraphs as part of the text.

Mr. Mayne describes himself aptly as “a true Irishman.” For him, the mountains and lakes and islands of his own country constitute a standard of natural beauty, with which the landscapes of France, Switzerland, and Italy must stand—and mostly suffer by—comparison; while from his reference to “James III and Charles III” one may conclude that he had at least a sentimental sympathy with the Irish leaning to the “King over the Water.”

In general, however, Mr. Mayne’s attitude as observer is uncompromisingly “British.” True, he

finds somewhat to say in criticism of English manners in continental society ; and “ there were reasons which made him grieve when he came into contact with English gentry,” but similar reflections have occurred to many Englishmen when contemplating their countrymen abroad ; and there is no indication of any such feeling as inspired the contemporary lines of another Irishman, Thomas Moore :

And is there then no earthly place  
Where we can rest in dreams Elysian,  
Without some cursed, round English face,  
Popping up near to break the vision ?

Unquestionably British are the diarist’s comments on national characteristics and on unfamiliar ways and customs : his naive appreciation, for instance, of the novelty of landing in France, although “ a three-weeks’ residence at Dover had made French appearances familiar ” ; his acceptance of the *fille de chambre* at Calais as “ a perfect sample of the ugliness a Frenchwoman may arrive at ” ; his tolerance, just touched with pity, for the popular adoration of Napoleon ; and his struggle against the regrettable disposition of the foreigner to impose on an English milord.

Nevertheless, Mr. Mayne was an accurate and judicious observer, and, in matters of art, a far from

contemptible critic. His art criticism, whether of painting, sculpture, music, or the drama, has the freshness and energy of original judgment. He bows to no accepted convention of merit, even when recording his opinion of the world's masterpieces.

But to those who read this journal after the lapse of nearly a century, its chief interest will be found in the minute and humorous description of daily incidents of life and travel—the preservation of just such details and episodes as enable us to realize the conditions of travel at a date so little removed from us that it has but just attained to the dignity of history.

In the frank explanation offered by an Italian postilion, we have the key to the system of over-charges and “impositions” which exasperated our travellers and strained their knowledge of the language. Innkeepers and others were making the most of their opportunities, after the long exclusion of Englishmen from the Continent.

At all events, the experiences of Mrs. Piozzi, making a similar tour some thirty years earlier, appear to have been the reverse of Mr. Mayne's. Mrs. Piozzi expatiates on the magnificence of the apartments which she occupied at Milan, in 1784, for an expenditure of £80 per annum; and she gives particulars of a dinner for eight or nine persons, of which “the

whole expense, wine included, was thirteen shillings of our money and no more."

Thus, while this book contributes nothing to the solution of political or historical problems, it presents a rarely definite picture of life and travel under conditions which have vanished as completely as those of 1000 years ago; and for the discerning reader, the direct simplicity of the style, and the naive frankness of the writer, will add joy in the perusal.

To Mr. T. W. Lyster, the Librarian of the National Library of Ireland, grateful acknowledgment is hereby tendered of advice and facilities most kindly given in regard to the reproduction of contemporary prints.

J. M. C.



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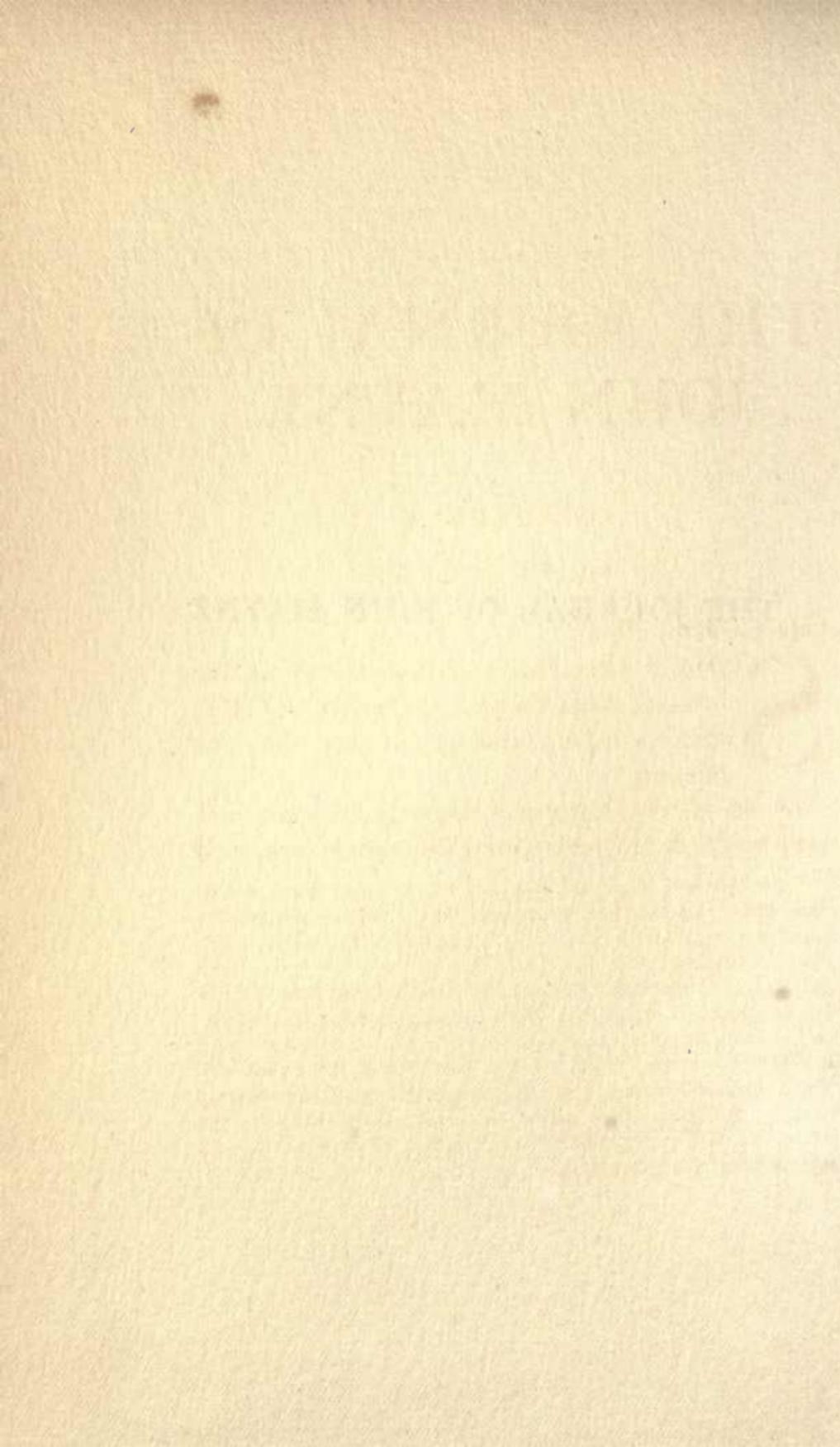
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THE JOURNAL OF JOHN MAYNE



# THE JOURNAL OF :: JOHN MAYNE ::

## CHAPTER I

### EN ROUTE FOR PARIS

*Calais, August, 1814.*

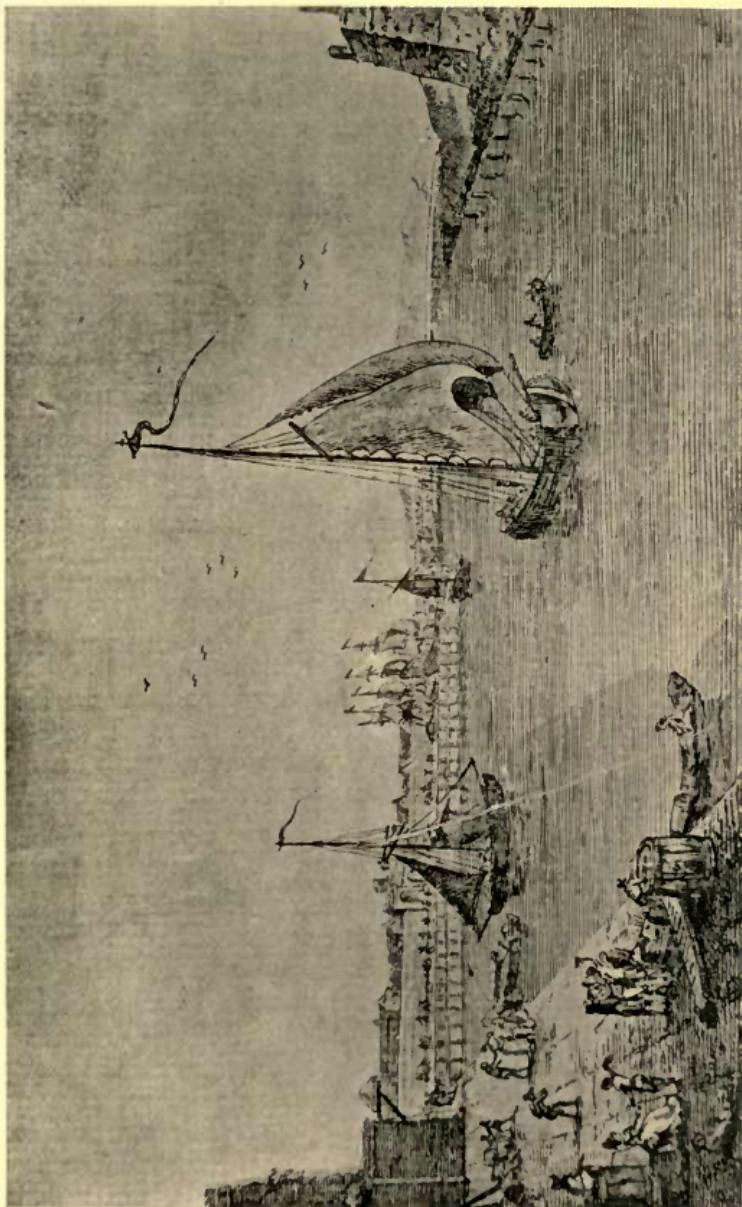
**S**AILED from Dover at five o'clock in the evening, August 23rd; and landed at Calais, after a tedious passage, at five the next morning.

At the Hôtel d'Angleterre, formerly Dessein's, now kept by Quillacy [Quillac] and Duplessis,\* considered

\* Mr. Mayne's incidental reference to the proprietors, at that time, of Dessein's Hotel is of some interest as solving the problem which perplexed Mr. John Cordy Jeaffreson as to Lady Hamilton's place of residence at Calais. Lady Hamilton's letter of the 4th of July, 1814, to the Right Hon. George Rose is dated from " Hôtel Dessin, Calais " ; while Mrs. Ward (Horatia), writing in 1874, describes Lady Hamilton as occupying at the time in question rooms in " Quillac's Hotel," which led Mr. Jeaffreson to think that Mrs. Ward, then in her seventy-fourth year, might have forgotten the name of the hotel. In a matter concerning Lady Hamilton, the woman of many mysteries, the explanation of even so slight a mystification is worth noting.

the greatest establishment in Europe. There are between seventy and eighty beds, and fifty for servants. Everything superior to what we had expected; but a want of finishing and many deficiencies instantly attract the notice of an Englishman. Bedroom large and airy; beds in recesses contained in (but themselves without) posts or curtains. These recesses admit of walking room round the bed, and form a little apartment quite necessary when ladies and gentlemen are expected to sleep indifferently in the same room, as Charles, Susan and I did here. The fireplaces are large and without grates, adapted to wood fires; a strangely misshapen tongs our only fire-iron. Instead of a lock to the room door, an iron bolt a foot long, moved by a coarse iron handle. Breakfast knives, something between a worn-out English one and a penknife. These and other such things are agreeably contrasted with marble tables, handsome chairs, great looking-glasses in every direction, and dinner and breakfast china remarkably handsome.

A three weeks' residence at Dover had made French appearances so familiar to us that we did not experience in a very high degree the surprise usually felt by those whose change from England to France is more abrupt; but women of the lower class and children, shops, posting carriages, horses and drivers were novel, and produced us infinite diversion. Our *fille de chambre* gives us no favourable impression of the



CALAIS  
*From a contemporary print*



sisterhood : she seems a perfect sample of the ugliness a Frenchwoman may arrive at. A large-boned, shapeless figure, with coarse skin and staring eyes, her waist above her breast and petticoats to her knees ; every part of her dress dirty but her stockings, which are particularly white.

We remain here to-day making preparation for the road. We have hired a cabriolet to Paris for 150 livres, a very unreasonable price ; for as the traveller is without remedy, there being no opposition, he must repose himself upon the conscience of his landlord, and that is no easy pillow.

*Calais to Abbeville.*—25th.—Mounted our cabriolet at half-past six. This machine is on two wheels, clumsy and ill-shaped. The first sight of it threw us into absolute despair, and we imagined it impossible to make use of it, but finding that we had no choice we became reconciled to our fate, and at the end of our first day's journey we all much doubt whether it be not preferable to an English post-chaise. The two wheels give it an easier motion ; it is small, yet carries a vast quantity of luggage, and it admits a free circulation of air in hot weather. It should always be remembered, however, that a cabriolet for three Frenchmen will accommodate but two Englishmen, and so in proportion ; for the continentalists have universally a power of contracting their bodies and legs, and of reconciling their minds to bear this contraction for a number of hours altogether impossible to an

Englishman. The dress of the postilion is like that of our horse-guards blue, except the hat, which is round. There are two chief merits in a finished postilion : the cracking of his whip, and the number of buttons on the skirts of his coat, which we counted as many as forty-six. He proceeds in perfect silence, or perhaps sings an air, for about five minutes ; then suddenly, without any visible cause, rises in his stirrups and for the space of a minute or two cracks his whip about his head with the utmost fury ; then relapses into his former placidity. This perfection of cracking is not easily attained to, and many fail in the attempt ; but an incessant practice goes on at each *poste aux chevaux* and some will of course succeed. The whip, besides serving to cheer the poor postilion on his way, is a horn to clear the way and an *avant courier* to bespeak horses at the *poste*. With so many uses, the time spent on it need not be regretted.

Roads excellent. Near Boulogne our attention was called to a wonderful something approaching ; its appearance was of a straggling troop of runaway horses, with a rough cabin at some distance in pursuit of them. It turned out to be a coach-and-four ; the coach like anything in the world but a coach, the horses running wide in all directions, and a man dressed in a blue shirt like our tallow-chandlers, vainly endeavouring to guide them by a thing resembling the mast and streamer of a ship, which he circled round his head without ceasing. There were reins, but he

did not appear to be acquainted with the intention of them.

Our passports examined going into Boulogne, where we got a dirty and uncomfortable breakfast. The town large and fortified ; military on parade, clean and soldierly looking. Boulogne is remarkable for being the great flotilla port from which was to issue our destruction. The only remains of this formidable armament are some crazy, stranded wrecks. Met on the road a *curé* in full suit of black and cassock, riding ; he took off his hat and saluted us most respectfully. Shortly after, an old man, remarkably well dressed, with knee- and shoe-buckles, dressed wig and cocked hat, driving a cart and sitting astride with his feet on the shafts—he took off his hat and made us a low bow which we could hardly compose our countenances to return. To-day we had, among other novelties, that of women riding “*à califorches*” : they contrive to make it a very decent way.

At Nampont the *maître de poste* made a shameful attempt to cheat us into paying for four horses instead of three. He cunningly began by asking to see our *livre de poste*, supposing we had none : in which he was confirmed by our declining to produce it, as it was troublesome to get at the bag in which it was. He then insisted that we should either pay or remain there. With our scanty language a battle was not easily to be managed, but we at length produced our book and routed the Frenchman. Charles, in the

height of his indignation, at once threw off all trammels of grammar and syntax and closed a vehement invective with "*vous avez delayons nous beaucoup et vous êtes bien troublesome.*" All the spectators stared in admiration of his eloquence, and the *maître de poste*, who knew at least what he deserved, slunk off.

We arrived late at Abbeville and found the Hôtel de l'Europe in all respects admirable. The lady of the house remained in the room during supper, and took pains to make us talk and to instruct us. Our attendant, a pretty little girl when she smiled, though at other times plain, talked a great deal and was vastly delighted with our various mistakes, which she usually took care to correct. The people here speak a patois, and this made us the less intelligible to each other. A boy waiter attended us for some time who was sure to answer every question with *Comment, Monsieur?* or *Plait-il, Monsieur?* drawled out in a most melancholy tone of voice. We had not supposed that any Frenchman could have been so dull. I imagine he was a quaker and in a melancholy madness.

*Abbeville to Breteuil*—26th.—Our postilion from this is the first we have met with the real French boots. Every description we had heard served only to make our astonishment the greater; they are beyond all imagination; somewhat like large churns covered with leather. The stirrup made to receive them is at least a foot high. They are laid standing near the horse and the postilion, when about to mount, walks into

them with his shoes on, and often with leather gaiters. This first driver was a tall, thin, hatchet-faced fellow, a caricature of our caricatures of the French. He was a true Bonapartist and did not attempt to disguise it. At the end of the first post we gave him a louis to change ; he examined it for some time, shrugged his shoulders, and in a most contemptuous manner said, holding it up to those about him, "*Louis dix-huit.*" We of course looked pleased, and answered, "*Oui, oui, Louis XVIII.*"

At Amiens, visited the cathedral, but had not time to examine it attentively. They were performing some service. This was the first Catholick church I ever entered, and the number of chapels, with their paintings and decorations, the altars and candles, surprised and interested me.

The inn is good. Our dinner, wholly French, was (with the exception of a small bit of roast veal) all swimming in oil. I set out with a resolution to eat without mercy all kinds of sauces, fricacies, oils, bad butter, etc. The dessert good. Beggars here, and in most places hitherto, extremely troublesome. No one seems to think it a disgrace to beg ; but decent-looking women and children join in the cry, not appearing in general to expect anything, but not choosing to miss a possibility.

At Breteuil, the inn large, old and dirty ; the staircase of stone with iron railing, passages and lobbies flagged ; the rooms prodigiously lofty and dark,

hung from top to bottom with tapestry ; the quilts made to fit the beds like a chair- or sopha-cover. Everything dirty, bad, and extravagantly dear ; the woman of the house like an old ugly witch. Left this in ill-humour with them for cheating us, and with ourselves for being cheated.

*Breteuil to Chantilly.—27th.*—Left Breteuil early, and reached Chantilly at two o'clock. The first paved road begins at Clermont ; as, also, the first vineyards. Apple and pear trees in rows at each side of the road. All who came to France immediately on the Peace, agreed in stating the total want of men employed in the fields, and that women alone were to be seen. Women have at all periods been more employed in such work in France than in England, but we now see everywhere an equal proportion of men and women working together. All this country, though particularly rich in produce, is to the eye the poorest I have ever seen ; the want of trees, hedgerows, or fences of any description, gives it the bleakest, most barren appearance imaginable.

At Chantilly, the instant we drove into the inn-yard, two smiths ran to our cabriolet, and having examined it, assured me that the wheels were greatly broken, but that they would arrange them. I examined likewise, and thinking the wheels quite sufficient, begged that the gentlemen would not trouble themselves. A few minutes after, going by chance into the yard, I found these vulcans, with all their

apparatus, beginning to take off our wheels. They were quickly routed, in sad disappointment, as they must have counted on two or three louis at least; for a friend of ours had been taken-in by these same men, and charged a louis for what was not worth more than four or five francs at the most. When I returned to the house, I found the landlady waiting to beg that, if the men were going to do anything for me, I would make my bargain beforehand, as they were very unreasonable. *Mem.*—In France all cheating is fair, and if the subject be an English milord, meritorious.

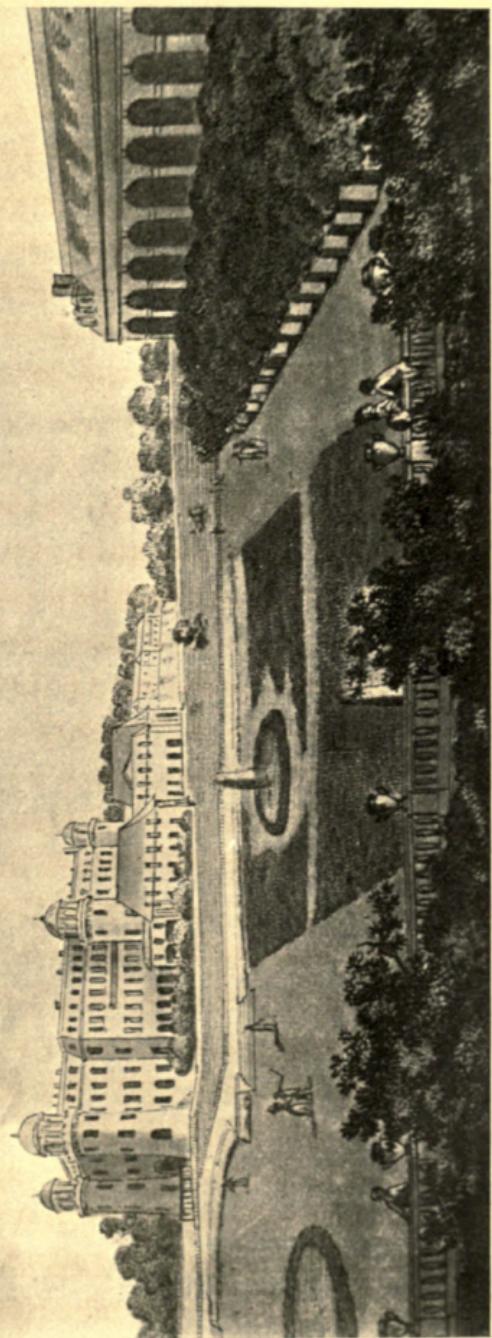
Visited the celebrated stables, and the remains of the once magnificent château. The stables are but little injured; their outside bears the appearance of a noble palace. The last inhabitants were the Polish lancers, going into Spain, about five years ago. There are no remains of the garden, except pieces of water and some broken *jets d'eau* and statues. The château is rased to the ground; broken columns and mutilated statues lie amidst the heaps of rubbish. The universal desolation of the place, joined with the recollection of the greatness of its possessors, its former magnificence, and the manner of its destruction, cannot fail to excite sensations of the highest interest in all who now visit this once celebrated spot.

Our guide related the acts of fury committed here, so much *con spirito*, as fully to impress us with the belief that he was no calm spectator of the scenes he described. It was impossible to avoid smiling at his

pretended horror and his lamentations over the broken legs and arms. Whenever we exclaimed, he was ready to cry, "*Ah, misérables!—coquins!—pauvre lion! Ah, monsieur, regardez la pauvre tête.*" His compassion was all bestowed upon the pieces of marble. Once, indeed, while we were remarking a headless lion, he observed that it would have been the same with *mon Prince* (as he always called him) had he been there.

The palace occupied by the Duke d'Enghien, which stood separate at a little distance from the grand building, is preserved entire by the circumstance of its having been the residence of a Polish colonel during the disturbances. An old woman, formerly servant to the family, conducted us through the apartments. She drew from a drawer some little pictures of the Condé family, which she had with some risk concealed during the Revolution. She talked of the family and their restoration in expressions that seemed to be uttered in real sincerity and fullness of heart. The only movable that remains of the splendid furniture is a silk cord and lead, from which a lustre had been suspended.

Although we had ordered a dinner of a few dishes, yet remove followed remove till we thought there was to be no end of our eating ; and the whole was crowned with a handsome dessert of peaches, plums, pears, and grapes. After dinner I walked out and met in the inn garden a gentleman who accosted me and entered



CHÂTEAU DE CHANTILLY, BEFORE ITS DESTRUCTION  
*From an old print*



into conversation with me. In half an hour's conversation he made me acquainted with his whole history, his past adventures and his future prospects. He had emigrated with the Royal Family, but returned to France in 1802, and remained during the war. He had served in Holland with the Duke of York, who behaved kindly to him and gave him a cornetcy in our Hussars. His expectations of recovering his estates (which were considerable) he seemed to think well founded, and thought the Royalists had "*bien à plaindre*" of the King, who delayed their reward. At parting he expressed much pleasure at having "*fait connaissance*" with me, hoping to be remembered if we should meet at Paris, and begging that I would do him the favour to visit him at Fontainbleau in my route, when he would introduce me to his wife and daughter. He gave me his name : Mons. le Vicomte de Boubers.

(NOTE OF 1821. *The familiarity with which Frenchmen use strangers has always been a remarkable feature in their character. When Cardinal Wolsey was sent into France as ambassador, he assembled his suite and gave them advice for the regulation of their conduct ; amongst other things he says, "The nature of Frenchmen is such that at the first meeting they will be as familiar with you, as they had bene acquainted with you long before, and common with you in their French tongue as though you understande every worde ; therefore use them in like manner and be as familiar with them as they be*

with you. If they speake in their naturall tongue, speake you againe to them in the Englishe tongue, for if you understand not them, no more shall they understande you."—Wordsworthe's *Eccl. Biog.*)

The inn here is very good, and the people extremely civil. We parted good friends, the lady hoping to see us on our return.

*Chantilly to Paris.*—28th.—The posting, as in other countries, improves near the capital. The horses, harness and the dress of postilions, is better, and there is less delay in changing horses. The vast difference between the bustle and crowds on the roads near London and the total absence of both on those near Paris, cannot fail to strike an English traveller. We hardly met a carriage or cart of any description before we entered the town.

(NOTE. *A writer in the Edinb. Rev., Oct. 1819, states that having counted the carriages, etc., on the road from London to Dover by the less frequented way of Maidstone and Hithe, and on an equal number of miles from Paris to Calais, the result was :*

	England	France
<i>Public carriages</i>	. . . . 26	5
<i>Private do. with post or private horses</i>	. . . . 101	7
<i>Persons on horseback</i>	. . 52	2)

In this day's journey (Sunday) we everywhere observed labourers at work as usual, and here all the

shops open. I had occasion to call at the great banker's—Perregaux—and there the business was uninterrupted: and this in and around the capital of His Most Christian Majesty's dominions.

In the evening, walked through part of the town, and saw the great bronze column in the *Place de la Concorde*, raised to the glory of the French army. The idea of thus making the spoils of an enemy record his overthrow was certainly fine; but the column of Trajan has furnished to this all its architectural merit. When the Allies entered Paris this year, the statue of Bonaparte was pulled down, and the white flag now waves in its place; but another statue is, it is said, to be erected, which the beauty of the column requires. The garden of the *Thuilleries*, through which I passed, was crowded with well-dressed people. It is the most splendid thing in its kind that I have ever seen, but not greatly to my taste. It consists, like other French gardens, of long, straight walks and rows of trees, orangeries and *jets d'eau*. There are some fine statues, and the general effect when the gardens are crowded is very good.

I called in at an apothecary's and asked the prices of different articles. Castor-oil would cost about four louis a pint, but it is almost never used here; spirits of wine, but two francs the pint. The apothecaries do not study medicine and are mere druggists. A young man in the shop, in order to vex me, talked loudly in abuse of the English and in praise of Bona-

parte, calling him, great, good, admirable Napoleon. He took particular care to assure me that the French were not at all injured or distressed by the long war, but continued rich in spite of our attempts to depress their commerce. This is a subject on which the French appear to feel very sore. An Englishman, who now walks in triumph through the streets of the capital of humbled France, need not be very proud of listening with temper to attacks upon his country dictated by disappointment and mortified vanity ; and when this young gentleman ended a vehement harangue in praise of "the Emperor" (as he always termed him) with : "He would have swallowed up your country," I could very easily answer, "Most likely, if my country had not swallowed him up first."

As I returned home it was growing dark, and I could not easily make out the street in which we lodged. A gentleman who observed my difficulty addressed me and begged to know if he could assist me. Immediately afterwards, as we walked along, he, with a thousand apologies, hoped I would excuse him asking me a question : He had been a prisoner to the English and was now in possession of an English song in which there was one word the meaning of which had baffled all his skill in our language ; perhaps I would have the kindness to explain it. After a long search he drew forth his manuscript, and his difficulty did not much surprise me when I came to examine it—the word was "peerlish." The composition was a love-sonnet, and

the poet's flame was beautifully addressed as "my peerish Queen." My friend had never been able to arrive at any word nearer to it than "pearl." I told him it was *très vilain anglais*, and ought to be written "peerless"; and then the difficulty was to make him comprehend what "peerless" meant. He knew that Lord Castlereagh and others of our great men were peers, but how a fair lady could be complimented by the epithet peerless, passed his comprehension. He rose some degrees in my estimation before we parted by asking me whether I was a Scotchman, as he was anxious to send "one little present" to some friends in Scotland who had shown him kindness while he was a prisoner there.

## CHAPTER II

### PARIS

*Paris.—August 29th.*

ON our arrival in Paris, we could not accommodate ourselves to our liking at an hotel, and we are in private lodgings in the Rue Favart, close to the best part of the boulevards. They consist of a sitting- and dining-room and two bedchambers, for which we are to pay five louis a week. The rooms are low and dark, but neatly furnished; in London they would be considered magnificent. The drawing-room is hung with good prints. Ornamental clock on the chimney-piece, two large looking-glasses in each room, pannels of looking-glass in the bedroom doors, plate-glass windows, marble tables, beautiful breakfast china—all this sounds well; but the doors are badly finished, and painted in the commonest manner, a rough iron bolt supplies the place of a lock and is raised by a large key that always stands in the keyhole, the chairs are indifferent, and the floors of tile or brick. The entrance is across a spacious court, and the staircase, being common to the whole house which contains many families, is covered with filth of every kind. However, we are in the best

situation in the town, and these lodgings are reasonably cheap.

A *valet-de-place* is indispensable; we have taken one without a syllable of English; he gets five francs per day. It is the way here for the valet to make your bed and arrange the bedchamber even of ladies. Indeed, since our landing in France we have had frequent occasion to remark that the delicacy between males and females, so strictly attended to in England, is here unthought-of. To-day and yesterday the heat has been excessive, but owing to the impossibility of a ray of sun ever striking upon our apartments, and to the tiled floor, which is constantly sprinkled with water, we are almost cold in the house.

This morning our attendant came in to say that a lady and gentleman "*voudroient bien nous souhaiter le bonjour.*" We, with all possible speed, returned an answer in our best French, signifying our willingness to be wished good morning, and in walked a gentleman and two ladies. They begged us not to "*déranger*" (a word eternally used and that means everything that is not "*arranger*," as this does everything that is not "*déranger*"), and monsieur, much to our relief, addressed us in tolerable English. During their visit, however, I contrived to edge in some intelligible sentences to the ladies, who did not fail to pay me many compliments on my proficiency in their language. When they had sat a short time, the gentleman informed us that he had three daughters

in the house who would be happy to see us, and in accordingly they came—nice, genteel girls, one of them very pretty.

At parting, they offered many civilities and begged that if we were in want of anything we would apply to them. We found upon inquiry that they were the owners of our apartments, who, wishing to go for some time to the country, had been glad to let them.

In the evening we walked to the Elysian fields, which were handsomely illuminated and excessively crowded. The town also was illuminated, which fortunately gave us an opportunity of comparing a Paris with a London and Dublin illumination. In Dublin the general effect is, in my opinion, far superior to both the others, even when the publick buildings are not handsomely ornamented.

30th.—To the post-office, a vast establishment, to all appearance conducted with perfect regularity. I have already been often forced to compare French and English politeness; and whatever may be the difference of manner between the two nations, I cannot help thinking that in the essential parts of good-breeding, their natural feeling constantly gives the English a manifest superiority over their more bunting neighbours. An English woman who walks the streets of Paris experiences an unfeeling, impudent rudeness, which was certainly not offered to those French ladies who visited London immediately after the Peace. There, if the towering head and spacious flower-

garden excited astonishment, that astonishment was not rudely expressed, and gentlemen, at least, did not stare till they had passed ; but here, the moment an English head appears, the alarm is spread, and “*tête anglaise—quelle figure anglaise !*” is heard on every side. Possibly a French shrug, incomprehensible to foreigners, may, like the shake of Lord Burleigh’s head, have much concealed in it and cause this to signify politeness, but in England it would be pure unsophisticated rudeness.

I have been in the Louvre, and have seen those objects to which the admiration of the whole civilized world has so long been directed. To-day I am so overpowered as to be incapable of recollecting any one thing. While there, I found it absolutely impossible to fix my attention for a moment on any single object ; independent of its treasures, the very extent and magnificence of the gallery are alone enough to engage the mind. I never remember to have been so completely justified when my expectations had been so highly raised.

The paintings are arranged according to their different schools, and the works of each master are, in general, together. Besides the great gallery there are two saloons containing pictures, and a gallery of designs, cartoons, bronzes, bas-reliefs, etc.

In the evening to the *Théâtre Français*, where for the first time I witnessed the representation of a French tragedy. As far as my knowledge goes, it

was in all respects unlike nature and unlike everything that the stage should be like. I must own, however, that I had never read the tragedy (*Tancréde*) and did not understand above half that was said, yet I saw and heard enough to convince me that French tragedy and I must ever be at enmity.

(NOTE OF 1821.—*I retract this sweeping condemnation of French tragedy. A better acquaintance with the language and the compositions themselves, as well as with continental gesture, has reconciled me to their stage ; and on my second visit to Paris I saw a tragedy in which Talma performed, and I was highly gratified.*)

There was an entertaining after-piece, lively and well performed ; indeed, the inferior parts are infinitely better supported here than in London, and there is a spirit and natural action in most Frenchmen such as art can seldom supply to an Englishman. The house itself is one of the dirtiest and ugliest I ever was in, of moderate size ; the orchestra was indifferent. Unfortunately for us, Talma and some of the best actors are at the provincial theatres during this season.

31st.—I spent this whole day in the Louvre, the greater part of the time among the statues ; my brain was somewhat cooled to-day, and I was able to examine with some attention the most remarkable of them. Those which in my opinion are most admirable are the Dying Gladiator or Gaul, the Laocoön and the Apollo. The renowned Venus gave me less surprise

and less pleasure than any of these or than many others of less note. There appears to me to be nothing in this which I could not easily have imagined within the power of the chisel. I do not venture to criticise her form, or object to the size of her head ; I take it for granted the proportions are perfect, the finishing without fault ; but I cannot perceive any life in this statue. Had I seen this and this alone, I should ever have considered the expressions of "living marble" and "breathing stone" most hyperbolical. The sinking weakness of approaching death in the Gladiator is wonderfully expressed. The group of the Laocoön is open to criticism ; the boys may be thought small beyond all proportion to the size of the father, and other objections may be made ; but the principal figure is dreadfully real, and I never could look upon it without a feeling of horror. No one, I believe, has ever felt disappointment on seeing the Apollo : this statue speaks equally to the learned and the ignorant. Imperfect in its proportions (for one leg is longer than the other and the back ill-executed) this incomparable work rests its whole merit on the great expression of its character, and its character is that of a divinity. The torso of Michael Angelo I need say nothing of, for a great body without breast or head, and thighs to the knee, cannot pretend to please any but connoisseurs. I walked once through the Great Gallery, and saw, for the first time in my life, a picture by Raffaelle.

September 1st.—To the King's chapel in the Tuilleries: he goes every day to mass in state. Tickets of admission to the chapel are issued, but we, as English, were readily admitted, and a good place procured for Susan by an officer. About quarter of an hour before the King appeared, Monsieur \* was announced and walked close to us through the gallery, attended by several officers. When His Majesty was about to enter, an officer advanced to the front of his seat and announced with a loud voice "*Le Roi!*" He entered with much state, attended by *Monsieur*, the Duke and Duchess of Angoulême,† and several persons of rank.

\* Charles Philippe, Comte d'Artois, the King's brother, was at this time fifty-seven years of age. He was of an open and generous character; but the surroundings of his grandfather's Court, and his own attractive personal appearance, had induced an early life of dissipation, and he had no aptitude for books or study. His wife, Marie Thérèse de Savoie, had died in the year 1806. His sons are referred to in the text. After his inglorious campaign in La Vendée in 1795 he resided for some time at Holyrood Palace, and subsequently in London. On the 12th of April, 1814, he had made triumphal entry into Paris, amid the enthusiastic plaudits of the mob. He succeeded to the throne, as Charles X, on the 16th of September, 1824, at the age of sixty-seven, and, after having abdicated in 1830, died in exile in the year 1836.

† Louis-Antoine de Bourbon, duc d'Angoulême, the eldest son of Monsieur, had been brought up at Turin. In 1799, at the age of twenty-four, he married the little *Madame Royale*, the heroine of the Temple prison, who had at the last moment been saved from the guillotine by the intervention of Austria, after the deaths of her father, mother, aunt and brother. After issuing a successful proclamation to the French of the South, the duke had joined the King in Paris on the 27th of May, 1814, being then in his thirty-ninth year. On his father's accession to the throne the old title of Dauphin was revived in his behalf.

After the service, the King retired to his apartments, passing through a very large room into which everyone who pleased was admitted. The crowd was great, and they cheered—precisely like Frenchmen.

From this to the *Monumens Français*. These are a collection, made after the Revolution, of those monuments which, as belonging to churches, shared with them the outrages of enlightened impiety. They are arranged according to their date, and form an interesting exhibition.

Gave an hour and half to Raffaelle's paintings in the Louvre. Some of the finest of his oil paintings are here. When Sir J. Reynolds and others talk of their disappointment on the first view of Raffaelle's works, they must be understood to mean his frescoes. The beauty of the others must, I think, be intelligible from the first to everyone, whether skilled in painting or not. For myself, without any affectation, I could gaze on some of them for ever ; and while I look upon them I am almost ready to pardon Bonaparte all his sins.

In the evening to the *Théâtre Feydeau*. At this theatre, opera and comedy are performed alternately. To-night, most fortunately for me, was *Zémire et Azor*, the most favourite composition of Grétry. The principal parts were by a lady who is making her *début*, and a man who is a great favourite. She has no qualifications but a voice naturally good, which she always keeps in her throat ; her singing is forced, inarticulate and out of tune ; she was, however, warmly

applauded. *He* is a good actor with a full, sweet, tolerably well-managed voice—his style very pleasing. On the whole I was more pleased than I had expected to be. The orchestra consisted of about thirty-five performers. When we first entered the box, a gentleman sitting in the first row began immediately to converse with us. He set out with informing us that there was to be performed a national piece, which was very well for those that liked it, but that he was of a different way of thinking. He afterwards told us that, at the age of fourteen, he had been brought from Italy with two of his brothers by Bonaparte, who put him into the military school and afterwards gave him a commission in the Imperial Guard. He served under Napoleon through all his campaigns until the Spanish war, when he marched into Spain, where he remained till the Peace. On that occasion he took his dismissal, not choosing to serve against the cause of his Master or under a man whom he hated. He talked without reserve of his love of Bonaparte. Once, speaking of his conduct on the field, he said, “Ah! when he used to gallop up to us and cry ‘*avancez, mes enfans!*’ I could have adored him.” I asked about the French army and its generals. He said a quarter of the army was always composed of *tirailleurs*. There were generals in the French service adapted to every kind of warfare; Soult and Victor had been formed in the Tirol, and were unquestionably superior to the others in a country of river and mountain like Spain;

this is the most difficult kind of country. Victor, who was evidently his favourite, he extolled highly as a man of good education and mild disposition; Davoust, a mere soldier. I tried, as far as politeness would permit, to engage him to say something about Wellington, but he always avoided it, although I even asked him whether he had ever seen him. To a remark of mine he warmly protested that the French army had never felt any hatred towards the English, and that "he would gladly have changed poles with them at any time." When the national piece was commencing, he requested that I would take his place. This I declined, but during the performance he suddenly jumped up and insisted on my allowing him to stand back in the box, as he could not bear to see them drink the King's health. The piece was rapturously applauded, although our friend did not give it his countenance. He stood in the corner of the box, groaning at each cheer, and cursing the French who had, he declared, no character, but were just like "things we hang out of our windows."

*2nd.*—To the Mother-church of Notre Dame. This church had long been celebrated for its riches and its relics, but in the Revolution it experienced more than its share of the popular indignation towards religious buildings. It was robbed of everything valuable in it; the very woodwork and whatever was movable were torn down and sold. The building itself was, with appropriate ceremonies, dedicated to

the Goddess of Reason, and an abandoned female who personated that divinity stood upon the insulted altar to receive the adorations of the populace. When religion was again acknowledged by the French Government, this church was refitted and beautified, and many handsome presents were made to it by Bonaparte, who was solemnly crowned here. In an upper apartment curiosities are exhibited—the crown and sceptre of Charlemagne and those of Napoleon, and the robes worn by him and the Empress at their coronation. The conductors here were full of Bonaparte and his greatness.

From this we drove to the Panthéon, a superb building newly ornamented and scraped by Bonaparte, who from thus repairing has, with many, the credit of having erected it, a mistake not uncommon with respect to other buildings. The Panthéon, or church of S. Geneviève, is now dedicated to the reception of the ashes and monuments of the great men of France. The inscription over the front of the building is simple and striking : “*Aux grands hommes la patrie reconnoissante.*” From the top of this building we had a fine view of the town and of the surrounding country. We had the country pointed out to us over which the allied armies marched, and the roads by which they entered the city. The Germans, whether by accident or design, passed over the bridge of Austerlitz. To those who have never seen any large town out of Great Britain, it is very extraordinary to look down

upon one over which the air is perfectly clear and unmixed with smoke. I had never considered the case of a town in which wood only was burned, and when I first came out upon the gallery here, I was for some minutes unable to account for the distinctness with which all parts of the town, and even the country on every side, were seen.

I conversed, as we walked about here, with a man who happened to join us. In this place the discourse naturally turned upon Napoleon, and he talked with perfect freedom, and in a loud voice, in praise of him. This man declared his conviction that Marmont had been treacherous, and that had the French army been allowed to defend Paris, the Russians were destroyed ; “*mais, Monsieur,*” said he, “*Napoleon a été trahi, beaucoup trahi.*” He made a neat distinction for the honour of the Parisians, and anxiously assured me that Paris *surrendered* and was not *taken*. He pointed out the different works begun or finished or repaired by Bonaparte ; and concluded by warmly saying, “*Monsieur, jamais personne a tant travaillé.*” Thus, at every turn we find the individuals fearlessly and openly proclaiming their sentiments of Bonaparte ; yet whenever the general opinion is called forth, as at the theatres, it is strongly expressed in favour of the existing state of things.

To the national Garden of Plants, amongst which are elephants, lions, tigers, bears, wolves and other such rare exotics, in separate parterres. The garden

is extensive, and the whole seems in good order, but we could not afford time to examine it with any care.

The great Museum of Natural History is the most splendid I have ever seen, and the arrangement of it, in most departments, admirable. The collection of animals, in particular, is most extensive. To this, as to every other publick exhibition in Paris, the English have at all times free admission. In this museum are preserved the extraordinary fossil remains collected by Cuvier.

In the evening to the great opera. The vocal performance below criticism, and the musick indifferent composition. It was truly astonishing to see the attention of the audience to a scene, more than half an hour long, where an old man roared sometimes in song, sometimes in recitative, accompanied at intervals by the shrieking of an uninteresting young female. I never experienced musick so distressing, for the effect was too painful to allow of a refuge in sleep ; yet this cheerful people bore it with exemplary patience, and once or twice seemed almost to have a mind to applaud. Indeed the French, notwithstanding their usual gaiety, are in some instances greatly addicted to *triste* performances. The orchestra consists of nearly sixty performers, whereas our opera band seldom musters forty. This is undoubtedly a great and fine orchestra ; but to multiply instruments beyond a certain number, which must be determined principally by the place in which they are to be heard,

is, in my opinion, to multiply difficulties without any real object. A less number of excellent performers (besides their being more easily procured) will be more effective than a far greater number less good ; and this disadvantage is, I think, experienced here, for this great orchestra sounded in my ears less full and less mellow than our opera band, although the number of basses and wind instruments is greater in proportion. In the ballet, a small flute incessantly used was successful in assimilating the band greatly to that of a marching regiment. I had no opportunity of judging of Kreutzer's leading or playing. The time is marked by the conductor, and he, sitting on a row with the rest, seemed to play his part with as much indifference as any of his companions. His bowing seemed firm and strong. The far-famed French ballet disappointed me greatly. The principal dancers are I think better in London, and I have seen more and better mechanism at both Drury Lane and Covent Garden, with splendour greater beyond comparison. The *figurantes* are excellent, and consequently the grouping is certainly superior to anything on our stage, and produces a beautiful effect. I ought to mention that the ballet performed to-night is considered a bad one.

3rd.—I was this morning introduced to Pleyel,\* the celebrated composer, who has a musick shop and

\* Joseph Etienne Camille Pleyel (1788—1855) was the son of Ignace Pleyel, the celebrated German composer. Joseph, who was himself a composer and pianist, settled in Paris as a manufacturer of pianos, and became afterwards the partner of Kalkbrenner.

makes pianofortes. He told us that he still composes, and has a set of quartettes ready for publication. His countenance is intelligent and amiable, and his whole appearance most pleasing.

We called at an optician's, to examine an invention whose object is to get rid of the errors of sphericity in lenses, which is the great obstacle to the improvement of telescopes. He was not at home, but we are to go again.

Passed three hours and a half in the Louvre. Each visit to this wonderful place only renders me more anxious to return to it.

4th.—*Sunday.*—There is but one Protestant church in Paris, and to this we went. On our entering it, a man came forward and asked whether we were not looking for "*la chapelle pour les Anglais.*" I, supposing that this chapel must be some kind of recess appropriated to the English, answered in the affirmative, upon which we were conducted to a small chapel off the church, in which service was going on in English; fortunately for us, near the end. An extempore sermon was delivered by one of the very worst specimens of our canting Methodists, who read to us many passages from Scripture, of which he said he was very fond, and told us he felt convinced that Bishop Leighton "had a very great regard for our Saviour." It was mortifying to have this exhibition given to the Parisians as a sample of our Church service. When this was concluded we returned into the church, and heard prayers

said and a sermon preached in a very impressive manner by a fine-looking, interesting old man. He wore the two crosses and red and white ribbons outside of his gown, which to our eyes was a little out of character in the pulpit. From this we proceeded to the Louvre where, it being a publick day, the crowd was immense. The shops are, with a few exceptions, open as on common days, and Sunday night is always the most splendid at the opera-house.

*5th.*—This morning we left Paris, with our Solicitor-General (Bushe) \* and a large party, to visit St. Cloud, Versailles, etc.

The palace at St. Cloud is splendid beyond imagination ; the furniture, decorations, and everything about it, in the highest style of magnificence. Great palaces are not easily described, and if described are usually most uninteresting in the description. This, like others, contains rooms, and rooms, and rooms—some larger, some smaller ; all well known to their showman as sheep to the shepherd, but, like them, hardly to be distinguished by a stranger. There are some good paintings of the old masters, and a great many by modern artists, amongst which a representation of the death of General Dessaix is placed in a conspicuous situation. In one of the apartments there are busts of the most distinguished generals since the Revolution ; we observed one of our old friend, Hoche. The bedrooms of the Emperor and Empress are shown ;

\* See p. 37.

and the dinner-table (with the spot where he used to sit) is pointed out.

From St. Cloud we drove to the Sèvres porcelain manufactory. The articles exhibited are exquisitely finished; one piece in particular is said to be the finest work of this kind ever executed. It is a round table, about a yard in diameter, in the center of which is a head of Alexander, copied from the famous head in the Louvre; around are twelve heads of celebrated characters of antiquity, and beneath these a principal circumstance of the life of each is represented. The designs are extremely good and the execution admirable. Bonaparte's actions afford the subject of many of the designs to be seen here. The manufactory belongs to the King; small articles are sold without ceremony to strangers; but to purchase anything of value, the royal permission must be asked, and this His Majesty is always graciously pleased to grant. He is undoubtedly the dearest china-man in Europe; the prices demanded, at least, are extravagant, but this may be with the design of raising the value of the exhibition in the eyes of visitors, who are not expected to purchase. Strangers are not permitted to see the process of manufacture without a special order, which is not easily obtained.

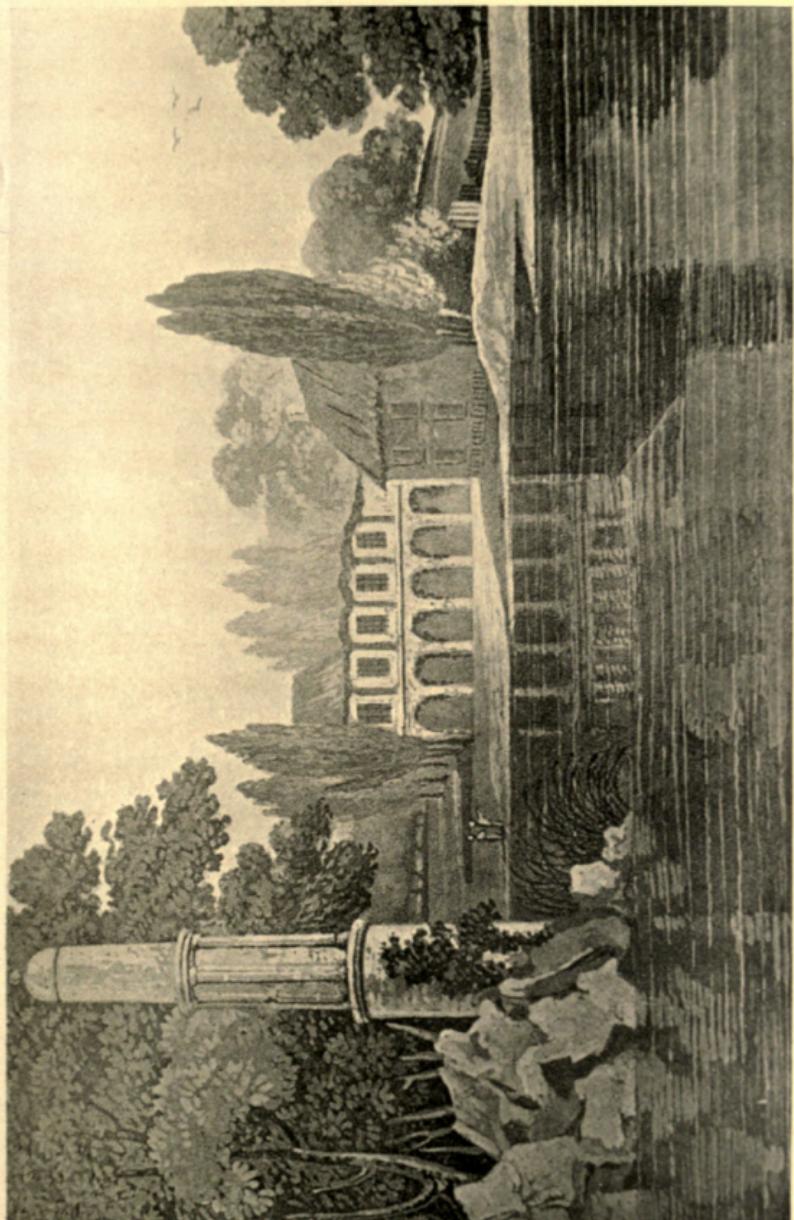
The palace at Versailles was greatly injured at the time of the Revolution, and has lain ever since in total disrepair. There are now two thousand workmen employed upon it, and it is expected to be finished

in the course of a year. It is a magnificent pile of building, as seen from the gardens. These gardens, on which so much criticism and praise have been bestowed, are, to be sure, very fine in their way. They consist of straight walks, of all sizes and all lengths, well gravelled and bordered by lofty trees, mostly poplars and elms, of admirable growth and beautifully trimmed. These are guarded by rows of sentinel statues disposed in front of them, and the whole is pleasingly diversified by *jets d'eau*. But the *ne plus ultra* of French genius, the highest flight of the great Louis XIV, is a vast grotto in the center of a grove, which is formed of natural rock, and in which Apollo and (I am afraid) the Muses are crowded together, amidst waters dashing from above and forming a lake beneath the grotto. Apollo is represented by the great Louis himself, while the no less worthy representatives of the Muses are the sovereign's mistresses. Unfortunately, when Nature was producing this most surprising of grottos, she forgot to conceal, as in her other works, the mortar with which she is in the habit of joining her rocks, and this carelessness produces a provoking effect which not even the natural air of the bronze deities can remove. The great orangery is the most admired object in this wilderness of beauties. There are above 300 orange trees of great size, disposed in right lines over a large gravelled space, a sight most gratifying to French eyes. Our guide assured us that " *Sa Majesté, Louis dix-huit, a trouvé*

*l'orangerie fort bonne.*" I will not condemn foreign taste, nor assert that ours is more correct, but I can with truth declare that my eyes and my mind were alike wearied with the sight of all this outraging of nature.

By the time we had traversed the gardens, our minds were in the best tone to receive the most favourable impression from the beauties of Le Petit Trianon, the favourite residence of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette. In such a situation, close to the splendid gardens of Versailles, in France and far from his own home, an Englishman could not fail to have the liveliest sensations caused by the sight of an English villa in all its tranquillity and unartificial beauty; but this delightful spot has a stronger claim upon his heart, for the making of this English garden was one of the formal charges exhibited against its ill-fated mistress. I am anxious to bury in oblivion the excesses of revolutionary frenzy, but it is difficult to stand on this spot and not exclaim with Nelson "God forgive me! but I cannot love a Frenchman."

When I pass over the spot on which stood the scaffold erected for the destruction of an unhappy and interesting female, sacrificed to the barbarous vengeance of an infuriated mob, when I think of the inhuman insults that pursued this and the other royal victims to their latest moments, when I stand upon the stairs which beheld the massacre of the devoted Swiss Guards, and when I reflect that every stone



RUINS OF QUEEN'S FARM-HOUSE, PETIT TRIANON  
*From a print of 1807*



I tread on has witnessed atrocities the most inhuman that ever disgraced a civilized nation, I do confess that I can hardly believe it to be my duty to treat Frenchmen as my brethren ; and I look back with exultation to the revolution that condemned *our* misguided sovereign to the scaffold. Compared to a French revolution, it may be held up as an eternal monument to the honour of our national character.

We dined at Versailles, and returned to Paris about ten o'clock.

The Solicitor-General \* told us an anecdote of an occurrence which happened to him a few days ago, in which the politeness of one of the French Marshals (he thinks, MacDonald) appeared to great advantage. He was at a hunt where the Royal Dukes and other distinguished characters were present. His horse

\* Charles Kendal Bushe (1767-1843) was called to the Irish Bar in 1790, and in 1797 was M.P. for the borough of Callan in Grattan's Parliament. His denunciation of the proposed Union, in the debates of 1800, was said to have been unsurpassed in eloquence. His name in the Red List was noted "Incorruptible." He accepted the post of Solicitor-General in 1803, and in 1822 was appointed Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench in Ireland. Referring to evidence given by Bushe before a parliamentary committee, Brougham said : "No one who heard the very remarkable examination of Chief Justice Bushe could avoid forming the most exalted estimate of his judicial talents. There was shed over the whole the grace of a delivery singular for its combined suavity and dignity. All that one has heard of the wonderful fascination of his manner, both at the bar and upon the bench, became easily credible to those who heard his evidence." Bushe was married in 1793 to Anna Crampton, and his daughter Charlotte, Lady Plunket, was the mother of Lord Rathmore.

became unmanageable and passed the Marshal, rubbing against him and continuing to gallop in his way. The Solicitor took off his hat and apologized for his apparent want of the respect due to the Marshal's rank, but his horse was ungovernable, and he could not rein him in. The Marshal's answer was : "Sir, there is no precedence in hunting ; and if there were, it is due to you as an Englishman."

6th.—Waited upon the optician, Mons. Chamblant, according to appointment, to examine his glasses. He showed us a number of experiments in confirmation of the value of this invention which, if it really does effect all that it proposes, is one of the most important since the discoveries of Newton. The whole matter is the placing of two lenses (segments of cylinders) with their axes transverse ; and this is said to correct the errors of sphericity. Chamblant does not lay claim to the invention of the principle. His account of it is that one, Sieur Gallard, conjectured on theory that such lenses would have such an effect ; but that in the course of seven years he had found it impossible to procure glasses of the kind he wanted, ground perfectly cylindrical. When he was ready to despair, he accidentally found Chamblant, a common glass-cutter but a good workman and an ingenious man, who after infinite pains and loss of time succeeded in accomplishing the object proposed. Chamblant has now become an optician, and supports himself by selling these glasses for spectacles, and they are much

used. Gallard, however, perceiving that this trade is likely to turn out profitable, has attacked him at law, and a suit is now depending. Chamblant seems to us an ingenious, clear-headed man, but very enthusiastick. He complains that he is not countenanced by any of the *scavans*, but that his invention lies unexamined and disregarded, and even obstacles are thrown (by other opticians) in the way of his procuring glass fit for his trade. He is considered, he says, “*un bête noir*,” and his reason for this is that no one but a member of the Institute has any right to invent.

We saw the King going from the Thuilleries to take an airing. A second carriage (but empty) followed that in which he was; both, with eight horses, guards, etc.

In the evening to the Théâtre Français. The play was Corneille’s tragedy of *Le Menteur*, extremely well performed; the farce, *The Three Sultanesses*, lively and entertaining. The orchestra at this theatre has one striking peculiarity. All the performers are veterans; there is not a man among them that cannot boast his white locks. Whether this arises from accident or is the effect of design, I cannot say; but the orchestra is quite in character with the sombre appearance of the house, and harmonises delightfully with the solemnity of French tragedy. Ladies and gentlemen always go to the theatres here in morning dress, which is certainly convenient, but produces a *triste* effect.

7th.—There was a grand review this morning in the Champs de Mars, but rain combined with other difficulties to prevent our going. After breakfast we went to the Louvre. When we had been about half an hour here we perceived that the streets were lined, and that the troops were to return along the quay under the windows of the gallery. Two French gentlemen, who were standing at one of the windows, made room for us in a very polite manner. I entered into conversation with them, and they not only were very useful in explaining the different dresses and kind of troops as they passed, but were very communicative on other matters. They had both served (and are still) in the army, and both had been at the battle of Leipzig. They fairly owned to complete rout on that occasion and to the loss of "*beaucoup de monde*," but protested that for two days they were everywhere successful, and would have been finally so but for the defection of the Bavarians. They freely expressed their admiration of Bonaparte's genius, and considered his conduct in the last campaign most masterly, but that he had been ill-supported or betrayed. However, they did not seem to like him, and said that they were glad of his deposition since he could not be quiet. The people, in their opinion, never loved him, and the Marshals would be glad to secure their possessions by peace ; but the soldiery adored him ; and they related many instances of his mode of winning their hearts. It was manifest from part of the conversation of these gentle-

men that want of courage has been imputed to Bonaparte, even in France ; and that his flight from Russia and the battle of Leipzig have been much discussed. They repeated over and over again, at the end of each anecdote of his heroism, "No, no ! Bonaparte is no coward. He has many faults, but he is no coward." They insisted that neither in Russia nor at Leipzig had he left the army while a chance remained of being useful to it, nor until he was imperiously called to Paris by the state of affairs in France. One of them told me that, after the defeat of Leipzig, he had stood near the Emperor, who, in the midst of the hottest fire, while the officers of his staff and others who had rallied round him were falling on every side, continued giving orders with the most perfect calmness of countenance and manner, till his own retreat was nearly cut off by the advance of the enemy.

The French heavy dragoons are almost precisely like the English, except the colour of their coats and the helmet, which although shaped the same is all of brass. The cuirassiers differ from them only by a steel coat of mail, which covers the whole body and is formed of two pieces only, joined down the sides. One of the officers assured me that this will stop a musket-ball, if not struck quite at right angles to the surface. Out of the number of cuirassiers wounded, a vast proportion are hit in the arm, for the balls easily glance aside off the polished steel. The cuirassiers are a

fine body of men and highly valued by the French army. The hussars are like our own, but those I saw not so handsome. The horses of both the heavy and light cavalry have long tails. They are smaller and inferior in appearance to ours, but their riders seem to manage them with perfect skill, and on the whole they are fine-looking troops. When I praised their appearance my two French friends broke out into the warmest eulogies of the Imperial Guard, the cavalry of which, they assured me, was the finest body of men in the world for dress, equipment, horses and every excellence. The foot regiments are no doubt admirable soldiers, but they struck me to-day as being poor-looking, and with all the unfinished air of our yeomen. In marching, they paid no attention to keeping an even line, but were usually in the utmost disorder, from which however they recover and form a good line with peculiar celerity. The voltigeurs are formed of the smallest men in the army ; they are distinguished by a yellow feather, the others having red. The National Guard, both horse and foot, wear long coats and cocked hats. This body has been called out since the late changes. They support all their own expenses, receive no pay and are not obliged to serve. The cuirassiers and, generally, the other cavalry are dressed in dark green. The regiments of the line wear very light blue with red facings. To-day we saw Kemble in the Louvre. He seemed most pleased with the statues, some of which he examined

with minute attention, but the paintings he passed over very slightly.

8th.—Walking on the boulevards this morning, we saw the Duke of Berri \* pass by, with at least a dozen generals and other officers, and a guard of the cuirassiers. He rode very fast, which it seems is one way of gaining the hearts of the Parisians, for Bonaparte always rode in a gallop. The Duke of Berri is the only one of the family that endeavours to please the French by constantly appearing among them mounted and accompanied by his officers, by reviewing the troops and assuming a military air, yet they say he has not been able to make himself popular with either army or people.

In the evening to the Théâtre Français, to Corneille's *Cinna*. I was much better pleased than I had been with *Tancréde*, but I am still at open war with French tragedy. Before the play commenced, the band was playing an overture, when the audience called loudly for "*Henri quatre*," the French "God save the King," which was performed amidst the loudest and most general applause. Kemble was in a box close to the stage, paying great attention to the per-

\* Charles Ferdinand d'Artois, duc de Berry, the second son of "Monsieur." In early life he married an English lady, but after two children had been born he deserted her, pleading the command of the King, and the marriage was afterwards annulled. In 1816 he married Princess Caroline of Naples, half-sister of the Queen of Spain. His manners are said to have been brusque to the verge of brutality. He was assassinated on the 23rd of February, 1820, on leaving the opera-house in Paris.

formance, with which he seemed much pleased. It is one of the laws of the French drama that the scene cannot change ; in consequence of this, in the representation of a French tragedy the curtain is never dropped between the acts, nor is any musick allowed then, as this would destroy the reality of the scene and disturb the minds of the spectators. The only separation of the acts is by the performers all leaving the stage for about a minute.

9th.—We paid a visit this morning to M. Chamblant. He talked a vast deal on various subjects, particularly the state of the two countries. His admiration of England is excessive, but he never forgets that he himself is a Frenchman. He had served, like all other Frenchmen of all ranks, at different periods from the year 1793 down to the late entrance of the allies into Paris. Latterly he had served "*malgré lui*," and he complained bitterly of being forced away from his trade and his family ; "*mais cependant, Monsieur*," continued he, "*je me battois en brave homme, parceque j'étois Français*." He assured us that notwithstanding the public accounts of victories and success in Spain, the real state of things was always well known at Paris. Frenchmen, sir, says he, are not fools, and we had maps that showed us how our army was falling back upon each victory ; besides, there were soldiers continually returning from Spain who told the truth. Our successes in Spain he attributed entirely to the talents of Wellington, whom he asserted

to be the greatest general in the world ; but he would not bear any insinuation of the superiority of the British over the French soldier. Speaking of the fickleness of the French disposition, he told us that when the allies were fighting before the town, the women were running between the different posts to encourage their defenders, but the moment the affair was decided the white cockade was universally hoisted, and they became equally enthusiastick in favour of the new order of things. We took our leave of M. Chamblant with every wish for his success, and promised him to use all our efforts to make his discovery known upon our return to England.

To-day we concluded our arrangements for leaving Paris, and procured passports, etc. No man can take a sudden resolution and quit Paris at a moment's warning. A permit from the proper office is requisite, without which the postmaster cannot give horses, and this can be procured in office hours only and with some little delay. The intention of the Government is, I suppose, to correct the hasty, volatile disposition of Frenchmen, and this check is much the same as counting twenty before uttering an oath ; but though I cannot help acknowledging this advantage, yet I have some portion of that English perverseness of temper which makes me love the power of acting hastily and wrong if it pleases me.

We have hired a cabriolet from this to Lyons for which we pay three napoleons ; they asked ten to

Geneva. The price in this case is very much regulated by the chance of having the carriage soon returned by some traveller from the town to which it is sent. Sometimes the probability is that it may not be delayed above a few days, and sometimes there is every likelihood of its remaining weeks or perhaps months. To many towns it is impossible to procure a carriage which you will not undertake to bring or send back.

As we had little purchases to make before our final departure from Paris, we had some opportunity of seeing the mode of dealing in the shops. No shop-keeper ever thinks of asking a fair price from any one that he thinks ignorant of the real value of things ; and if the purchaser proves more knowing than he was supposed to be, it becomes even then a trial of skill whether he shall not finally be cheated ; the unknowing may reckon on it as a certainty. Some of the bargaining that we heard afforded us great amusement. The cheater talks loudly without fearing to be heard, and no one thinks of assisting the cheated, who indeed never seems to expect help.

In the evening I walked till a late hour on the boulevards, and was much entertained by a strolling band playing before one of the cafés. It was one of the best bands of this kind I have heard. The instruments were three violins, violoncello and harp ; the first violin by a pretty young woman who played with uncommonly neat execution, a clear though weak tone, and good style. There was also a woman who

sang, but in the most French style—all roaring in the throat.

10th.—Passed three hours in the Louvre and took a sorrowful leave of the only object that we regret in leaving Paris. We have not been able to see (much less to become acquainted with) the half of what is contained in this wonderful museum. To the very last moment we were discovering beautiful paintings that had not before met our eyes; for my own part, there are about a dozen on which I think I could gaze unsatiated for half my life. We have, however, the consolation of having devoted to the Louvre every moment in our power, and of having fully appreciated the value of its treasures, while they were within our reach.

I am now leaving Paris, and shall throw together here the few remarks that have occurred to my observation upon a city which has been so differently described by different writers.

The streets are, for the most part, narrower than any of our lanes. There are no flag-ways, and carriages have the use of the whole pavement to the very walls of the houses, and even so there is barely room for two carriages to pass with ease. There are no squares like those in London, and what the French call "*place*" is an open paved place, square or round, hardly broader than one of our streets, and even these are not numerous. I speak now of the old part of the town, for in the more modern there are some suffi-

ciently wide streets, and a few handsome places or squares ; these, however, form but a small part of the whole. The river and the quays and bridges are very fine. The public buildings are numerous and handsome ; but there is none which can be compared to St. Paul's. Take away the boulevards, Place de la Concorde, Place Vendôme, and the adjoining streets, and Paris is, as a town, one of the ugliest that I can imagine ; heavy, dark, dirty, and inconvenient.

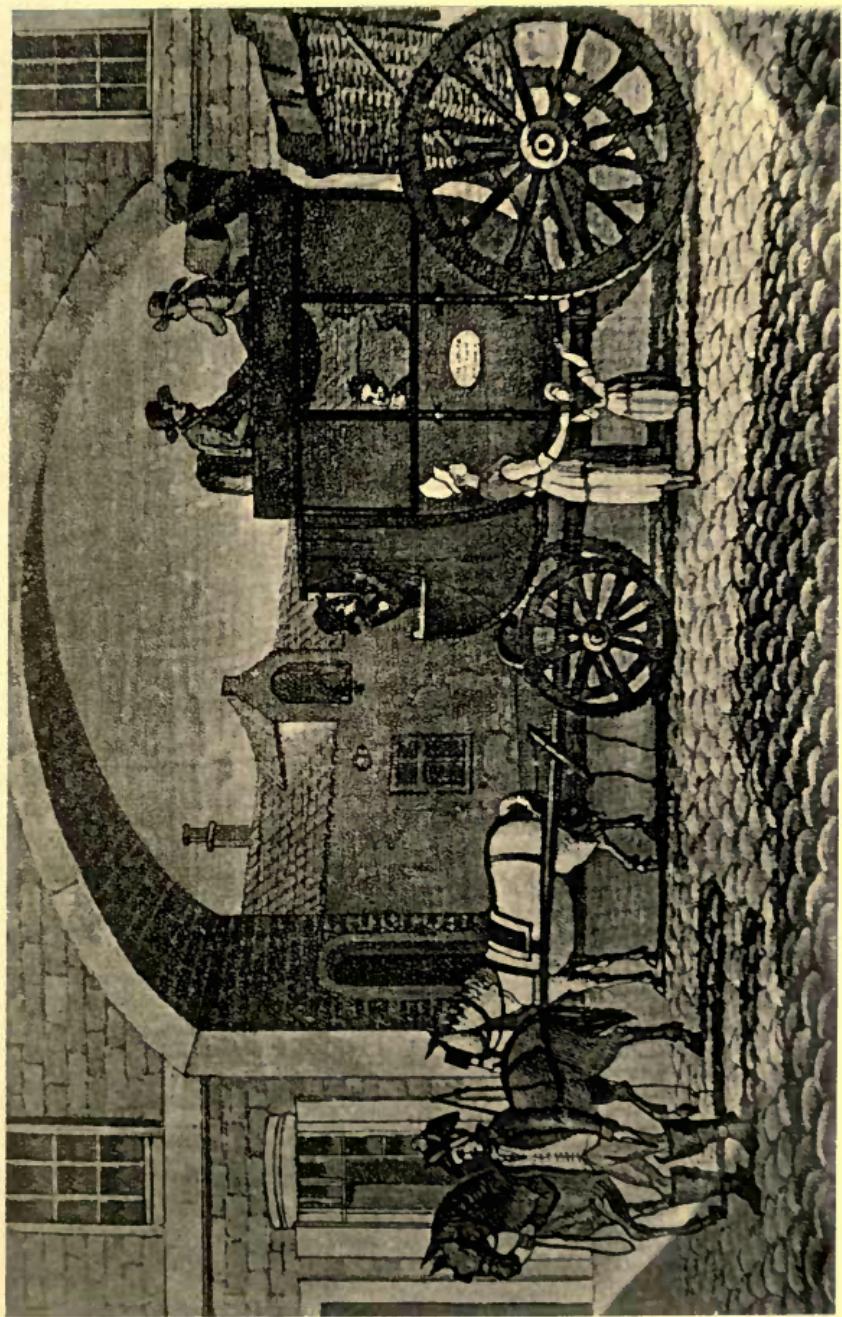
There are everywhere marks of Bonaparte's improvements, but there is much of which he most unjustly bears the reputation. He had a novel method of erecting palaces and other edifices. When he approved of a building, he immediately ordered it to be scraped from top to bottom, and a profusion of bees, eagles, and capital "N's" to be inserted between the parts of the old work. By the time these orders were carried into execution, the building looked quite new and, the work corresponding with that on the buildings really erected by him, strangers were effectually deceived ; and even the good people of Paris themselves, daily viewing the progress of workmen, were at last thoroughly convinced that they were indebted for the whole to their Great Emperor. It is wonderful how far this mistake prevails ; I myself met a gentleman at the Panthéon (which had just undergone this process and, to own the truth, does look new enough) who would not believe me that it was not built by Napoleon.

The theatres are heavy, dark, and ugly. They are built after the model of the Grecian theatre ; but there is a vast difference between daylight and an audience disposed in equal rows on the gradually rising benches of the ancient, and candle-light, and the close, dark boxes of the modern theatre. The style of architecture perfectly suited to the one is ridiculous in the other. The shops are, in general, small and dark, without much appearance of any great value contained in them. There are, however, some very handsome ; particularly, perfumers and sword-cutlers and makers of fire-arms—the best trades, I suppose, in this country.

Handsome or even decent equipages are very rare ; I have seen but three or four well appointed in every respect. There are few liveries of any kind, and those few most miserable. I must observe that people have not yet had time to set up their establishments, and a short time may probably produce a great change in this respect ; we see a number of splendid carriages preparing at the different coach-makers'. The handsome carriages here are in a taste wholly different from the English ; they are highly ornamented and covered with gilding. The want of flag-ways for foot passengers is a terrible annoyance. A little rain makes the street almost impracticable on foot, and in the finest weather the utmost circumspection, and often-times the utmost agility, is requisite to save one's life from the furious drivers that infest the streets.

They have no compassion for those on foot, but dash along shouting, “*garre ! garre !*” always close to the houses. Indeed, the *piétons* seem to consider themselves unpardonable if they unavoidably endanger their own lives and force a carriage to stop but for a moment. We once saw an officer caught where there was no possibility of his retreating, and the coachman (who might have driven more carefully) pulled up for an instant to let him escape. Now, in such a situation I should have been a little provoked with the driver ; but this officer, with the greatest humility, pulled off his hat, and made several low bows to the gentleman in the carriage as if to entreat pardon for having inconvenienced him. My way is to take instant flight on the first alarm, and to save myself in the nearest shop or gateway.

The manner of living differs considerably from that in England. After *déjeuner à la fourchette*, about eleven, comes *diner*, about half-past five or six o’clock ; this lasts about two hours and concludes the regular meals of the day ; there is no sitting after dinner to drink wine. There are usually two full courses, not laid all at once upon the table, but two or three dishes at a time, and then dessert. The moment eating ceases, drinking also is at an end. The *traiteurs* in Paris are innumerable ; their apartments are fitted up most splendidly, and the living luxurious beyond all description. At these houses by far the greater part of the gentry of Paris dine every day, instead of



A STREET IN PARIS, WITH DILIGENCE AND POSTILION  
*From a contemporary print*



at their own houses. Ladies as well as gentlemen resort to them, and it is not uncommon to see a lady enter the *traiteur's* alone, and order her dinner. The bill-of-fare presented at such places never fails to astonish an Englishman ; one would suppose that the moderate life of man would hardly suffice to read it through. It is said that this list sometimes contains three or four hundred different dishes, and it will give some idea of the resource of a French cook, that a waiter assured me the list was real and that every dish mentioned in it could be procured at a few minutes' warning. We do not find that living is as cheap as it was represented to us. What may be called the best style of dinner costs twelve or fourteen francs, including wine, and without endeavouring to be expensive. Such a dinner you certainly could not have in London for three times the sum, and, to the man who must live luxuriously, Paris is undoubtedly the cheapest place ; but the ordinary style of living is more luxurious than in London, and will not be found to be extremely cheap. Everything is served up in bits and scraps, and it would take the whole of three or four dishes to satisfy one's hunger. It is the custom to eat a little of each dish, and to have a great number. The first bit of solid, plain meat I saw here, my surprise at so welcome a sight was almost too great to permit me to enjoy it. I had become fully satisfied that the bullocks and sheep of this land died in bouillis and fricandeaux.

Musick is, for what reason I cannot conceive, remarkably dear. A single sheet costs fr. 1 10s.

We have experienced another instance of the systematick cheating carried on here. Our lodging-account is brought in ten louis—240 francs, instead of 200 at 20 francs each louis. Our landlord assures me that the old louis was 24 francs, and that no one counts by the new one ; but that when we mean a *new louis*, we must say a *napoleon*. I swear that when we were bargaining I did say “ *napoleon*,” and that at all events no one now counts by the old louis. Thus the affair rests for the present. I shall not pay without a desperate resistance ; he is certainly a rogue, and I shall at least have the comfort of telling him so, if he can but understand the harangue I intend to deliver in the morning.

11th.—We were, after a hard contest, defeated by our landlord and obliged to pay 24 livres to the louis. Besides our experience, we obtained for our additional 40 livres a caution never on any occasion to say *louis* ; that even *napoleon* might prove dangerous ; but that *pièce de vingt francs* was an expression sure to carry us in safety through the most tempestuous bargaining. So we grow wise in time.

## CHAPTER III

### FROM PARIS TO GENEVA

*Paris to Fontainbleau.*

**L**EFT Paris at nine o'clock. When we were at Chantilly, going up to Paris, the driver informed us that on good roads it was customary only to take two horses, although we must pay for three. We willingly assented, and ever since have gone on in the same way. To-day, after the third post, our driver let us know that we had been imposed upon, and that when the postmaster wished to give us but two horses, we were to pay a regulated price, more than for two but less than for three. I asked him what I was to do ; his answer was, "Why, you must pay me the full price for three, because you made no objection setting off ; but take care in future!" There was no replying to what was so reasonable. We arranged at the next post without further difficulty than the mere mention of the thing. It is a little surprising that so gross an imposition should have been practised and permitted by so many postilions and postmasters as we had passed, under an establishment so well regulated as the posting

department in France, one in which the slightest infraction of the laws is punished with great severity.

We arrived at Fontainbleau about three o'clock, and immediately set out to visit the palace, the last residence of Bonaparte as Emperor of France, and the scene of his abdication of the throne. There is a good deal in itself well worth seeing, but every interest was, with us, absorbed in that excited by the late events which have taken place here. The desk at which Bonaparte signed his abdication is exhibited, just as it was at the time, and also the chair in which he sat and the room in which the commissioners waited while he was writing. We did not omit to sit in the chair, as is usual with all celebrated pieces of furniture of that kind ; it is an extremely comfortable arm-chair, somewhat more agreeable than our venerable coronation-chair in Westminster Abbey. The library is handsome, and apparently sensible and intended for use. Our guide informed us that Bonaparte took with him the works of Voltaire, and those only ; he took, however, his charts and maps also. There is a gallery of busts among which are generals and *aides-de-camp* I had never before heard of, while some of the most remarkable are entirely omitted. The bust of Dessaix occupies the most conspicuous place here, as his picture does at St. Cloud. There is one of Marlborough, whose name is wrong spelled—I think, “Malbrook.”

The King of Spain resided here for some time.

The Pope, too, had apartments here assigned to him as his prison for nineteen months. There are many curious things in this palace, which was a favourite residence of the ex-Emperor. In one room there are models of ships of various kinds and sizes, and our guide told us that Bonaparte was particularly fond of looking at these and examining their construction. Two French gentlemen arrived at the same time with us, and we went through the palace together. One of them, an officer, was a strong Bonapartist, and it was curious to note the opportunities he seized of praising him. He exhausted the whole round of commendatory terms in expressing his admiration of all the new furniture—beds, looking-glasses, tables, and decorations of every kind. One of the rooms had been beautifully fitted up in the time of the Bourbons, and the ceiling, of exquisite workmanship, was profusely spread with lilies. This ceiling, too handsome to be destroyed, was suffered to stand in its original state, and the officer instantly pronounced it an instance of the greatest magnanimity in Napoleon. He said, I am sure a dozen times: “How great! how noble! he would not let the lilies be touched. Ah! he was a great man.” These, by the by, are the only lilies in the whole palace that have not been defaced. Our guide informed us that during the nineteen months of the Pope’s residence here, he had refused to stir out, even to the gardens, although Bonaparte had ordered carriage and horses to be always in readiness to attend

him, for he wished the people to see the Pope driving about, and so to believe that he resided at Fontainebleau by his own desire. Our lily friend's remark upon this was, "*Ah ! il étoit piqué.*" The unreasonable old man ! A sovereign, assaulted at midnight in his palace, torn from his capital, hurried in the midst of sickness to a distant country, insulted and abused upon the way, and confined for two years a State prisoner ; and, for no more than this, he is unnatural enough to be *piqué* ! What would he have been, had the Emperor been graciously pleased to command his head to be taken off ?

(NOTE OF 1821.—*Pius the sixth, the predecessor of the present Pope, was, in the same way, dragged from Rome by order of Bonaparte. He died in consequence of his ill-treatment. Of this transaction Mr. Pitt thus expressed himself in the House of Commons in 1800 : "A transaction accompanied by outrages and insults towards the pious and venerable Pontiff, in spite of the sanctity of his age and the unsullied purity of his character, which even to a Protestant seem hardly short of the guilt of sacrilege.)*

The road from Paris to this is extremely fine, broad, well paved, and lined with rows of noble trees. The last four miles are through the great forest of Fontainebleau, which covers more than 30,000 acres. I had not time to visit my Chantilly acquaintance, M. le Vicomte de Boubers.

We at length see that it is utterly impossible to

go on in this country without making a bargain every night. We are charged here twenty francs for dinner, and beds are an additional ten. The whole ought to be eighteen or twenty. Complaints are unavailing, and we were obliged to pay the demand without any satisfaction beyond venting our anger and giving the maid only one franc for being an accomplice in the cheating.

Saw the Tolers here. They are going on our way to Lyons.

Were delayed, and could not get off before eight o'clock.

*Fontainbleau to Briare.*—12th.—We breakfasted at Nemours and were charged nine francs for breakfast of coffee. We complained to no purpose. The man insisted that it was very cheap, and that if others had asked, as we asserted, but six, it must have been for coffee alone without bread, butter, or milk. There is no help against such rascalities, and we were, as usual, obliged to content ourselves with giving our host the opinion we entertained of his character.

From Fontainbleau to Nemours the drive, mostly through the forest, is beautiful ; the rest of the way to this is seldom handsome. The road in general excellent, and at each side large trees—elm, walnut or poplar. Along the roadside the peasants were everywhere gathering the elm and walnut leaves into large bags.

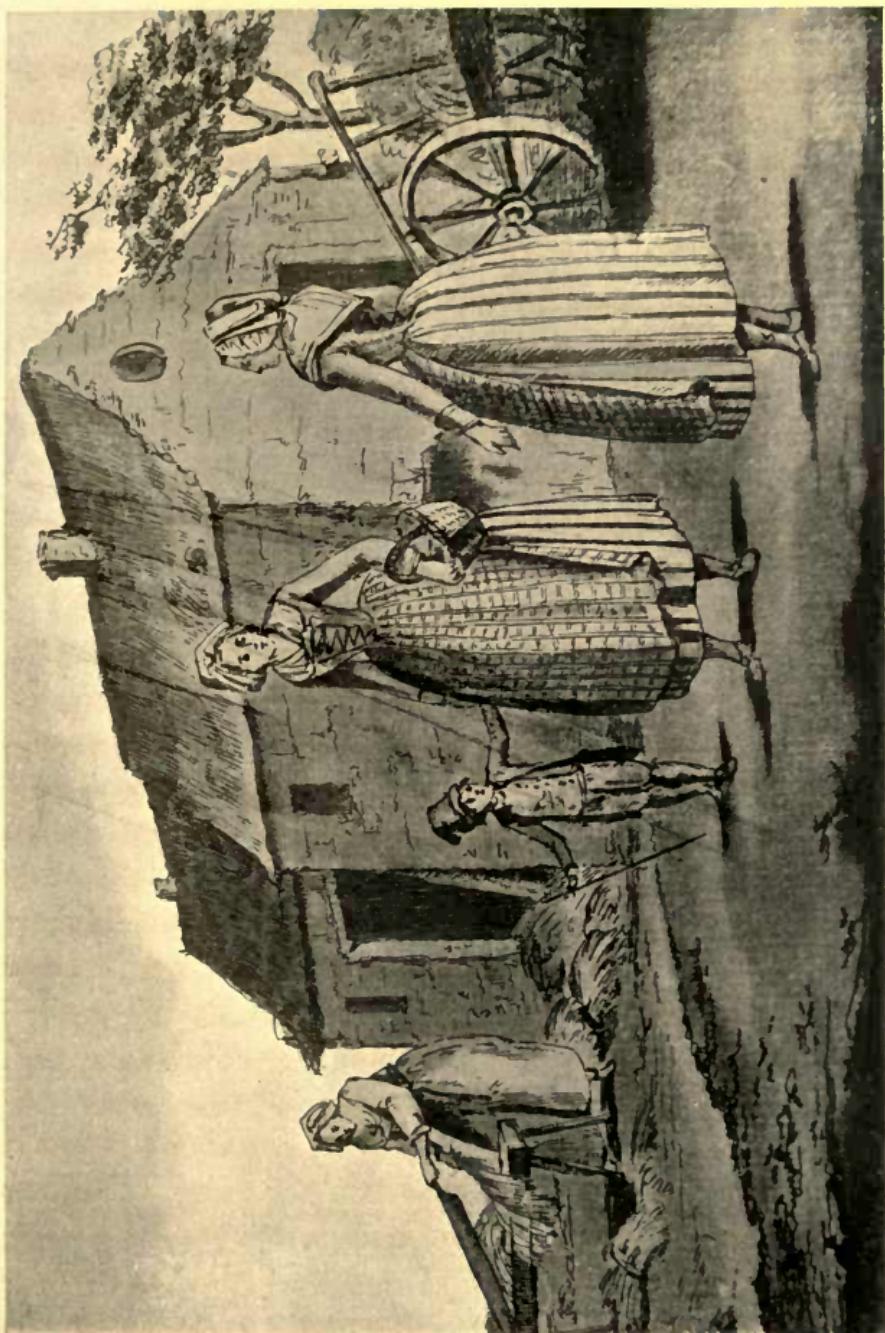
We were driven one post to-day by a man sur-

passing in wildness the wildest Irishman that novelist ever placed on the bar of a tattered chaise. He had neither coat, cravat, nor stockings ; but wore a coarse shirt, red cloth waistcoat, dirty coarse duck-trousers half-way up his legs, and a cotton night-cap instead of a hat. This cotton night-cap is commonly worn by the peasantry ; and even in Paris our valet, who in the day dressed himself very smartly, used to attend us at breakfast with his night-cap on. In cases where those who wear hats would salute by taking them off, these people would lift up the tails of their caps. In the course of this day we had another postilion without hat or cap, and in his waistcoat.

The day fine with a beautiful sky, but a cold wind such as we often have with a warm sun in May.

Arrived at Briare about six o'clock. Inn reasonably good ; dinner quite sufficient. After dinner the *fille* had occasion to wash one of the drinking-glasses, to serve in the bedroom. She stood beside us, rinced the glass, and very composedly threw the water on the floor. We all sleep nearly in the same room ; a door opens into the foot of my bed, but the bed itself is separated from the other room by the curtain alone. Our first *marché* against imposition begins here and we have every reason to continue it, for we pay here seventeen francs for what last night cost us thirty ; all equally good. Every stranger is, I believe, cheated considerably (some more, some less) in his first travelling on the Continent. In Paris, Pleyel, speaking of

COSTUMES OF FRENCH PEASANTS  
*From a print of 1794*





this, told me that he had travelled twice into Italy and that the first time it cost him double what it did the second. Our successful *marché*, with the civility of our host, made us leave this in good humour.

*Briare to St. Pierre le Moutier.*—13th.—Got off at seven; breakfasted at Cosne. The town is, unfortunately for us, remarkable for a hardware manufactory. Before we were five minutes in the inn a woman came into the room and tortured us to buy a few knives; then, a girl, who thought it very hard that even though we were in no want of scissors we would not purchase some “*pour complaisance.*” Two more gave us their company during breakfast. While I was out of the room, a man made a violent assault on Charles and insisted on shaving him with the best razor in the world; it was with difficulty he escaped, for the basin of lather was all prepared.

It had seemed to us hardly worth while to insist on bargaining for so little a thing as a breakfast, so they charged us here ten francs. We are in a great rage and have vowed not to eat another morsel in France without first ascertaining the price. Since our arrangement respecting the third horse, the postilion has never failed to tell, as we are setting off, the price we pay; which is exactly as if they were to say, “These people are aware of the regulated price; you need not try to cheat them.”

To-day as we were driving along we observed a boy at some distance, walking towards us. He

suddenly stopped, took off his cocked hat and laid it on the ground, knelt down, crossed himself most devoutly, kissed the ground and then started up and ran after the carriage, begging. I suppose this was an invocation to some saint for a prosperous beg. The saint, from whatever part of the calendar selected, was on this occasion either unpropitious or wanting in influence over our heretical feelings.

In this country there seems to me to be an even greater waste (or, at least, employment) of animal labour than even in England. We saw to-day, in several places, eight oxen in one plough, in a light soil and on level ground. To one plough there were six asses yoked.

A little boy not above twelve or thirteen years of age drove us one post to-day. He had the enormous French boots, a very long *queue*, and three-cocked hat. This urchin had a lazy horse, and when he had exerted his whip-arm for some time, to our astonishment he drew out a large clasp-knife and very coolly began to stab his horse in the neck. I roared at him, and he seemed quite unable to comprehend why I should interfere between him and his own horse; he did not, however, repeat it. My anger cooled before I could find words sufficiently strong to express the vast inclination I had to flog him.

The whole of this day's journey through a very handsome country along the Loire; an extensive view with beautiful woods, the fences nearly like

those in our own hedge countries. The cultivation, corn and vine—chiefly the latter ; for about ten miles round La Charité the country, as far as the eye can see, is one continued vineyard.

We reached St. Pierre le Moutier about eight o'clock. On our new bargaining plan, I stated our wants to the landlady and requested to know her demand. She at first endeavoured to avoid this by "*Oh, soyez tranquille ! nous arrangerons c'a*," but I insisted on knowing, and she then named the moderate sum of thirty francs, from which she quickly came down to twenty-five. I then produced the bill of last night, and declared I would give no more than eighteen. She ridiculed the idea of acceding to this, till we at length ordered the horses and declared that we were determined to go on ; upon which she desired the maid to light us to our chamber. We have been as well served as if we had been at their discretion without any bargain. Beds as usual most excellent, with the cleanest sheets ; four *filles de chambre*, an article of which (contrary to what we heard) we have as yet seen no scarcity. Here, for the first time in France, I had no looking-glass in my bedchamber. Decency and even cleanliness are very much neglected in many things, but so far we have everywhere had breakfast and supper invariably served with the utmost neatness ; the china handsome ; silver forks and spoons. There are, to be sure, deficiencies of another kind amply to compensate for all this,

but we have seen neither bugs nor vermin of any kind.

*St. Pierre le Moutier to Pallisse.*—14th.—Breakfasted at Moulins. We found the landlady sitting on the steps of the entrance, surrounded by chickens which she was killing at a great rate, and plucking ; the live ones were tied together by the legs in threes or fours, and a little boy was tumbling them about over each other for his recreation. On one side of the good lady was her crock of blood and large knife ; on the other, a heap of feathers over which we were to stride in order to get into the house. We insisted on knowing the price of breakfast, which was named frs.6 ; and this we allowed as it was not very unconscionable. The landlady afterwards assured me that at the other inn in the town they would have charged us frs.18 for the same breakfast ; she must mean, in case we made no bargain, in which event she would most likely have done the same.

Moulins is a considerable provincial town. It suffered greatly in the Revolution, of which it bears visible marks. The only thing worth seeing here is the tomb or monument of the Duke Montmorenci, beheaded under Louis XIII. It is esteemed perhaps the finest piece of French sculpture in existence. This fine work was near perishing in consequence of its being allied to royalty and standing upon sacred ground. When they were on the point of tearing it down, one man, with more reason than the

rest, demanded “what they were about? Montmorenci was a republican, and murdered by a king.” This lucky thought saved the great work of Couston.

We have been greatly delighted with our journey to-day. We are out of the vine cultivation and the country is most beautiful. Extensive views, with hills sufficient to vary the landscape; rich country and abundant planting. Towards evening we came in sight of some noble mountains, and our scenery has gradually changed to a less cultivated but higher style of beauty. The road throughout the day almost always unexceptionable; well made and carefully repaired. The peasantry well dressed and clean; their cabins with every appearance of comfort. Workmen in the fields dining on bread and wine.

The post-house at Pallisse cold and unpromising in appearance; but as we were inclined to stop, and the bedrooms were sufficiently good, I sent for the landlady and bargained as usual for supper and beds. The bargaining in this way, and telling them in fact that you know they wish to cheat you, never makes the innkeepers cross or uncivil. It is their custom; and when the bargain is struck they think no more of it, nor do they attempt to treat you worse than if you were at their mercy for the price of your entertainment. Our rate of payment is certainly above the fair price such as a Frenchman would give, but perhaps not more than an Englishman may be well

pleased to escape with. We had a good and (what is less common) a substantial dinner, part of which was a shoulder of mutton with potatoes. My bedroom was off a large hall which was a kind of publick resort for all idlers, like the coffee-rooms in our inns. A party of noisy soldiers took possession of it just as I was going to bed, but they were unable to disturb me or prevent my sleeping most soundly.

I have observed that in this country no man is fond of exerting his strength on any occasion, particularly when he is not to be paid for it. I, last night, asked an hostler to take the imperial off our carriage, and if I had asked him to bring the carriage itself into our room he could not have made more work about it. As to doing it alone, he considered that quite ridiculous, and declared at once that it was "*beaucoup pesant*," and he must have "*plusieurs*" to assist him. It was not till I protested I would do it by myself that he was prevailed upon to attempt it, and even then he left more than half the work to me. When a traveller arrives at a country inn here, he receives none of the assistance in getting in his luggage that is usual in England. The sole province of the hostler is the stable ; the postilion, having placed you opposite to the door or in a convenient part of the yard, has done his duty, and the *fille de chambre*'s attentions are entirely confined to the inside of the house. You are therefore left to pack and unpack, and carry up-stairs and down-stairs, without any

interruption from officious civility obtruding its assistance upon you.

*Pallisse to St. Simphorien.*—15th.—Left this at half-past seven. At setting off, there was a vigorous attack made upon the subject of a third horse, but our knowledge of this department of the *livre de poste* was so accurate from repeated calls upon it, as to insure us an easy victory. At Droitmier, my attention was attracted by two large printed papers, pasted to the doors of the stable of the post-house, with “*Ordre de jour*” in large characters over the top. I found these to be an order from “*Le Gouverneur de Paris*,” General Baron Lacken, commanding that the posting establishments throughout France should, for the general convenience, be respected; and at the same time regulating the posting rates. There were three columns—French, German, and Russian. Independent of the necessity of such an order, it possessed this value, that the French were thus made most sensibly to feel, in every part of the Empire, the humiliation of having the law dictated to them by a Prussian governor of their capital. It surprises me that these papers have been allowed to remain here perfectly clean and untorn. They are, however, the first I have seen anywhere; in other places they must have been purposely removed.

(*On my return, in spring, I found several of these orders still remaining posted on the walls.*)

Breakfasted at Droitmier, a small poor village.

We agreed for breakfast at frs. 5, with some displeasure on the part of our landlady, who expected, no doubt, to have made a good morning's work of us. She quickly recovered her good-humour and brought me to see her presses, with breakfast and dinner equipage, etc., that all was *bien propre*. She told me that Napoleon had eaten and slept more than once in her house, travelling to and from Italy. She talked a good deal of him, and said that the people about this often speak of him and say that he is coming back again. In this part of the country it seems like an affront to call him anything but "*l'Empereur*."

The inn here is a poor little place, but we had clean cloth and napkins and handsome china. They gave us white sugar, and had tea; we, however, carry our own. In paying for breakfast, Charles gave a louis to be changed and the lady kept six instead of five francs, refusing to take less. I was out with the carriage at the time, but was called, and after some scolding we with difficulty forced her to refund by threatening to bring her before a magistrate. Twice in the course of the day, an attempt made to cheat us about the third horse. They have absolutely not a spark of honor on these points. With them, all cheating is fair; yet they will not steal, and we leave all our things about the room, or even in the carriage at night, with the most perfect security. If the traveller is often annoyed by the system of imposition so universally practised, he has by it one advantage

of considerable importance. In every town through which he passes, while the horses are changing he is sure of having his carriage examined in every part by one or two blacksmiths, who hope to take an Englishman in for a job. This examination they make with an attention greater than they would use if they were to be paid for that alone, and the slightest derangement in any part is certain of being detected. In our carriage there is an unfortunate nut, of no importance, which was loose leaving Paris ; at every town on our route this has been pointed out to me and permission asked to *arranger* it.

All the peasantry we have seen for the last two days wear wooden shoes. The postilions, instead of the large boots, wear a kind of gaiter of very strong leather, shaped precisely like armour and fastened on in the same way. In walking up a hill they are obliged to take the gaiters off. For the three last days there has been a scorching sun with lovely clear sky. Out of the sun, the heat is not very great ; and to-day a woman, to whom I remarked how intolerable I found the sun, said, "*Oui, monsieur, mais depuis quelques jours il fait toujours un peu froid.*" The mornings and evenings indeed are cold, but I hope the days will not think of making any hotter while I remain here.

The whole of to-day's drive is handsome ; the last twelve miles through a delightful country, very like the cultivated parts of the county Wicklow. Moun-

tains low but handsomely shaped, and continued woods and cultivation. The cottages neat and picturesque ; the people busily employed ; the women and young girls sitting at their doors in the open air, spinning and working in tambour.

We had intended going on to Tarare, but the landlord at St. Simphorien recommended his house so strongly that we examined his beds and agreed to stop. While supper was preparing we walked out, and by the setting sun indulged in a view that might be transported into the best part of the county Wicklow and still be admired. Supper sufficiently good, and neatly served ; everyone particularly civil ; beds excellent.

*St. Simphorien to Lyons.—16th.*—Got off at 7 o'clock. Breakfasted at Tarare. This is the worst inn we have been in yet, and everything in it the worst arranged we have seen. The entrance from the street is into the kitchen, from a corner of which a flight of stairs like a ladder leads to a dirty, small bedroom in which we sat. The water for tea was brought up in a dirty tin coffee-pot without a lid or spout, and the milk in a vessel of the same kind ; the butter like bad cream-cheese. The ascent of the mountain of Tarare had given me an appetite that set dirt and bad tastes at defiance, and I eat most heartily. During the day, we were delayed for some time at a post-house, all the horses being out. The country was charming, and we walked about with books in our hands till horses arrived.

We entered Lyons a little after 5 o'clock and drove to the Hôtel de l'Europe, a great establishment where, after much difficulty, we made *marché*.

*Lyons*.—The entrance into Lyons from this side is very striking. The town is not seen till you are actually in it and driving along the Saône. Loft perpendicular cliffs rise immediately behind the houses on one side, and on the opposite is a very fine quay, with the town stretching out beyond it. The river, quays and bridges, are extremely handsome; the river covered with boats which are, in general, rowed by women. The appearance of the people here, and for the last day, is quite changed. Their features are less French, and the women infinitely handsomer than any I have seen. I have had a first view of the Alps, but at a tremendous distance; they look like clouds on the horizon.

We find the town filled with tapestry and decorations of all kinds, triumphal arches, orchestras and preparations, to receive Monsieur, who is expected here to-morrow. For about a mile out of the town the road is lined on each side with trees on each of which was painted a *fleur-de-lys*, in honor of the Bourbons; but almost every one of them was defaced by dirt or scraping.

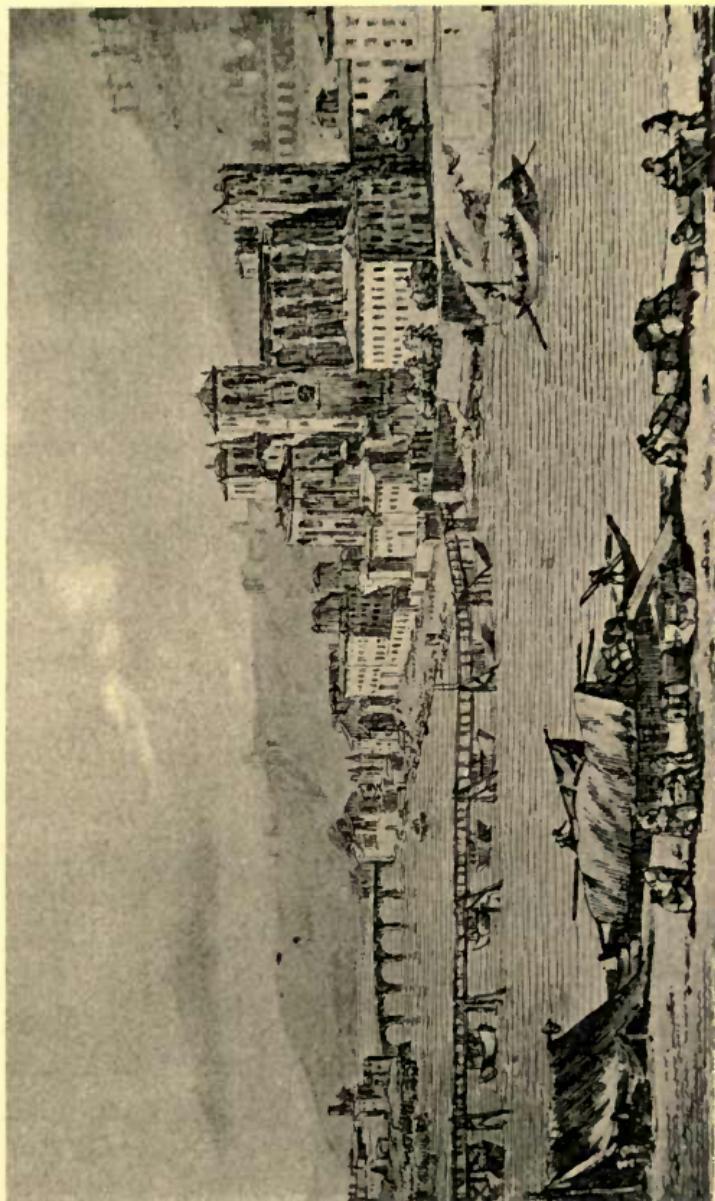
Our dinner here has been excellent. In the evening, while I was out walking, a police officer paid us a visit. He wanted merely to take a note of who we were, our names and ages, place of our birth, our country, last

place of residence, object in travelling, and a few other particulars. This is, I presume, for the purpose of advertising us if we should happen to be lost, or of assisting us effectually if we should be in distress. Kind persons! they know the difficulties that beset travellers in a strange land.

17th.—I walked about the town before breakfast. The streets are narrow, dirty and ugly; the houses extremely high. The publick buildings, however, are handsome, and the two great rivers give so much quay, and there are so many places or squares, that the town is on the whole the most beautiful we have visited. The environs of the town are delightful, and the views from the bridges on the Saône and Rhône (particularly the latter) are with the present weather and sky most exquisite.

After breakfast we paid a visit to our banker, who was extremely polite and begged of us to call upon him for any information or assistance it might be in his power to give us. There is much value in these recommendations to bankers on one's route. If you want money unexpectedly, you have it on the spot; or, if you are sufficiently supplied, the banker is a person who will readily give every information that may be needed, or assist in procuring lodgings, hiring carriages, etc.

We were all to-day occupied in looking at the troops passing by, and the preparations for Monsieur's arrival. While we were waiting for him I talked a good deal



LYONS  
*From a contemporary print*



with a French officer who had served in most of Bonaparte's campaigns, and had latterly been with the Italian army. He spoke freely of Bonaparte's late conduct, and seemed to think that since the Russian campaign he had done all that was in his power, but that his great error was in attacking Russia in the way he did. He talked of the Spanish War, and acknowledged that Wellington was a great general, but said little more of him.

I walked out to meet Monsieur, and got to the bridge over which he was to pass just as the procession was coming up. It was a fine military show; a large body of cavalry of different kinds attended him, and the streets through which he passed were lined with infantry. A great number of officers were immediately about him: Marshal Augereau \* rode on his right hand. They all had their hats in their hands, and Monsieur bowed and kissed his hand to the people as he passed. I had expected from the good people of Lyons more loyalty of feeling than I was able to

\* General Augereau (1757-1815) was of humble origin; but he early attracted Napoleon's notice and favour by his personal courage and devotion, which were conspicuously exhibited in the battle of Leipzig. Unfortunately, his judgment failed him in the political vicissitudes of these later days. He assisted in the restoration of Louis XVIII, and in this same year (1814) was created duc de Castiglione. Napoleon, on his escape from Elba, proclaimed his former General a traitor; but Augereau, dazzled by the triumphant march to Paris, hastened to offer his services, which were brusquely rejected. When the Hundred Days were over the General again approached King Louis, and was repulsed; his career terminating soon afterwards in retirement and humiliation.

discover in them ; around me, at least, there was the greatest coldness imaginable. None but the soldiers who lined the streets shouted, and they feebly enough ; while the remarks made upon Monsieur were not very kind or to the purpose, as, "*Ah, voila Monsieur ! qu'il est vieux !*"

An awkward accident happened. At the far side of the bridge a triumphal arch was raised, and in imitation of a Roman compliment customary on such occasions, a crown of laurel was suspended from the center, to be let down upon Monsieur's head as he rode under it ; but unfortunately, when he was about thirty yards from the place, the crown fell to the ground. This unpropitious fall caused a good deal of remark, and I heard two men talking very seriously upon it. They agreed that it was "*tant pis*" ; and one of them concluded his reflections by "*Ah, quelle sottise de laisser tomber la couronne !*" I afterwards went to the principal church, to which Monsieur was to have proceeded. A battalion of the National Guards was marched up the aisle with drums beating, and was halted and regularly drilled close to the altar. After I had stood in the crowd till I was tired, Monsieur sent word that he had rather pray in private, and that we might disperse. The church is a handsome gothic building, but the outside ornamenting is almost entirely destroyed, and the inside greatly injured. This is the case of most of the churches which are standing here ; many are in ruins ; for this town

was made a signal object of vengeance during the Revolution.

There are the usual preparations for an illumination through the town. Some of the mottos under transparencies are a little curious. One, over the door of a café, is "*Il a été, il est, et il sera toujours, pour le Roi et sa famille.*" Over the door where Monsieur resides is "*Borbonius, vel Bonus orbi.*" They contain the same letters, however otherwise they may be similar.

(NOTE.—*The House of Bourbon took its name from Archibald Borbonius, in the year 1127, whose impress was a globe, and round it this anagram of the Earl's name : "Orbi bonus."*)

The illuminations at night were good, and there was a grand display of fireworks on the bridge.

18th.—We have, every moment, occasion to remark in this country some offence against delicacy or decency. Amongst these, there is one of a very enormous kind now before us. The hotel in which we are, the first in Lyons and really a noble establishment, is a building of three sides of a square which is completed by a corridor communicating with the two ends, but raised one story only. This building surrounds a handsome courtyard, and the communication between the bedrooms is by balconies running along the outside. From these, every dirt and wet from all the chambers, four, five, or six stories high, is emptied into the yard filled with carriages and

persons passing and repassing, and this full in the view of those who are sitting in their rooms, perhaps at breakfast or dinner. Men are here, as at Paris, the *filles de chambre*.

In walking before breakfast this morning, I met the first religious procession I have ever seen. There were, first, fifty women and girls dressed in white and carrying wax-tapers, lighted, in their hands; these walked in two rows, one at each side of the street. In the middle of the street, between them, three banners were carried at some distance from each other. On the first, a figure of St. Catherine, and under it, "*Sancta Catherina, ora pro nobis!*!" On the second, "*S. Nicholas Nolentin, priez pour nous!*!" Between the banners were carried little shrines enclosing relicks, crucifixions, transparent lanthorns on top of long poles, silver vessels, etc. Next to these, a company of priests, the principal one in the center magnificently dressed. The procession was closed by about 150 men and women forming a continuation of the lines made by the first women. As they moved slowly along, the men and women sung alternately the invocation to the different saints, "*sancta —, ora pro nobis!*!" Most persons who met this procession took off their hats till it had passed; but many did not, and I walked beside it with my hat on and no one seemed to mind me.

At eleven o'clock we went to St. John's Church to hear (or rather see) mass performed before Monsieur,

and new colours consecrated and given to a regiment quartered here. We found the aisle, up to the foot of the altar, lined with soldiery, partly regulars, partly national guard. When Monsieur's approach was announced the word was given to shoulder arms, and the drums beat and band played. A canopy of white silk covered with the *fleur-de-lys*, and with the Bourbon arms embroidered on the top, was carried to the great door, and he walked up the aisle under it. Marshal Augereau on his right in the full dress of a marshal, two generals on his left, and a crowd of officers and gentlemen behind. Opposite the great altar he stept from under the canopy and was conducted to a seat prepared for the occasion, with a blue silk canopy suspended over it. Service now began by some ceremonies among the priests, during which the band of the regiment, placed on steps behind the altar, played a pretty piece of military musick. The colours were then unfurled and carried to the altar, with more ceremonies ; after which the word was given to the soldiers to present arms, which they did with drums beating. After some more ceremonies, the leader of the band played "O Dolce concerto," with variations. The word was then given to present arms and kneel, while the colours were carried and presented to the regiment. The kneeling was not general ; many officers stood and merely put their hands to their caps, and some soldiers did the same. The band again performed some airs, and the

ceremony concluded with administering the sacrament to Monsieur.

As a show, this was all very fine ; but the confounding thus together sacred and profane things, or rather the changing a Divine service into a military ceremony, is to my feelings extremely disagreeable.

From the top of this church we had a remarkably good view of the town. There are many ruins to be seen still, caused by the dreadful siege. The walls of the arsenal, which was blown up then, are standing.

In the evening Monsieur went to the theatre, but it was so crowded at an early hour that I could not get in. The town was illuminated more brilliantly than last night, and the inhabitants seemed really to be warmed into considerable feelings of loyalty. Parties of intoxicated soldiers and bands of little children paraded the town, shouting "*Vive le Roi ! Vive Monsieur !*" in which the people joined them with great spirit.

19th.—We have hired the same cabriolet which we brought from Paris, on to Geneva. The *sellier*, in speaking of the workmanship of our English carriages which he greatly admired, told us that he had just purchased a machine from an English gentleman, that was very curious and unlike anything he had seen before. When we came to look at it, we found it to be a dog-cart which some gentleman had been glad to get rid of in exchange for a cabriolet. This *sellier* wished us to change our intention and, instead of going to

Geneva, to spend our winter in the south of France in order to enjoy the great variety of such a climate, as in our country we only saw the sun once in three months during the winter. A postilion on the road once asked me whether there were any stones in England ; he had heard that our roads in England are heavy for want of stone fit to make them. The other had been told that our winters are cold, and that in some parts of the world the sun is for some time invisible. These accounts very fairly reduced us to a total want of stone and a glimpse of sunshine once in three months.

In passing an optician's, Charles spied a large plate-electrifying machine, and of course we went in to enquire the price. The plate, made in England and therefore highly valued, was thirty-three inches in diameter ; the price, frs. 1800. The apparatus with it was almost entirely for exhibiting pretty experiments.

We called on our banker to get some information respecting roads, inns and other matters, which he gave us with infinite civility. We wished to see the celebrated silk manufacture of Lyons, and he sent a messenger to enquire whether the chief manufactory was open ; but, unfortunately, Monsieur was to visit it to-day, and such great personages as Monsieur and myself could not be permitted to clash. However, one of the younger men of the bank promised to wait upon us after the hour of business and conduct us to

another manufactory. At three o'clock he came accordingly, and took us to a considerable silk manufacturer's, where we saw a great many looms at work, and some very rich stuffs in progress. The workmen are paid by the *aune*, according to the richness and consequent tediousness of the work. For one piece that we saw, the workman was paid thirty sous *per aune*, and this silk when finished sold for seven or eight francs. For another which was uncommonly rich, the workman got six francs *per aune*, and they could not (or would not) tell the price. The conductor given us by our banker, who was a very young and perfectly gentleman-like man, told me, in the course of conversation, that had the war continued he must have served with the next conscription.

In the evening I went to the second theatre ; the principal one being employed for a great ball given to Monsieur. The house is small, but prettier than any I saw in Paris. The performance at this theatre, as a gentleman informed me, is only intended to cause laughter. It had the desired effect to-night, and I laughed heartily with the rest, but, in general, without having tasted much of the joke ; for a jest in a foreign language is a very incomprehensible thing. Some men, indeed, do not find one in their mother-tongue much more comprehensible. The band very reasonable.

We leave this for Geneva to-morrow. We have found Lyons the most cheerful and handsomest city

we have yet seen, both in building and situation. When in its most opulent state and supported by an extensive commerce, it must have been a splendid town. There is very little trade at present, and even to the eye the ravages caused by the siege are not yet repaired.

*20th.*—On examining our bills here, we found that we were treated with not only more honesty than we had before experienced, but even with considerable liberality. Breakfast, for which we had agreed at three francs each, is charged but one and a half, and every day there was bread and butter left in our room without additional charge. Last night, too, after the bill was made out, we had a bottle of wine with bread, and for this they refused to take any payment. The lady was as civil as possible, begged the favour of our company on our return, and our recommendation in the meantime.

*Lyons to Cerdon.*—Left Lyons at half-past nine o'clock. At setting off, our postilion told us that although we had but two horses we must pay him for three, and when he had failed to convince us that it made no difference to us whether we had two or three, and consequently that we ought to pay the same price for both, he ran off in a great rage and brought back a third horse. He made us, to be sure, pay for the three, but we were amply repaid by the additional trouble it gave him to drive them. He never ceased, during the whole post, muttering to himself and giving,

now and then, the usual exclamation of this country, “*Sacré nom de Dieu!*” At the next post the postmaster came, with his hat in his hand, to beg that if we had not a very particular fancy for three horses, we would take but two at the regular price; to which we readily agreed.

In the country through which we have passed to-day, the cultivation is principally vine and maize; but there is also some hemp and, near this (Cerdon), a little pasture. The vines near Lyons are allowed to grow to five and six feet high, and even more; those more north towards Paris are seldom above three. There is nothing in the vineyards either gay or *riant*; they exactly resemble, when seen from a distance, great raspberry-beds.

On arriving at Cerdon, which is a small poor village, we were greatly startled at the appearance of our inn. The house was precisely like an Irish hedge-ale-house, dirty, dark, and forbidding. It was, however, too late to go on, and we ascended a kind of ladder stairs to a couple of bedrooms, the only two in the house, where we found beds of the commonest description, without head-board or curtains, the rooms without window-shutters or curtains; the only furniture a deal table and a few chairs. I can well imagine that many English travellers would sicken at the very idea of sleeping or eating in this place, and yet I never was more satisfied with any inn. The beds were in themselves good, and the sheets, though coarse, per-

fectly clean. Our dinner was particularly well dressed and served up in the neatest manner, with napkins and silver forks as usual. The water to make the tea was brought up in a kind of flat open saucepan. In this part of the world, kettles seem to be quite unknown.

*Cerdon to Collonge.*—21st.—Cerdon is most beautifully situated in a nook of the plain from which the great chain of mountains arises. The ascent begins almost from the inn door, the road hitherto being quite level. When we had reached the top of a tedious mountain, about half our post, the driver dismounted and took off the third horse. The remainder of the post is all descent, when he would be worse than useless, and he is always allowed to return alone to his stable. The people begin to beg here even worse than to the north of Paris. Every village seems to turn out its whole population ; in one that consisted of about ten houses, we counted twenty-seven beggars round the carriage at once, even women and children. Their importunacy was extreme ; one woman climbed up on the shaft and thrust her hand in at the window.

When we were going down the hill into Bellegarde, a boy met us and ran alongside of the carriage, entreating us to go see something which we with difficulty discovered to be "*la perte superbe du Rhône.*" We had not been prepared for this, but on examining our books we found that this is a curiosity esteemed worthy of a journey from Geneva to see it. We set

out, therefore, accompanied by a troop of women, boys, and girls, all seeking to exchange information for money, and at the same time begging with the utmost diligence. We declared at once that we would pay one guide only ; but the moment he opened his mouth the whole troop joined in repeating precisely the same words, the consequence of which was that we could with difficulty make out what was said. All remarkable things are worth seeing, though it be but to satisfy one's self that they are not worth seeing ; but there did not appear to us to be a journey's worth in this curiosity, which all consists in the Rhone rushing down a narrow channel between rocks, and hiding itself under them three times within a few hundred yards.

(NOTE OF 1821.—*I have not done justice to “la perte du Rhône.” In itself it is really a curiosity : so great a river as the Rhone, at so great a distance from its source, wholly lost to the sight three times within so short a space. The scenery is among the finest I have ever seen. This I correct upon a second visit in August, 1820.*)

Entering the State of Geneva, is the little Fort La Cluse, built across the road on the side of a mountain so steep and rugged as to be inaccessible above and below. The fort itself appears to have been of considerable strength, independent of its situation. It is guarded by French soldiers. The sentinel stopped us to demand “*quelque petite chose pour avoir passé la poste.*” We complied ; but this is an unsoldierly de-

mand not enforced, I suspect, upon French officers that travel this way.

We arrived at Collonge about half-past three o'clock, and, liking the appearance of the inn, determined to stop. We agreed at once to their own price, and begin to believe that the Swiss are more honest in their dealings than their neighbours, the French. While dinner was preparing we walked for an hour and a half amidst the most exquisite scenery imaginable. All to-day, our journey has been through mountains the most tremendous and the most beautiful I had ever seen. We have now come in sight of a range still vaster, the peaks of several being capped with snow. The inhabitants of these mountains are, to all appearance, in a very wretched state of poverty.

This inn has more appearance of comfort in it than anything we have seen on the Continent; it is almost English. There is a good rational chimney-piece and hearth-stone, boarded floor and lock on the door, quite English, and everything remarkably clean. The only French part of the house was the bedchamber, which was a part taken off the sitting-room by a slight partition, just large enough to admit two beds with their heads to the wall and their feet touching each other. I took the liberty of making two bedchambers by rolling out one of the beds, in spite of the *fille*, who wished to prevent me and said that "*Madame s'en fachera.*"

*Collonge to Geneva.—22nd.—It rained in the night*

and the mountains are enveloped in clouds. Left this about half-past eight o'clock.

As we were leaving Collonge, a man came to the window and informed us that he belonged to the bureau of the Douane, and that as he would not give us the trouble of opening our trunks, he hoped we would give him "*quelque petite chose pour boire.*" At the same time he drew back and motioned to the postilion to advance, as if he did not expect his hopes to be realized. We did, however, give him something, but wishing to get some information in return, I asked him whether there was any other custom-house before entering Geneva. His answer was : "*Oui, oui, Monsieur ; vous me donnerez quelque petite chose, mais vous trouverez le grand boire à St. Genis.*" We thus discovered that, in Switzerland, "*douane*" and "*boire*" are synonymous terms. The *grand boire* came in its turn ; and then a man came to the carriage and talked in dark mysterious terms, something about *expedition* which we could not understand, upon which he retired. Presently he returned and begged of us to walk into the office, which we did ; and there a gentlemanlike person continued to flourish in similar terms upon the same theme of *expedition*, which I at length discovered to be an enquiry as to how much *expedition-money* we had given at Collonge, and a hint to us to give more here. I had suffered so often in this country by the want of language, that I thought it quite fair to turn it, for once, to my advantage, and I gave so

innocently ignorant an ear to all his hints, that in the end he was obliged to desire his attendant to *laisser* us, and we passed through this formidable *boire* without the slightest diminution in our small change.

Our journey to-day was short and uninteresting, for everything around us was so buried in mist that it was impossible to see many hundred yards on any side. Arrived at Geneva about twelve o'clock.

## CHAPTER IV

### GENEVA

*Geneva.—September 22nd.*

THE inn at which most of the English who visit Geneva reside is about a mile from the town, beautifully situated on the edge of the lake. It is called "Sêcheron." The house, which is very large, is kept particularly clean and is quite English. It is crowded with English ladies and gentlemen and their servants. I do confess that, besides their spoiling the general effect of novelty in all around us, there are other reasons which make me grieve when I am forced to come in contact with English gentry.

When we had dressed we set out to wait upon our banker, Mons. Heutsch, whose villa is close to our inn. We were told at his gate that he was at home, but just going out. While we were still speaking to the gate-keeper, we perceived him driving down the avenue in a one-horse chaise, and considering that it would necessarily be extremely awkward to stop him in order to introduce ourselves, we retreated with precipitation towards the town. He enquired,

however, at the gate, and hearing that we had desired to see him, the moment he overtook us he jumped out, his hat in his hand, and amidst a profusion of compliments forced us, after some resistance on our side, to mount into his noddy. The whole way into town he talked with amazing rapidity, anticipating all our queries, and answering for us all his own. He scarcely looked at our letter of introduction. We dismounted at his bank, where, after giving us the information we sought, he dismissed us with a fresh volley of compliments.

From this we went to a bookseller's recommended to us by Mons. Heutsch, where we found a very good collection of books. Here there was a young girl in the shop, and happening to apply to her for some information about a book, she answered us in English. At a distance from home, the sound of one's own language spoken by a foreigner, especially a female, is very interesting, and I immediately left the books, to converse with this young lady. She talked most modestly, and entirely without affectation, of her studies and her reading. Although she has never had any opportunity of talking English till lately, yet she speaks without difficulty in a very intelligible manner.

After walking a little through the town, we returned to Sêcheron ; the weather cloudy and wet. There are theatres in Geneva, but at the present moment no performers. The people are musical and some-

times have good publick concerts. Last year, Rode paid them a visit and performed.

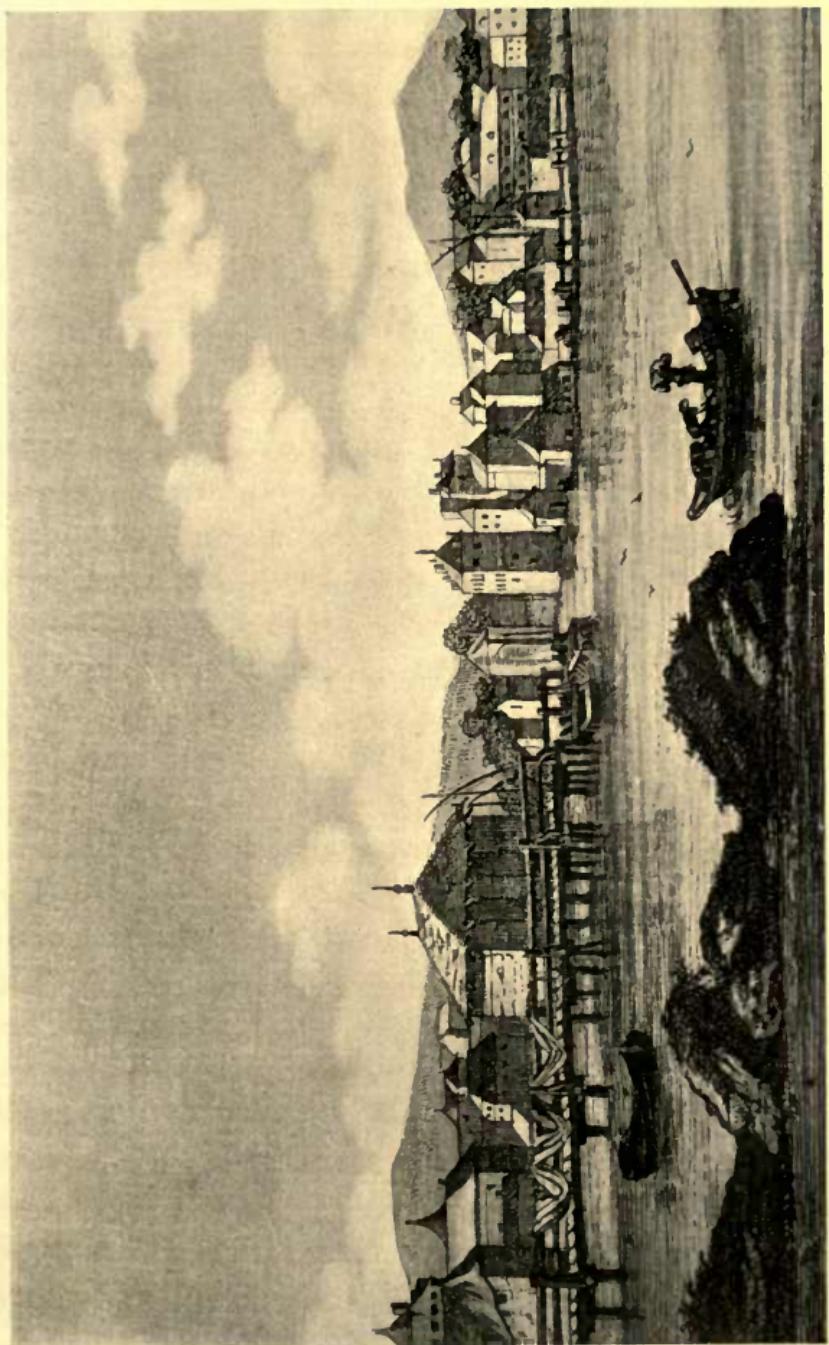
*23rd.*—Up before six, and read for a couple of hours. From the window of my bedchamber there is a fine view of the lake and the mountains beyond it, terminated by Mont Blanc. These mountains do not appear monstrous, nor Mont Blanc extraordinary; they are, however, very grand in shape and position, and their snows peculiarly striking. I believe the truth to be that, after a certain height, mountains do not increase to the eye; and here the mind cannot make allowance for the immense distance.

I walked into the town before breakfast. The soldiers at the gates, the dirtiest, worst-dressed military I ever beheld.

Breakfast, perfectly English; as, indeed, everything in and about this most comfortable inn. After breakfast, I walked again into the town and called at the bookseller's; talked a good deal to our young English scholar, Mademoiselle Cherbulier. She has been reading Pope's works with great pleasure, without finding them difficult. Shakespeare she has looked into, but would not attempt to master him for fear of being totally discouraged by a failure.

Bought a plan, and walked by it round the walls and through the town. This is the first regular fortification I have had leisure to examine. Although not of any great strength, it is remarkably well constructed, and esteemed by military men; but un-

GENEVA  
*From a contemporary print*





fortunately the town and works are commanded by a neighbouring hill. There is not a single piece of artillery in the town. The fosse is converted into a kitchen garden. The town itself is not dirty and the houses are large and well built, but the whole appearance is dark and gloomy. The booksellers' shops announce a cultivation of literature, and the number of well-stocked musick shops proves that musick is not neglected.

This evening we have finally determined to pursue our original plan of visiting Italy.

Our dinners here consist of three full courses, of five or six dishes each, besides soup. We begged of the waiter to diminish this, which we find uncommonly fatiguing, but he says it cannot be done. The dinner is the proper dinner for six francs, and they never serve one for less ; so we must submit.

*24th.*—Up at six o'clock to study Italian, as I have agreed to take upon myself all the difficulties to be incurred in the prosecution of our Italian journey.

The garden belonging to the inn extends to the lake, and a kind of terrace at the end overhangs the water. This forms one of the most delightful little walks imaginable ; except at Killarney I have never beheld a more exquisite scene.

After breakfast we walked into town and waited on Mons. Heutsch, to make enquiries respecting Italian roads, posting, accommodations, etc. We find it necessary to purchase a carriage, and, from the accounts

we hear, it does not appear to be advisable to defer the passage of the mountains beyond the end of this month or the very beginning of the next. It may be, perhaps, safe after that ; but from the latter end of September a fall of snow may be looked for, and that is attended with delay and difficulty, if not danger. We therefore determine to set out at once.

To bookseller's, where I had a great deal of conversation with Mademoiselle Cherbulier. This girl, by nature just well-looking, is by a sensible countenance and the most perfect propriety and modesty of manner rendered very interesting. She has read much, must have made considerable progress in English to speak as she does, and has been learning Italian. She assures me that if I were to remain any time in Geneva and mix with the inhabitants, I would find a vast deal of information diffused through all classes ; and that I should not meet, in any town on the Continent, so many persons that read English. On coming to accuracy with her, I find the latest English works here are Johnson and Goldsmith. She had heard of Walter Scott and Lord Byron, but not of Campbell, Southey, or Crabbe.

I happened to ask her whether any English had resided at Geneva during the war. She answered very simply, "Ah, no ! all the English were obliged to live in France, at a place called Verdun."

Mademoiselle Cherbulier shewed me to-day a collection of all the *Ranz de Vaches*, twenty-eight in number.

Each canton has its own. The words are German, except to that which we know so well in this country and one or two others ; these are of the Pays de Vaud, where the people talk French. I asked about the effect said to be produced on the Swiss soldiery by this national musick. Mademoiselle Cherbulier spoke of it not as an ordinary effect upon them, but as a thing said to have happened once, while they were serving under the French.

(NOTE.—“*Cet air si cheri des Suisses qu'il fut défendu sous peine de mort de le jouer dans les troupes, parce qu'il faisoit fondre en larmes, déserter ou mourir ceux qui l'entendroient, tant il excitoit en eux l'ardent désir de revoir leur pays.*”—Rousseau, “Dict. de Musique.”)

Walked in the town and round the walls. Saw the pillar erected by the Genevese to the memory of their celebrated citizen, J. J. Rousseau. The day, and consequently the views, enchanting. There is something wonderfully striking in the effect produced by Mont Blanc and the other great mountains, as seen from this. There is an awful grandeur in those prodigious masses of snow, towering above the clouds and closing, in cold solemnity, a view where nature seems to have exhausted herself in forming the most luxuriant warmth of scenery.

25th.—Read and walked in the garden before breakfast.

To St. Gervais's church. We arrived too late and

only heard about ten minutes of the conclusion of the sermon. The manner of the preacher, though entirely different to what we are accustomed to, was impressive and interesting ; the discourse seemed to relate to the recent events of the political world. After the sermon there were some short prayers, and singing with an organ ; then, the benediction. The organ handsomely ornamented, and well played, but too lightly. The congregation seemed attentive ; but all who like it kept on their hats during the service.

After our return to Sécheron, we drove to Ferney, to visit Voltaire's château. It is now in the possession of a Genoese family, who reside in it. Voltaire's bedchamber and a saloon are preserved, for the gratification of visitors, in the state in which they were while he occupied them. The bedchamber is hung with portraits. Immediately over the bed is the celebrated "Le Kain." At each side, above this, are Frederic the great, and Voltaire himself at the age of thirty-two, a countenance full of fire and animation. These are as large as life, as are also two others, the "Marquise de Chatelet," and the Empress Catherine, in work, presented to Voltaire "*par l'auteur.*" In a smaller size are Delille, Diderot, Newton, Franklin, Racine, Milton, Washington, Corneille, Ant. Thomas, D'Alembert, Leibnitz, Helvetius, Marmontel, and one other whose name I have forgotten. There is nothing, beyond these, remarkable in the apartments, and my feeling about Voltaire was not sufficient to give much

interest to them ; but this is one of the great Geneva sights, and must be seen. The drive to Ferney is very pleasant.

26th.—Read for two hours, and walked in the garden before breakfast.

I took Charles to an optician's, to see an ingenious mountain barometer. The inventor, who is an old man, possesses talent and ingenuity. He formerly had things on a large scale, and gave lectures on Natural Philosophy ; but Mr. Bonaparte, as he informed us, put an end to all this by the difficulties which he threw in the way of science at Geneva. Professors were obliged to take out licences at a considerable expence, and to appear in person to be registered at Paris. He has now but a few instruments, and is very poor.

Called on M. Heutsch, who received us with his usual politeness, and gave us much information concerning our route. He enquired whether we had received a card from Madame Heutsch, to invite us to a party next Wednesday evening at which the Princess of Wales and all the world are to be present ; hoped to see us then, and would not hear of our leaving Geneva before Thursday.

About four o'clock, the Princess of Wales \* arrived

\* Caroline of Brunswick, born in 1768, was the second daughter of the Duke of Brunswick and of Princess Augusta of England, sister of George III. At the age of twenty-six years she was married to the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV ; but as the result of differences arising from the relations of the Prince to Mrs. Fitz-

at Sêcheron, and caused a great bustle. She has two handsome carriages, and an English mail-coach for servants and heavy luggage. There are four or five gentlemen in her suite, and four or five servants dressed in a kind of undress German uniform, besides a major-domo. She is gone this evening to a great ball, given by Lady Charlotte Campbell who is in Geneva.\*

I had been invited in the day to a party at a Madame Odier's. I left Sêcheron about eight o'clock, but just as I reached the town I found that I had forgotten the card, and could not recollect the name of either lady or street. In this difficulty I hesitated some time,

herbert and Lady Jersey, a formal separation took place in September, 1796, after the birth of Princess Charlotte Augusta. The Prince was appointed Regent in 1811, and in the following year he refused to allow the Princess further access to her daughter. Accordingly, on the 9th of August, 1813, Princess Caroline left England for the Continent, travelling in the *Jason* frigate, with a considerable suite. Her household, while abroad, was entirely under the direction of her courier, Bergami; and it is somewhat remarkable that the diarist avoids allusion to the rumours then freely current as to the conduct of the household and the position of the courier. In the debates on the historic Bill of Divorce, Queen Caroline was successfully defended by Brougham; but she did not recover from the King's subsequent refusal to permit her coronation. She was taken ill in Drury Lane Theatre on the 30th of July, 1821, and died on the 7th of August. Her funeral was the occasion of a fatal encounter between the military and the mob, the latter insisting that the body should be carried through the City, contrary to the King's orders.

\* This ball is described in Lady Charlotte Campbell's Diary. (v. "The Diary of a Lady-in-Waiting," by Lady Charlotte Bury, vol. i., pp. 279-80. London : John Lane.)

until at length, fancying that the name was “Odoin,” I determined to proceed and endeavour to make out the house. After addressing myself in vain to several persons, I met a young gentleman who very kindly engaged to discover the house for me, if possible. He accordingly made enquiries of everyone we met, called on every friend of his in the streets through which we passed, and repeated all the names his imagination could suggest to him sounding like “Odoin,” till we were both tired and agreed to part, when he suddenly asked could it be “Odier,” and I at once knew the name. He was acquainted with her; but “Odoin” and “Odier,” though not very dissimilar in sound to my ears, were so much so to his that he laughed heartily, in spite of his politeness, when I remarked, “You see, I was not very far wrong after all.”

I found a small party, with cards and musick. There was nothing different from what might have been at any party in England, except that most people talked French, or French and English mixed. We were dismissed before eleven o’clock, which is almost of necessity, for the town gates shut at eleven, after which no one is permitted to pass in or out.

On my return, I was very nearly being put to an untimely death for no greater a crime than not talking German. A soldier on the first bridge challenged me as I came up; and I, not understanding what the fellow was snorting at, continued to advance without

answering, upon which, without another word, he presented his musket at me. I did verily believe, for an instant, that it was all over with me, but I shouted manfully, " Halloa, sir ! " and this fortunately served to check him till I came up. As soon as he saw what I was, he gave one short snort, shouldered his musket, turned to the right-about-face, and, without paying the least attention to me, resumed his walk. I did not feel quite at my ease till I had passed clear out of the fortifications. There was a clear sky and an uncommonly brilliant moon, and nothing could be more enchanting than the lake and mountains in this light.

*27th.*—This morning we concluded the purchase of a carriage. The body is of an English chaise about half a century old ; the carriage was made in France, and the wheels are Genevese. It has never run since Mons. Dejean gave it the last thorough repair which, being to hire out on his own account, ought for his own interest to have been well executed. It is heavy and clumsy, but roomy and convenient ; and if it does but last, we shall have got a good bargain. We pay thirty-five pounds, British. Arranged everything for our departure to-morrow.

I walked into town and bought a good case of pistols for thirty-eight francs. The fire-arms made here are good for common use, but very roughly finished. On the Continent they have by no means kept pace with the English improvement in locks. Manton's name and work are now well known, and also Mortimer's.

I bought a collection of all the *Ranz de Vache*. Paid a long visit to Mademoiselle Cherbulier, of whom I took leave.

In the evening one of the Princess of Wales's attendants, a German, practised on the violin under our room, accompanied on the pianoforte. He performed in a masterly, though not highly finished style. I have not heard for a long time any musick that pleased me so much. Last night, and the morning before, parties of countrymen passed the inn, singing in parts as they walked. One man beat time, another sung the first part and made the closes, and some only joined in chorus. This is the first singing in parts we have heard by the peasants.

## CHAPTER V

### GENEVA TO MILAN

*September 28th.*

**L**EFT Sécheron amidst the most pleasing civilities from master, waiters, etc. I shall not quickly forget this charming inn, the most comfortable residence I have been in since I left England. We carry on a ham and two bottles of wine, to be provided against accidents. There is no signing of passports nor enquiry into our designs, either entering or quitting this state. Goîtres are extremely common in and about Geneva; almost every second person in the lower rank seems to be in some degree affected. The first we had observed were near Lyons.

*Geneva to St. Gingoux.*—Our road lay, the whole day, close along the lake to St. Gingoux, which is a small village within a few miles of the upper end. At Evian, two posts and a half from this, the great Simplon road begins, so far an admirable one, but narrow.

Before dinner, we walked for two hours along the lake. This is considered the most beautiful part of the lake, and certainly it would be difficult to imagine scenery more enchanting. On the opposite shore,

which is finely shaped with noble mountains in the distance, are Lausanne, Vevey and other towns. Above our heads rise the rocks of Meillurie, of the most picturesque form, and a finely wooded mountain, beyond which mountains loftier and more grand appear till the whole is terminated by tops covered with everlasting snow.

At dinner we had soup and two courses, good enough for travellers. The wine proving to be indifferent vinegar, I asked for a bottle less acid, and one was carried away from the table and brought up again after a little delay, not at all improved by the voyage. Our attendant, a young girl, when she had given us plates and whatever else we wanted, opened the window and leaned out of it to amuse herself. When she was tired of this, she sat down and continued sitting during the remainder of the dinner, rising very civilly whenever we called for anything.

29th.—Rose at five o'clock, almost in the dark. Venus beautifully bright; I saw her gradually diminishing till the sun rose over the lake—a splendid sight. Got off at seven o'clock.

*St. Gingoux to Sion.*—Quitted the lake in a short time, and travelled all the rest of the day along the Rhône. I had supposed that all roads through the Alps must be mountainous and difficult, however winding and skilfully planned. In sixty miles through which we passed to-day, there is nothing deserving the name of a hill. The drag-chain was twice used, but,

although we were anxious to look a little about us, we could not get a single opportunity of walking ; the whole route is through the valley.

The Simplon line from St. Gingoux to this has disappointed us. It is so narrow that in most places it would be difficult (in some impossible) for two carriages to pass, as we twice experienced by meeting the little carts of the country. A great part of the road is old, and all very bad ; I should suppose, impassable when the mountain torrents are swollen. It is altogether unworthy to belong in any way to the greatest work of modern times. The bridges across the rivers and torrents, which are very numerous, are extremely frightful to those who are unaccustomed to them. They are formed of two trees laid across from bank to bank, which support a flooring of deal planks. Two more trees are laid upon the planks, immediately over the others, and their ends tied together to prevent the planks starting. There is no nailing or other fastening of any kind. The planks rattle and the trees bend, but the bridge, though apparently so insecure, is in reality safe enough.

At St. Maurice we were delayed an hour by the absence of the postmaster and all his postilions. After waiting some time, we found a *juge de la paix*. We told our story to him and he sent "*une invitation*" to an innkeeper in the town, to furnish us with a driver to conduct the post horses ; with which he kindly complied. We experienced, at first, some difficulty

from the late changes ; for no one could inform us who was to be applied to under the present regulation. The following two posts were performed with the same horses, the intermediate post being abandoned. There is snow of this year on some of the mountains near this. The people particularly civil in their manner and salutation. Almost everyone with goître in some degree. We saw to-day a few of those who are afflicted in the highest degree with this dreadful malady. These unfortunate beings present a shocking sight ; their countenances are frightfully distorted ; they are deprived of speech and reduced to a state of complete idiotism.

Reached Sion before seven o'clock. The inn was full, and we were conducted to a house at some distance, large and well built, but at present uninhabited. It had lately been used as a custom-house or some other publick building. Here we bargained our entertainment from twenty to eighteen francs ; our supper being brought from the inn.

30th.—Up at half-past five. Breakfast excellent in all respects, with nice honey. They added the three francs we reduced them last night, and charged nine francs for breakfast. When a price is once named for anything already used, I consider it as paid ; but Charles spoke to the waiter of the unreasonableness of this demand. He assured him it was “what he always charged the English.” We could not complain after this. The waiter here, a young man, spoke

German, Italian, and French, and said he intended to learn English.

While we were waiting for the horses I happened, in rambling through the rooms, to meet the remnant of an old custom-house book, the title of which gave us a hearty laugh, coming in our way so happily just after the payment of so exorbitant a price for breakfast; other impositions, too, equally great, being fresh in our minds. The title was "*Liste des Impositions en France.*" If the *Liste* was complete, it must needs have formed a huge volume.

Left this at half-past seven. All day, winding through the mountains, along the Rhône, which we crossed several times. The language of this part of the country is the German of the Middle Ages. The road, to-day, in general better than yesterday; part of it new, but mostly old; new bridges. The day cold and, from a little after three o'clock, raining. To-day we see, for the first time, churches of ornamental architecture, and houses fancifully painted. A number of altars and small chapels, with images of saints or representations of the crucifixion, built by the roadside. To one of these our postilion took off his hat, and this is the first mark of respect we have seen paid to them or to crosses; except in Switzerland, none to clergy. Peasants' houses, all, or the upper half, made of fir, with a great many very small windows of thick glass. Some of these stand in the mountain, on spots apparently inaccessible. From

the time we first entered the mountains, beyond Geneva, we perceived the houses furnished with large balls of tin or metal on the roofs. We at first supposed they might be conductors of electricity, but they are only for ornament. The same custom is continued as far as this, and here no church or building of any kind is without them. It is remarkable that so dangerous an ornament should prevail in a country exposed, as this is, to frequent thunder-storms.

Arrived here before three o'clock. We were shown into the *salle-à-manger*, but, being told that *beaucoup de monde* was presently expected here, we begged another apartment. A bad supper was served to us by a little boy about nine years of age. We had a fowl of such an age that I doubt not it could have given valuable information relative to the first formation of the mountains around us ; yet, even here, the cloth was clean, and there were silver forks.

While we were eating, an English gentleman and two ladies were shown into the room, which was a small one. We met, perfectly *à l'anglaise*, without exchanging words or looks. They sat down at a table in the corner of the room, and we rose and retired to our bedchambers as soon as we had finished dinner. So much for English manner ! Frenchmen, placed in the same situation, would have been pleased to meet, and become friends in five minutes.

*October 1st.*—In the morning, awoke at five o'clock.

It rained dreadfully, but we resolved to pursue our journey, for fear of worse.

We find that the large party in the saloon last night were Madame Lucien Bonaparte \* and family, on their way to Rome. They travel incog., with three coaches conducted by Voiturin. The boy who was arranging our luggage told me that our carriage had been all night under shelter, but that theirs had been under the rain, because they were "*de mauvaises gens.*"

Just as we were setting out, the ladies and gentleman who were in our room last night came out, and begged our pardon for having intruded on us, but they had no other place to sit in except their bedrooms, which were cold and dirty, with straw beds. I made the best apology in my power for not having behaved more politely to them, and assured them that we were very happy to have accommodated them, but that they must blame English reservedness for our apparent incivility. They appeared to be quiet, well-meaning travellers, wishing like ourselves to see everything in a moderate way. They had come from Geneva to see the Simplon, and had just crossed and recrossed it. Thus we lost an agreeable society and useful information and have purchased a good lesson from experience.

\* This was Lucien's second wife, Marie de Bleschamps, whom he had married in 1802, after her divorce from M. Jouberthon. Lucien's first wife died in 1800. There were two children of the first marriage, and nine of the second.

Off at eight o'clock. The postmaster made us take five horses, assuring us that four would never draw us up.

*Brigue to Simplon.*—We are now on the top of the Simplon, and have seen the half of this celebrated road. It far surpasses our most exalted conceptions of it. The ascent commences from Glyss, a small village, a short distance from Brigue. The mountain is of great height, extremely rugged, and, on the Swiss side, covered with forests of fir and pine. Up this mountain a road, twenty-four feet wide throughout, is carried to the height of 5000 feet with an even ascent, so gradual as to be in general but one and a half (never more than three) inches in a yard. The difficulties that opposed the formation of this road are incredible. The engineers who were first sent down to examine it declared the thing impossible; but Napoleon, having once pronounced "*je le veux*," would hear of no impossibilities. He traced the course with his own hand, and commanded it to be carried into execution. A formidable obstacle was from the weather; for the severity of the winter destroyed the labour of the summer, and the avalanches of spring never fail to carry away and obstruct parts of the road. By degrees, these difficulties are vanishing; the work grows firm, and nature seems at length to be weary of resistance. Neglect, however, is much to be dreaded; and we are told that, last winter, so little attention was paid to the necessary repairs that the road was wholly impassable.

On the side of the mountain which we have climbed to-day there are seven houses of refuge, provided with every means of succouring and entertaining travellers in distress. In one of these we saw eight sheep killed, and about to be salted for the winter. Here we eat a most comfortable luncheon of bread, cheese and butter, with very rich cream, all served with the utmost neatness.

At the conclusion of the war, when the Italian army was passing the mountain, a party of three hundred men, with a colonel and twenty-five officers, were attacked by a large body of the peasantry armed with rifle-guns. After some fighting, they retired to this house of refuge where, after two hours' firing, nine of them being killed and many wounded, they were compelled to surrender themselves prisoners. Our host was in the house at the time ; he shewed us the marks of balls everywhere.

Besides these houses of refuge, Napoleon was building a convent at the very top, which was to be under the same regulations as that on St. Bernard.

It may give some idea of the height and steepness of the mountain which is with such facility ascended by this noble road, that after we had been mounting six hours and an half, we were still so close to the village we had left in the morning that I could count the windows of the houses. Also, the old mule path, which did not wind much, but kept as straight as the mountain would permit, making the shortest practi-

cable route, was but one post to the summit, whereas this is six.

Shortly after we left Brigue, the rain ceased and the day became mild and sufficiently warm till we reached the summit of the mountain. The cold then obliged us to button our coats and close the windows ; yet the coldness was only that of a sharp wind, and our feet and hands were not affected by it. The highest part of the Simplon traversed by the road is a naked savage plain, about 5000 feet above the level of the sea, close to glaciers and everlasting snows. The mountains that rise from the plain appear undiminished to the sight by the loss of 5000 feet. Here is no vegetation of any kind ; the very pine refuses to grow. When we reached the top a thick cloud, passing over it, enveloped us and prevented our seeing more than a hundred yards from the carriage. Shortly after, the cloud suddenly divided, and the peak of Monte Rosa, covered with snow and brightly illuminated by the sun, appeared as if hanging over our heads and, from its closeness to us, shewing enormously high. This was the sublimest sight I ever beheld, or that I can conceive. It was afterwards seen at intervals, during the space of half an hour.

From the plain the descent begins, gradual like the ascent. In no part of this wonderful way is there anything to strike the eye as dangerous, or to alarm the most timid person. The precipices are, indeed, tremendous, but they are secured and guarded, to the

eye, by walls or strong paling from three and an half to five feet high. Long poles are placed along the edge, to mark out the road in snow. Although the banks are becoming firm, yet many parts have lately fallen in, and many are ready to fall. In one spot, two rocks which rolled down within these few days have left barely room for a carriage to pass.

We reached Simplon at six o'clock, after eight hours of actual travelling, for we stopped for two hours on the way. The appearance of our inn miserable, beyond description. We climbed up dirty narrow stairs to a still dirtier lobby, from which a filthy passage conducted us into rooms gloomy and low; the windows, latticed, extremely small, and made of thick glass, hardly admitted light enough to guide us safely across the floor. The beds and all the furniture made of dark fir, and the rooms cased with it. We agreed, as usual, for eighteen francs, and had for supper mutton, pork, chamois dressed with sweet sauce, stewed apples, turnips and potatoes, peaches and apples, and reasonable (or drinkable) wine. No silver forks. A foolish waiter found something so entertaining in us, that he was incessantly in a broad grin of laughter.

When we stopped at the inn, two monks, young men, apparently two- or three-and-twenty, came towards the carriage while I was sending in our luggage, saluted me, and seemed disposed to enter into conversation. I was well pleased to gratify them, and

we conversed a good deal. Their language, amongst each other (for several joined us afterwards), was Latin ; to the people, they spoke German ; and me they honoured with a mixture of Latin, French, German and Italian—chiefly the latter. I never met men so grossly ignorant of all worldly affairs ; they were, however, remarkably inquisitive, and examined every part of my dress minutely. Their thoughts were full of "*un grand principe aut milord inglese*" (Lord Holland), who slept here last night ; but when I informed them that the Princess of Wales would pass the mountain, their wonder knew no bounds. As long as I remained with them, they continually ejaculated, "*Bon dieu ! une principessa !*" They did not know who the Princess of Wales was ; they had never heard of the Prince of Wales ; and when I told them he was regent of England, they said they thought there was a king of England, and seemed bewildered by my explanations of the matter. They agreed among themselves that it was absolutely impossible for so great a princess to sleep in the Simplon inn.

*2nd.*—This is the first place where cleanliness has been unattended to. The dinner cloth had served many an honest party, and, in the morning, as much of the dinner equipage was removed as would leave room for us to breakfast at one end of the table. One of the most beautiful girls I ever saw made our beds, and regretted much that she could not talk French

enough to converse with us. The language is a kind of German.

*Simplon to Baveno.*—We were delayed till nine o'clock. The Italian side of the Simplon is very different from the other, being one bare mass of granite. The scenery is infinitely grander and more striking, and the difficulty of making the road far more serious. Once this is overcome, however, the work is less liable to injury ; for although the severe snows and falling avalanches may for a time obstruct the way, yet the solid rock through which it is bored will save it from destruction. We passed to-day five galleries ; the greatest of these, formed in the solid granite, is 600 feet in length. Immediately on emerging from this gallery, a monstrous chasm, filled by a rapid torrent, is passed on a bridge of wood. The work on this spot is truly wonderful ; and nothing can exceed the magnificence of the scenery. On this gallery, twenty-four men were employed day and night for eighteen months, one set relieving another. The ascent on this side is more steep than on the other, but the road is equally perfect. Throughout, I would pronounce it to be (independent of the mountain difficulties) the best and most completely finished road I have ever met.

At Iselle our passports were examined and marked for Italy. The custom-house officers took our word (backed by a *boire*) that our trunks contained nothing but wearing apparel. Immediately beyond Iselle,

the dress of the peasantry changes to Italian. The women here wear a kind of open waistcoat or spencer of red stuff, a brown pelisse and short petticoat.

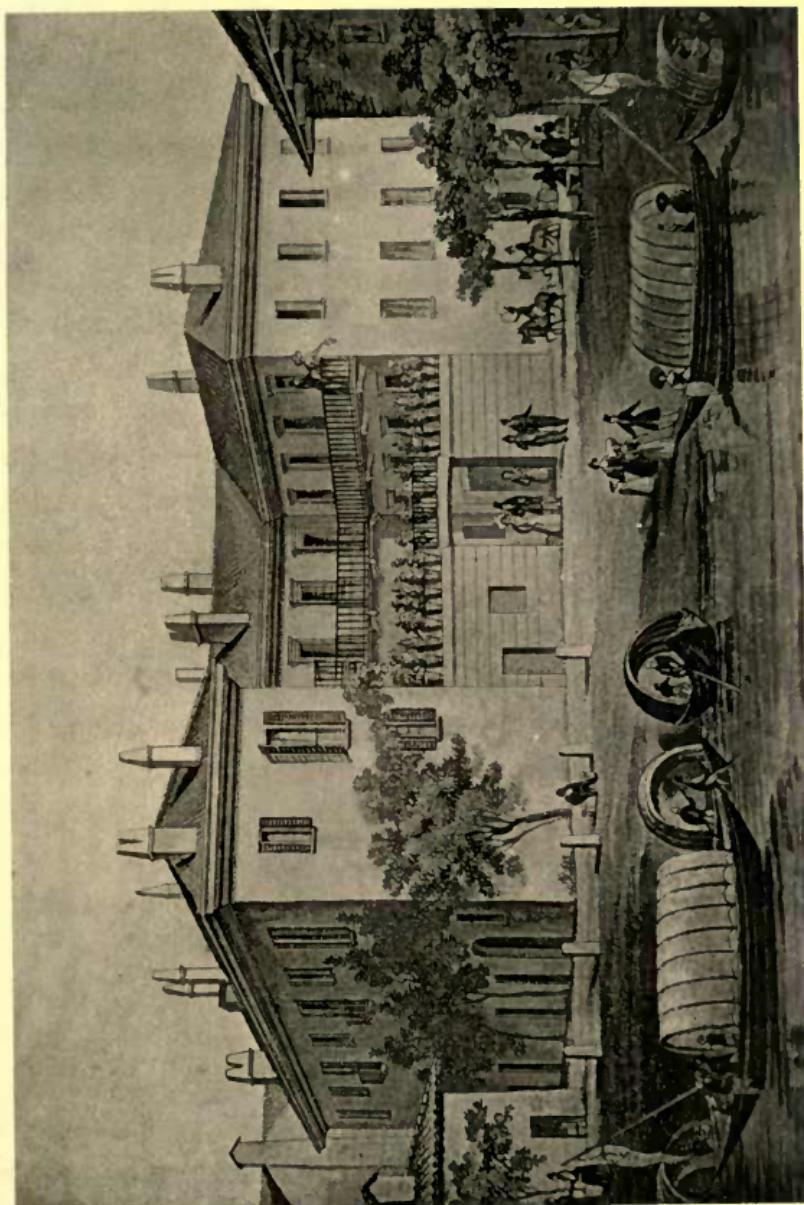
We continued to wind down the mountain, and presently hailed the plains of Italy.

At Duomo d'Ossola, the first Italian town, we encountered a heap of difficulties that for an hour or two almost completely destroyed the pleasure of being really in Italy. On arriving here we were told that we must now pay two francs, fifteen sous, each horse, instead of one franc, ten sous, as before. To enquire whether this was an imposition or not, I sent for the postmaster, who came up to the carriage and addressed me, to my utter consternation, in Italian. This was the first time I had heard the language spoken, and I confess it did so overpower me that all the little I possessed wholly fled, and I could not comprehend a syllable of what he said. I put the question, "to pay or not to pay," in French and, being answered "si," quietly yielded. When the postilion came for payment, he, perceiving my deficiency, attacked me in Italian and I was hardly able to bring him back to his French. I desired him to change a louis and, a fresh trouble, he brought me back silver of different kinds with the names and values of all of which I was wholly unacquainted. In the midst of the confusion attendant on these distresses, the horses harnessed and the postilion growing impatient, the innkeeper joined in, to inform us that our carriage was broken, and con-

sequently that we must remain with him to-night. This was a false alarm.

At length we got off, and did find ourselves seriously embarrassed concerning our means of getting through this country, my first attempt at the Italian not having impressed even myself with a very favourable opinion of my progress, or qualifications to serve as a conductor through Italy. In a little time we came to a bridge, where a man stopped us and said something in Italian. I listened with all my ears and, catching the sound of "ponte," rightly conjectured he wanted money for passing the bridge. "*Quanto?*" said I. "*Una lira,*" said he. It was paid; and from this little incident I at once recovered my confidence in myself, and felt assured that I should be able to perform my undertaking and make my way to Rome.

We had been delayed so long in the morning, that we found the night coming on while we were still some posts distant from the place we had been advised to stop at. We determined to take the first inn we met, and accordingly examined the post-house at Baveno, which is not mentioned in any of the books as a sleeping-place. The inn is neatly fitted up, with clean beds and a nice eating-room. We are particularly fortunate in being forced to stop here, for it is on the borders of the Lago Maggiore, close to the Borromean Islands, and had we gone on as we were directed, we should have been obliged to return in order to see them.



THE OLD INN AT BAVENO  
*From a print in the possession of Signor Adami of Baveno*



When we stopped at the inn, a crowd immediately gathered round the carriage to stare at us. Our carriage was brought into the yard, and the ostler took off our trunks and carried them into the house. I asked him why he did so, for in every other place they had remained on all night ; and he told me "that might be in France or England, but that in Italy no innkeeper would undertake to answer for their safety." Dinner, excellent. In the evening an old man paid us a visit, and talked a great deal of Italian, the greater part of which was entirely lost on us. Curiosity seemed to be the only motive of his visit.

The beds here, which are most comfortable to lie upon, are remarkably simple in their construction. A large mattress, two feet in thickness, is laid upon three forms ; a quilted coverlet serves for blankets and quilt. The waiter, who is likewise cook, spoke Italian, French, German, and a little English. He always began his address to us in miserable English, then quickly passed to French, and finished by modulating into rapid Italian, without ever appearing to observe that he had changed, or that we were not equally acquainted with them all.

Next morning, before breakfast, I walked out and held a long conversation with some boatmen on the shore, in order to try my strength in the Italian. My success was encouraging.

We hired a boat to visit the Borromean Islands. Isola Bella is entirely covered down to the water, on

all sides, with a palace and pyramid of gardens, raised on vaults. The gardens are stiff and artificial, but curious and in character with the other parts of the building. The family of Prince Borromeo are at present residing here ; but we were conducted through all the apartments, even those where any of them were, and past the chapel where mass was performing. In one room some gentlemen were playing billiards ; in another, three or four young ladies were trying over some musick. Here, there were great signs of musick—four violin cases, a violoncello and two pianofortes. The ladies were not in the least disturbed by our passing through the room, but played on without attending to us. Isola Madre is larger than Isola Bella, and laid out, as our guide-book informs us, "*dans un style un peu plus champêtre.*" It may be so ; but the whole island is a garden and not a very natural one. Pheasants are in great abundance on the island. A little girl presented us with flowers, fresh pulled ; and a little boy, with grapes and pears. We gave them each a small piece of money and made them quite happy.

We were gratified by seeing these far-famed islands, but, on the whole, rather disappointed. They are curious, and the views from them beautiful, but it would be the height of injustice to compare either of them with our Innisfallen. Travellers have often called them the Enchanted Islands ; and they seem to me to be with peculiar propriety ascribed to the

powers of enchantment. Unnatural in themselves they start up, in defiance of nature, amidst the romanti<sup>ck</sup> beauties of this charming lake.

*Baveno to Sesto Calende.*—(3rd).—Got off from Baveno, with a fair charge for breakfast and without any attempt to cheat us. Along the road, we saw them everywhere gathering in the grapes, which they carry in long baskets on their backs. The people ill-dressed and ragged; very many men without stockings. I saw a curious mode of carrying children to-day. There is a basket about three feet high carried on the back, supported by a strap that goes round the neck, like a market load. In the lower part a little child sits, and another is tied down on the top.

At Belgirate, I was conducted to the custom-house and had our passports marked for the King of Sardinia's dominions. At Sesto Calende we crossed the Ticino by a ferry. The safety and ease with which the business is managed here makes an Englishman blush for the bungling ferries in his own country. Two large flat boats are fastened alongside of each other, covered with planks and railed round so as to form a stage or platform. The carriage drives up an inclined plane upon this, and the whole passes gently over by means of running ropes, assisted with oars. If the boat happens to be at the right side when one arrives, the passage of a river is nearly as expeditious as driving the same distance on land. Sometimes, however, a traveller arrives just as the boat has left

the shore, and he may then experience a delay, possibly of near an hour. The charge at this river is thirty sous, and a small gratuity to the men.

At Sesto the custom-house turned out to be no *boire*, and the Emperor of Austria's officers, dressed in pale blue with silver lace, very politely turned the contents of our portmanteaus upside down, to our no small derangement.

Since we have entered Italy, the appearance of inns is quite changed. Our rooms here are spacious and lofty; walls and ceiling ornamentally painted, floor of flag, chimney-piece (or, rather, fire-place) eight feet wide. There is no grate of any kind: the fire is made in a tin pan. The beds, as last night, on three forms, without curtains or testers; no window curtains. The beds look well and the sheets, as well as table-cloth and napkins, are perfectly clean. Dinner cooked in a peculiar way, and with oil and garlick, but good in its way. Since we entered Switzerland the bread has everywhere been good; in France, I think, we hardly ever saw a morsel that was not in some degree sour.

(*NOTE.—I do not know what was the reason of this, but the fact is so. On my return, in the following March, the bread was in every place excellent.*)

4th.—Up at half-past five o'clock. In Italy and France, people seem to find a warmth in themselves which English blood cannot supply. At this early hour, the morning bitterly cold, gentlemen were

dressing themselves on the balcony, while I was almost shivering inside. Last night I found my windows thrown wide open to cool my bedchamber.

*Sesto Calende to Milan.*—The Simplon road, bound with granite and ornamented with posts, ends at Sesto; but to Milan the road is excellent. The day pleasant, with a lovely sky. Posting admirable; the delay at each post less than in France; harness better appointed. The horses are lighter and shew more blood than any we have seen on the Continent; the colour, chiefly grey or white.

## CHAPTER VI

### MILAN

**W**E arrived early at Milan. We have two bedrooms and a saloon, all good enough ; the furniture scanty and antiquated.

The master and waiters talk indifferent French, as almost all here, this being the capital of the French kingdom of Italy. Our situation is so deplorable that we now experience the same joy in meeting French, as formerly we did in meeting English. Our dinner has been excellent, though all the dishes strangers to us.

In the evening to the grand Opera, the first I have been at in Italy. The theatre della Scala is the most splendid in Italy, or second only to San Carlo at Naples. Nothing can be more magnificent than the *coup d'œil*. The shape of the theatre is a finely proportioned oval, the size vastly greater than that of our opera-house. The decorations are beautiful and the scenery superb. The front pannels of all the boxes, from top to bottom, are looking-glass, and in front of every box is hung a chandelier with five lights. The brilliancy of this prodigious quantity of light, aided

by the reflections from the looking-glass, is inconceivable.

(NOTE OF 1821.—*On the 4th of October, 1821, I was again at the opera when the house was illuminated, but there was no looking-glass ; and I now find that my good luck was even greater than I had supposed, for the mirrors were extra splendour on account of the Peace and recent successes.*)

General Bellegarde,\* General Kleynau and a large suite were present to-night. The house was crowded in every part, but no one in the boxes attended to either opera or ballet.

(NOTE OF 1821.—*September 24, 1821. Arrived in Milan. In the evening to opera with Richard.† During the first scene, we could hardly catch a sound, and fully acknowledged the truth of M. Mathews's observation that it was like penny trumpets on Salisbury Plain. By degrees we caught the air, and afterwards heard reasonably well. The following night our hearing was improved, and in one or two more we heard perfectly well.*

\* Henri Comte de Bellegarde (1755-1831) was in the Austrian service. In 1806 he had been made field-marshall and Governor of Galicia. At the date of this record he was living in Paris as a private individual.

† Richard Mayne (1796-1868) was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1822. The raising, organization, and training of the "new police," instituted in 1829, were entrusted to Colonel (afterwards Sir Charles) Rowan and Richard Mayne, as joint Commissioners ; and on the resignation of Sir Charles in 1850, Richard Mayne became Chief Commissioner. His wife, Georgianna, whose portrait faces page 148, was the daughter of Thomas Carwick, of Wyke, in Yorkshire.

*The difficulty arises partly from the vastness of the house, and partly from the noise. The same opera is played every night and so people grow careless to all but particular parts. The back of the pit is an open space, without seats, where men meet as on the Exchange and transact their business. Ladies habitually receive visits in their boxes, and play cards and drink coffee. Finally (and worst of all) there are, in the fourth tier of boxes, three parts where five or six boxes are thrown into one, and fitted up and lighted as a coffee-house, to which none but subscribers are admitted. These are filled with officers and others who drink, play and talk, often to be heard through all the house.)*

The orchestra is far superior to any I have met with. There are about seventy performers. The smoothness and sweetness of this great band are admirable; I never heard instruments so perfectly together. The horns are particularly good; the bassoon has a poor, unsteady tone as if the reed was split, which would not be tolerated with us. The singers to-night were a woman, an indifferent actress, with a clear, smooth voice, but without spirit, and a man, a very good actor, with a deep, well-toned bass voice, who sung in a chaste, fine style. The rest were sufficiently good—better than our second-rates. The recitative was accompanied by single notes of the violoncello only. Whether this is the custom in this country, or proceeded from the fancy of the composer of the opera or of the leader of the band, I cannot tell;



SIR RICHARD MAYNE, K.C.B.

*From a photograph by John Watkins in the possession of Mrs. Broke of Gladwyns, Essex (daughter of Sir Richard Mayne)*



I liked the effect of it. The opera, composed by Ferdinando Paér, I did not greatly admire. There is nothing in it which I should desire to have.

(NOTE OF 1821.—*My judgment of this opera ("Agnese") was certainly very erroneous. It has since been performed in London with great and well-deserved applause.*)

October 5th.—To the celebrated duomo, the perfection of the Gothick, as St. Peter's at Rome is of the Grecian architecture in Italy. It is seen to great advantage at present, for by the order of Napoleon it has just undergone a thorough repair, and it was much damaged before. The whole building, which is in the most highly ornamented Gothick style, is made of white marble, even the roofs ; and this being newly scraped is of the finest colour. The outside of this magnificent structure is, beyond expression, elegant and light ; the inside is dark, heavy, and almost ugly.

We visited next the amphitheatre erected by Napoleon on the plan of those of ancient times. It can contain 24,000 persons, as we are told, and the arena may be filled with water in the course of an hour.

From this to the convent of Sta. Maria delle Grazie, to see the famous "Last Supper" of Leonardo da Vinci. It is at present, to all but students, a mere curiosity, being nearly effaced by various ill-usages. Unfortunately for the world, the monks chose to have this great work in their refectory, over a door in the

end wall. In time it was convenient to raise the entrance for some purpose or other, and this was done at the expense of the legs of our Saviour and the apostles, which were cut away. A century or two will make a plastered wall look rather dirty, and, whitewashing being directed, the greatest painting perhaps in existence was actually whitewashed over. It was afterwards scraped, and an attempt made to revive the colour. In 1796 the French added to its injuries by making a cavalry barrack of the convent, when the refectory became a stable. The little that remains of this splendid work is now preserved with care, and the fine prints taken from it will be sufficient to insure its fame for centuries to come.

(*NOTE.—Judging from the external marks only, as the picture now stands one would not think it had suffered from any intentional violence ; and as to the tale told in some books of travel, of shots having been fired at the heads by the French soldiers, there is no trace of any such thing and our conductor assured us it was untrue ; he said that some stones had, he believed, been thrown in wantonness. The truth is that this hall has been, for a series of years, exposed to damp and neglect, and at the time of the siege the water lay six or eight feet deep in it. This alone was, I should imagine, sufficient to reduce the painting to its actual state ; for it is not, properly speaking, a fresco painting, but an oil painting on plaster.*)

To the Palace of Arts and Sciences. These are

fine large rooms filled with the paintings of celebrated masters, and a gallery and rooms containing fresco paintings brought together from different parts. They are cut out of the wall by an ingenious process by which the French hoped to be able to transport the most valuable treasures of Italy to Paris; but although it succeeds perfectly on a small scale, yet with fresco paintings of a large size (which all the valuable ones are) the attempt would be hopeless. None of those here are above five or six feet in length. In this building, formerly a convent, is the observatory. There are three astronomy professors. The instruments are numerous and remarkably fine; our conductor told us of an achromatick refracting telescope, made in Germany, of a foot diameter; he assured us that he had seen it himself.

In the evening to the opera. I find that I was singularly fortunate in seeing the house last night. It was illuminated on account of the Emperor Francis's birthday, and on common nights the looking-glass pannels are covered and the house is quite dark. This causes a gloomy appearance, but the stage is seen to infinite advantage. Many parties had lights in their boxes where they received visits, drank coffee, and played cards. The opera composed by Pietro Generali. I have seldom heard more commonplace musick; there was scarcely a passage that did not appear familiar to me. Galli, the bass whom I heard last night, sung in this piece and admirably well. Besides

those whom I had heard before, there was a female that sung very well, but with indifferent execution, and a man with the best counter tenor I have heard, who sung in a nice style ; but the house is a bad one for hearing and he is not well able to fill it ; nor, indeed, are the others, Galli alone excepted, not a note of whose singing is lost. From all these singers, in the course of two operas, I have not heard one attempt at a shake. A violoncello solo introducing a song was, to my surprise, very indifferently performed ; however, a violin solo of some difficulty was beautifully executed by Rolla, the leader. The noise in the pit intolerable.

6th.—Last night it began to rain, and has continued at intervals all day. Now, at nine o'clock at night, it pours furiously, and we are uncertain whether the autumnal rains may not be setting in ; if it is so, we shall probably be detained a fortnight here. On enquiry we were told that we need not mind the rains, and accordingly determined to proceed on our journey to-morrow. Our passports were examined, and leave given us to travel Bologna-wards.

We visited several booksellers' shops. There is every appearance of books being in demand, but there is no shop so large or so well supplied as at Geneva. I observed translations of many English works ; amongst others, of Goldsmith's *Rome*. A translation of *Othello*, completing a set of eight of Shakespeare's tragedies, has just been published here.

Milan is a large open town, the fortifications having been entirely destroyed by order of Napoleon. The streets are, in general, narrow and dark, but more convenient for foot passengers than those of Paris. They have two lines of flag-way, not raised but inserted into the pavement, on which passengers may rest their feet when there is no carriage in the way. The flags are so placed that a carriage driving in the middle of the street has both its wheels resting on them. Most persons living in the town talk French. Musick seems in great favour. Numerous parties of strolling performers are met in all parts of the town, the instruments being generally guitar, violoncello, and violins, with two or three singers accompanying them. These bands do not play common tunes, but either overtures or opera musick, with great spirit and no incorrect expression.

## CHAPTER VII

### MILAN TO FLORENCE

*Milan to Piacenza.—October 7th.*

GOT off from this at half-past eight. The whole drive of to-day is one of the most uninteresting I ever took. The country is a dead flat, intersected by large drains along which poplars and sallows grow luxuriantly, and so close that it is impossible to see much more than a hundred yards from the road on either side.

At Piacenza we crossed the Po in boats. The mode of passing over the bridge differs here from the last. A large boat is moored in the center of the river, at a considerable distance above the ferry ; a rope, fastened to this, is suspended over the masts of six other boats at equal distances from each other, to keep it out of the water, and then attached to the bridge. The bridge describes a segment of a circle across the river, moving round the fixed boat as a center, and a strong current rushing against the side, which becomes a plane inclined to it when once pushed from the land, acts indifferently from either side and gives little or no trouble to the guides. It may give

some idea of the size of this boat, or raft, or bridge as it is called here, that as we arrived there had just passed over on it, at the same time, a post-chaise, a gig, and two carts, with all their horses.

On reaching the opposite side we stumbled on a custom-house where the officers, with much civility, told us it was absolutely necessary that we should suffer them to *faire une petite visite* to our luggage. I wished to decline the visit, and offered money, but it was not taken and we were obliged to submit. Our trunks were rigorously inspected on the roadside, in the midst of a crowd of idlers curious to see what an Englishman's luggage consisted of. Some artificial flowers of Susan's created no small difficulty, as, also, a pair of new flannel socks, of whose legality the soldier entertained some doubts. In examining my portmanteau, he enquired whether a shirt was new, because it happened to be better washed than the rest; and having already opened one of an old pair of boots, he insisted on seeing if the other was new. After a vexatious delay we at length escaped from these judicious searchers. I complained to one of them that this was the second visit his Sardinian Majesty had made to our trunks, but he informed me that we are now in the dominions of Maria Louisa. She and her august father have the only honest officers we have met.

*Piacenza to Parma.*—8th.—Left Piacenza early. At the gates, entering and leaving towns, we are always

now asked our names, quality, last residence, and next destination. At every inn, too, we write the same.

A postilion to-day, after we had given him half-a-franc above the tariff, asked more, and when we refused told us we had passed a bridge for which he was to take back payment, one franc. We gave this, and I asked him how it happened that in France all the postilions were satisfied with their regulated fare, and in Italy all discontented. Among other reasons, he said it was thought reasonable that we should pay high, as it was now twenty years since the English *soldi* had been seen in Italy. At the next post we discovered (what we might have guessed) that there had been no bridge except in the inventive brain of our postilion.

From Parma to Piacenza the country is extremely rich and of a high style of cultivated beauty. The Apennines seen extending to our right; the road excellent. Reached Parma very early and had the hardest bargaining at our inn that I have experienced; to some purpose, however, for I reduced them, franc by franc, from thirty-three to twenty.

Dressed and walked about the town. Nothing handsome; the streets are, in general, grown over with grass as if the town was uninhabited; the great palaces are converted into barracks or other publick buildings.

We had been led to suppose that the great theatre of Parma, so much talked of, was modern and in

actual use for representations. It is, on the contrary, of two hundred years' standing and nearly in ruins. The plan of it is nearly like that of the ancient theatres, and it is said to contain 9000 spectators. However that may be, it does not look so large as la Scala at Milan, and I am certain it is not so lofty. Under the same roof is the Academy of Arts and Sciences, where are some good statues and many paintings—principally copies, or of late date.

A man from whom I had enquired the way to the theatre accompanied us to see it and the paintings. Though of the very lowest class of people, he seemed well acquainted with everything respecting the theatre, as well as with the paintings and their authors. He thanked us for having given him an opportunity of revisiting them; and upon my enquiry was he an admirer of the arts, he answered, "*O, molto, molto! mi fa piacere tutto questo mi fa gran piacere.*" At parting I gave him half-a-franc; he seemed to think he ought not to accept it, but he was an Italian and could not resist.

*Parma to Modena.*—9th.—Off at half-past eight. This being Sunday, we had an opportunity of seeing the peasantry in their best dresses. They are better cloathed than under the Alps. The men wear jacket and breeches of light brown or green cloth, trimmed and embroidered with coloured tape, and a waistcoat of check or stuff. Many, especially in the towns, have a large cloak, the end of which is gathered up

from the right side and thrown over the left arm. Sunday seems to be a kind of market-day, when the country people crowd into the town to sell their goods or make their purchases. At a post-house we saw a postilion with a jacket greatly embroidered and loose pink trowsers ; his tucker was carefully displayed and his breast bare. He had ear-rings, two rows of coral round his neck and rings on his fingers, and his hat was ornamented with feathers and flowers. The dress of the women in this part of the country is plain. A few wear a pretty cloth jacket and ribbands through the hair.

The country is a dead flat, but beautifully cultivated. It is all covered with elm or other trees, planted in rows, with vines curling round them and hanging in festoons from tree to tree. The verdure at this time of year is delightful—chiefly pasturage for the extensive herds of cows, this being “the happy country where huge cheeses grow.”

Arrived at Modena at half-past two o’clock, and made *marché* from twenty-eight to twenty francs ; then took a walk. The town is like the others through which we have passed, except that it has colonnades at each side of the principal streets ; these are heavy-looking, but extremely convenient in rain and agreeable in sunshine. The only handsome building is the ducal palace. As at Parma and Reggio, grass is growing in the streets and the town looks deserted. In every Italian town we have seen, the lower windows

of the houses, and even of the palaces, are covered with iron grating, which gives to the large buildings the character of a gaol.

We entered several churches ; in two of them service was going on, with the organ. In another, a man was preaching. Two rows of children, about six feet from each other, sat on forms extending from the master altar down the aisle. At the end of the forms an iron railing was placed across, and in the intermediate space between the children the preacher walked quickly up and down, from the foot of the altar to the railing. He spoke in a loud, monotonous voice, using vehement action with one hand only. His discourse ended, he took off his cap and bowed to the people. As he retired, the children eagerly pressed forward, seizing his hand and kissing it. The churches are not handsome, and there is little worth seeing at Modena. Hither Brutus retired after the murder of Cæsar.

Dinner good ; wine not drinkable. Our providence, however, had carried a few bottles from Milan to meet such a case. Rooms large, bare and cold-looking.

We had to-day at least twenty demands from the custom-house robbers. The form of their application is always : “*Signor, niente per la dogana ?*” in an enquiring voice. I generally answer, “*Niente, Signor,*” upon which they bow and retire. Some of the poor devils look so starved that we have not the heart to refuse them.

10th.—Rose very early, visited a church, and

walked on the walls before breakfast. On my return I encountered a procession going to some church, with lighted tapers, banners, etc. As the morning was sharp, I did not much relish kneeling in the dirt with my hat off, and looked round to see whether there might not be some dissenter, as in France; but finding none I was forced to join with the rest.

The last two mornings there has been a new demand by a man who styles himself a "*petit garçon*," and wants money for doing some invisible service for us, in the performance of which we have never laid our eyes on him till the moment of his demand.

*Modena to Bologna.*—Heavy rain, from the time we left Modena, prevented our enjoying the view of country, which is, I am sure, very fine.

Our rooms are remarkably neat and (brick floors, the custom of the country, excepted) comfortable.

The town is handsomer than the others we have seen, both in general appearance and in buildings. There are colonnades as at Modena, but handsomer and in more of the streets. By means of these Charles and I walked about the town in spite of violent rain. A strolling band of two violins and a violoncello, with a female singer, played under our windows. The woman sung several opera songs, but indifferently. The performance of these bands is really very pleasing; with all their defects, there is in their playing a certain style and correctness of expression the attainment of which would cost an English gentleman infinite pains.

In our journey we encountered a dogana every five miles and actually suffered to the extent of six francs. At dinner to-day, amongst other things, two non-descripts resembling dried raspberry jam, but on a closer inspection discovered to be thin hollow shapes of a substance like dirty smoked barley-sugar, powdered over with hay seeds. Dessert of reasonable pears, unreasonable apples, good grapes, and cheese.

11th.—A lovely morning after yesterday's rain. We engaged a genteel *valet de place* to escort us, and set out immediately after breakfast to inspect the town and its curiosities. To the church of S. Petronius, remarkable for the celebrated meridian of Cassini. To the Palazzo Marescalchi, filled with pictures, many of them of inestimable value. Some of the rooms in this palace surpass all that I have seen in the taste with which they are fitted up, and the beauty of the furniture and ornaments.

To the Academy of Arts and Sciences, a museum of considerable extent, and remarkable for a curious and beautiful arrangement of instruments of science. All these are separately arranged according to the science to which they belong, in chronological order from the earliest times to the very latest inventions. There is a department of midwifery where the models are the most complete in existence. It must be most valuable for students, but it is in the highest style of Continental indelicacy to make such a thing a publick exhibition to ladies and gentlemen visiting the

Academy. The guide through this academy was a gentlemanlike, well-informed person. I asked him about Sir H. Davy, who had been here. He immediately exclaimed, "*Ah, voilà l'homme du siècle,*" and talked of him with the greatest enthusiasm.

We next attempted to see the palace Zambeccari, which contains the finest gallery of paintings in Bologna, but the conductor was unfortunately out of the way and we were disappointed. We then proceeded to the palace Tanari. While we were waiting for the keys, the son of Tanari, a young ecclesiastick, came out and accosted our valet with great familiarity, the latter introducing him to me as "*le fils du maître.*" I expressed my regret at not having more acquaintance with his language (for he could not speak French), to which he replied that Italian was easily acquired, and after some civil remarks he took his leave of us. There are many fine paintings in this collection, mostly by the Caraccis, with some of Guido and others. There is a separate room with a great many good sketches, amongst others the head of Christ, the finished painting of which we saw in the Louvre.

We have seen to-day more clearly than ever what, since our first entrance into Italy, we have felt fully persuaded of, that excepting a few great paintings known to all the world, the collected treasures of the Louvre are not to be missed from Italy ; nay, Bologna alone could, I am confident, fill the Louvre twice over. I say nothing of the fresco paintings, the real treasures

of Italy, of which no plunderer but Time himself can deprive her. The best collection in the town, accident prevented our seeing; but in a few churches and private palaces we have passed over paintings of the highest class, by the Caraccis, Guido, Parmegiano, Coreggio, Domenichino and others, which might well occupy our time for weeks to come. In the Tanari palace there is a curiosity in the fine arts, such as Italy alone could think of exhibiting. This is a set of fire-irons with ornamented heads, the work of Giovanni di Bologna, a celebrated architect and sculptor.

The famous Annunciation of Ludovico Caracci, in the Duomo, disappointed me. It is esteemed his masterpiece, but the same subject by Guido, in the Louvre, has left a more pleasing impression on my mind. I am aware that fresco and oil painting ought not, properly, to be compared together at all, and particularly not by me, who am unused to fresco. Lud. Caracci seems to be considered, here, superior to the two others, and indeed to everyone else. We were twice assured that he was the first of all the painters.

The day fine, with a charming blue sky, cold air and sharp wind. We proceed on our way to Florence to-morrow.

*Bologna to Filigare.—12th.—*Off at half-past eight o'clock.

To our surprise, we have found our journey to-day

more fatiguing and more laborious than the passage of the Simplon. In one stage, of a post and a half, we were obliged to take oxen four times for the ascent of mountain. When the postilion is coming to the foot of a mountain he cracks his whip, shouts, and makes every other noise in his power to give notice to the ox-driver, who appears, shortly after, waiting with his pair of beasts. They are harnessed before the horses, by a rope fastened to the extremity of the pole. At the next stage, they insisted on giving us four horses. I complained and scolded and threatened, but in vain ; they went on harnessing without paying the smallest attention to me. The postmaster, indeed, did once observe that we should have oxen at the mountain, besides ; but I swore so violently that, if we were forced to take oxen, I would pay neither horse nor postilion that the attempt was not made.

There is often something very peculiar in the display of Italian passions. The impetuosity of feeling among this people is quite extravagant, and the violence of their gestures, on the slightest occasions, must frequently astonish the English traveller. I have seen a little difference, about the tying of a trunk or the putting on of a rope, give birth to gesture and expression of countenance which, until now, I had always thought over-acted on the Italian stage. On these occasions their actions do not, I am sure, indicate the same degree of internal feeling that would be felt among us to be expressed. It is their manner

and nothing else ; and, like children quickly irritated, they are as quickly calmed. A postilion to-day was discontented, as they all are, with his payment. He stood, for some time, very coolly asking for more ; then, suddenly exclaiming : “ *Sangue della Madonna ! sangue d’Iddio !* ” he dashed the money violently on the ground—and presently afterwards quietly picked it up and retired. The insolence of these people is extreme, and sometimes entertaining. At one post, when the postmaster insisted on our taking oxen, I demanded to look at the tariff, and not finding a word about oxen, told him I would not take them as they were not mentioned in it. “ Very well,” says he, “ you’ll take six horses, then, for they are mentioned in it.” I said I would take neither one nor the other. His answer was, with the most provoking sang-froid, “ You will indeed, if you choose to go to Florence, for if you don’t you must stay here ” ; and he was actually going to add another pair of horses, till I compounded with him and agreed to take the beef. There is no law in the mountains, especially for a stranger and under a provisional government. At the same post an ostler demanded something for the “ *maître d’écurie* ” ; hoping, I suppose, to be paid in proportion to the magnificence of his name ; and when I gave him what had fully satisfied all the others on the road, he gave it back with a smile of contempt and said it was not worth taking. I took him at his word and repocketed the sous—to his surprise, I fancy. At the next post,

the driver requested something to bring back to him, which I had great satisfaction in refusing.

That part of the Apennines through which we drove to-day makes a dreadfully tiresome journey ; but the scenery, though inferior in grandeur to that of the Alps, is, in general, fine. From one spot there is a view of prodigious extent as far as the eye can reach on every side. It is said that, on a clear day, thence may be seen Milan, the Po, and the Adriatick. The road is excellent and, from the composition of the mountain, easily cut and kept in repair. Some of the bridges and walls are quite Simplon-ish.

We had been directed to sleep at Covigliajo, and indeed told that it was the only place between Bologna and Florence where it was possible to sleep. Darkness, however, overtook us at Filigare, a post from our destination, and as night travelling is, by all, represented to be dangerous, we resolved if possible to stop here. I went into the post-house, and found two good beds and promise of a good supper ; and in a few minutes we had a cheerful fire of wood blazing on the hearth. In this little solitary place, on one of the most dreary spots in the Apennines, we had a sitting-room and two bedchambers, all rough, to be sure, and in cabin style, but clean, neatly arranged, and really comfortable. Our supper was a rice soup, bit of boiled beef, two fowls, a turkey, and, afterwards, another fowl (of what species I could not discover), roasted and garnished with little birds : the whole

dinner-service neat, with clean cloth and napkins. This is the first place in which we have been, at night, without someone to talk French to us.

A little incident occurred to me here, which deserves to be mentioned only because the character of it is suited to a lonely house amidst the wildest scenery of the Apennines. In my bedchamber hung a large full-length portrait. On first going into the room I had looked at this and held the candle up to it, without perceiving in it anything remarkable; but, in the course of my undressing, I happened to walk across the room with the candle in my hand and, raising my eyes, I thought the eyes of the picture suddenly brightened, moved, and then became dark as before. My pistols lay loaded on the table and, consequently, I had no cause for alarm and passed quietly across the room; but so thoroughly was I persuaded that the eyes had really changed their appearance, and that my fancy had not been in any way operated upon, that I resolved to examine the picture more closely. I therefore crossed the room as I had done at first, but could perceive no alteration in the appearance of the eyes, as before. This surprised me now a good deal; but, after a little reflection, I took up the candle again, and once more repeated the experiment, which at length cleared up the mystery. The eyes of the picture were cut out and, when the candle was held opposite to it, the light was reflected from the white wall behind the eyes, giving to them

the appearance of life and motion ; while, viewed from every other situation or under different circumstances, the darkness from behind made them correspond exactly to the colour of the picture.

In the morning, our breakfast was well supplied, and when we asked for the bill we were desired to give whatever we pleased for breakfast, which they did not know how much to charge for. We gave three francs, and two to our attendant, a most modest, nice-looking girl, with which they were more than satisfied.

*Filigare to Florence.*—13th.—About the middle of the day we were overtaken by an English gentleman and his daughters, in a chaise. He requested that I would give him permission to pass us, as he was in a desperate hurry, which I did. While we conversed at the post-house he told me that this was but the fourteenth day since he landed at Calais, and that he expected to reach Pisa, his ultimate destination, to-night. The cause of this outrageous expedition he did not acquaint me with ; but it ought to have been nothing less than absolute necessity. One of his daughters, a young girl, was so exhausted that she lay motionless in the carriage, and her father apprehended that she had caught a fever.

Two posts from Florence we found a new regulation compelling us to take four horses and two postilions. I had a great battle with the postmaster on the construction of the tariff, but was defeated ingloriously. It is so worded that, as I understand it, the number

of horses is absolutely at the discretion of the postmaster himself.

From about six miles there is a noble view of Florence and the surrounding country, all studded with villas and covered with vines, figs, and olives, the first we have seen. The town is beautifully situated in a vale, about four miles in breadth, through the middle of which flows the Arno.

About five o'clock entered the city of the Medici. We are at "The Arms of England," kept by Schneider. We have a good, handsomely furnished sitting-room and two good bedrooms; for these we pay ten francs a day. Dinner, the best and the most English we have got anywhere; always two, and sometimes three, waiters in the room—to our great annoyance, particularly as we do not know how to eat some of their dishes.

## CHAPTER VIII

### FLORENCE

**T**HIS hotel is very pleasantly situated on the Quay.\* The establishment is great, and in all respects perfectly well conducted. Mr. Schneider is a clever, active man who has travelled a great deal, speaks French, Italian, German, and English, understands the character and manners of the several nations, and knows how to make his hotel agreeable to them all.

To-day we met two pilgrims on the road. Their dress was a coarse light-brown garment made of stuff, fastened round the waist by a broad belt, buckled; from this hung their beads and cross. They wore a kind of wooden sandals, but their legs, neck, and head were uncovered. They walked fast, and bowed very politely to us.

*October 14th.*—To see work in alabaster, for which Florence is famous. The fineness and delicacy of the carving are extreme, and the copies of remarkable statues admirable.

To the church of St. Lorenzo. In the sacristy are

\* Lungarno Soderini.

the three famous monuments of the Medici by M. Angelo. Adjoining to this building is the Royal Chapel of the Medici. This work, begun by the first Ferdinand and carried on, at an enormous expense, by his successors for the space of 150 years, is not more than half finished. The walls are incrusted with the most valuable marbles and precious stones : there are large cushions, wholly composed of precious stones. The richness and magnificence of the parts, in detail, are wonderful, but the general effect would never have been handsome. The expense of completing it is calculated at six millions of crowns.

While we were here, it began to rain so violently that we were obliged to send for a carriage and return home. It cleared up afterwards, and I walked through the town and examined the baptistery in front of the Duomo. The bronze gate of this baptistery is of such exquisite workmanship that it was the constant study of M. Angelo, who said it was worthy to be made the gate of heaven. The Duomo itself is a vast building, heavy and dark inside ; the cupola is of an ugly form. The outside of the building is in a very strange taste : the materials are three kinds of marble, red, white, and black, laid alternately, with perfect regularity.

In this town one ought to be cautious of saying that anything is not handsome, where palaces, churches, columns, and statues are the work of M. Angelo, his immediate scholars, and other distinguished artists.

In one piazza through which I passed there is an equestrian statue of Cosmo 1st, with others, by Giov. di Bologna, and several statues of the greatest value by M. Angelo, Rossi, and Bandinelli.

In the evening I went to the opera. The theatre in which they are performing at present is small but handsome. There are eighty boxes, each containing three persons in front. The orchestra, of twenty-four performers, good but always too loud for the voices ; three double basses and only one violoncello. The singers are not great ; they perform an opera, however, sufficiently well. The first female has a harsh and, for some minutes, extremely disagreeable voice ; her execution and powers great ; her cork-cutting notes, astonishingly clear and sweet, are of course continually exhibited. A man, the most pleasing tenor I have heard since Tramezzani. The audience is noisy and inattentive ; and whenever a favourite air is singing, you are sure to have two or three amateurs about you, singing almost as loud as the performer. The ballet good, but far more indecent than London, Paris, or Milan. The turn of this ballet, and the nature of the indecency exhibited in it, will give some notion of the taste of this people, as it is displayed in their most trifling amusements and amidst the most corrupt and depraved morals.

The piece is called “*Il Pittore Amoroso.*” A great prince is going to be married, and brings his mistress to the house of a painter to have her portrait drawn.

In the execution of his task, the painter becomes enamoured of the lady and she of him : he declares his passion ; they rush into each other's arms. The prince enters and discovers them and, after a little anger, wisely, as well as generously, resigns his mistress to the favoured lover. Such is the plot ; the acting is all between the painter and the lady. They are left alone : he begins to draw, and to be in love, to soft musick. He places her in the most captivating attitudes till, at length, it becomes requisite to study more accurately the beauties of her person and, assisted by little Cupids who appear at her call, she gradually undresses, and walks forth in the unadorned simplicity of a muslin chemise. Thus clad, she mounts pedestals, reposes on couches, and gives a living warm representation of those sculptured and painted Venuses which, even on canvas or in stone, never fail to raise a blush upon the unpractised cheek. The last exhibition was of the Medicean Venus standing on a high pedestal, supported by Cupids. It is evident that such an exhibition could not often find a lady capable of giving it effect ; but the first dancer here, for whom it was struck out, is a girl vying in form with the originals themselves, and perfectly graceful in her action.

15th.—Last night's rain has changed our gentle Arno from a quiet, peaceable stream into a roaring torrent.

We set out early with our *valet de place*, an old man who professes to talk English. This he accomplishes by Italianising all the words that are like English,

using many genuine Italian words and some whole French sentences.

To the Florentine gallery. We did not leave the corridors to-day. They contain some paintings of the earliest of the Italian school, and several fine statues —amongst others a copy of the Laocoön by Bandinelli, much admired, but injured by an accidental fire. There is a valuable series of busts of the Roman Emperors. The Julius Cæsar is totally different from any that I have ever seen.

In the church of S. Croix are the tombs of Michael Angelo, Galileo, Machiavelli, Aretino, and Victor Alfieri. The tomb of Michael Angelo is singular, in a combination of sculpture and painting ; it may be appropriate, but the effect is not good.

The church of Santo Spirito : the architecture excellent, by Brunelleschi. The burying-ground of the Bonaparte family is shewn here. In the wall of one of the cloisters of the adjacent convent is this inscription, roughly carved on a square stone : “ *De Benedetto e di Giovani Buonaparte e sua descendente.* ” I have taken it down, letter for letter, as it stands ; there is no date.

While we were in a bookseller’s shop a carriage drove to the door with a lady and gentleman in it. The lady was Mrs. Wyndham, the divorced wife of Mr. W., formerly ambassador here. Our valet, after giving us this information, added, “ she has got a very handsome cicisbeo now, the chevalier — ” (he was in attendance at the time).

An entertainment at the theatre was advertised for this evening : “ *Accademia di Poesia Extemporanea chi dara Filippo Pistrucci, etc.* ” I was anxious to witness this exhibition, peculiar to the Italians, in a town celebrated for its *improvisatori*, and accordingly went. The orchestra was complete, as for an opera, the house full. On the stage a table was prepared with candles, a decanter of water and large glass. Presently a stage servant came in, and receiving from persons in the pit and orchestra slips of paper with different subjects for the exercise of the poet’s invention, laid them on the table. In a few minutes afterwards Pistrucci himself entered, dressed in white small-clothes, waistcoat and stockings, blue coat and black gloves. He first read aloud all the subjects which had been given in ; then came forward, gave a parcel of musick into the orchestra and, after a little consideration, desired them to play No. 5. To this he sung a kind of exordium, going through (as he took them at random off the table) all the subjects, and saying a few words on each. When this was done he took up one paper, and having read out the subject, after a few moments’ deliberation ordered a certain number, and commenced as before. This he did with two. The third, which was on the death of Cicero, with an order to take the side against the conduct of the Orator, was without any accompaniment, and in the high style of tragedy declamation. To this succeeded five more, accompanied. The only subjects

I can recollect were "Brutus," "Acis and Galatea," and "Praise of the reigning house of Tuscany." In one the musick changed so as to require four or five different kinds of metre. The audience were perfectly attentive, and all seemed highly gratified with the entertainment.

I forgot to mention that, the morning after our arrival here, a copy of Italian verses was sent up to us from a bard who called himself "The Academician and Poet, Angel Schiantarelli." They were addressed to "The most distinct and illustrious noble gentleman Mr. Charles Mayne, England and company, on the auspicious arrival in Florence." An English translation on the opposite page informed us that "The Arno is uncommonly festive and gay and replete with splendor on seeing itself distinguished with the honor of our gracious company." There were other passages no less sublime. Gray observes that the last line in an elegy, above all, ought to shine, or at least sparkle. Our poet had made the same observation, and *his* last was a hint to our well-known generosity.

16th.—*Sunday.*—There was a grand service and thanksgiving for the return of the present Duke, celebrated at the church of S. Firenze. The crowd was great; a number of candles lighting, and preparation for a grand illumination at six o'clock, when the benediction was to be pronounced.

17th.—To the gallery and through the chambers



LADY MAYNE

*From a photograph by H. Hanfstaengl, Dresden, in the possession of  
Mrs. Broke*



of paintings where, also, the most valuable pieces of sculpture are kept. In one apartment, in which the choicest sculptures and the finest paintings are assembled, is found the "Venus" of Canova, a work that rivals the best productions of the ancient masters. The figure is partly covered with drapery; and in this, as well as in the size and attitude, differs from the Venus de Medici, whose place it now supplies in this gallery.

I will not make any comparison between the Florentine gallery and that of the Louvre; both are inestimably rich; but in one point Florence sinks far below Paris. Here the chambers are locked and guides attend, keys in hand, to open and conduct you through them. True, they are not troublesome guides, and will allow you to take your time; moreover, they are expressly forbidden to take money; but still, they are guides, and they will take money whenever it is offered.

We afterwards went to the Duomo, and ascended to the top of the cupola. From the outside, the view of the surrounding scenery is beautiful. One of the galleries in the ascent leads close to the painting of the cupola. They were chaunting the vespers below, and the voices, blended with the rich tones of the organ, mounted up to us and produced a most noble effect as we stood here. This organ was esteemed by Burney the finest he had ever heard.

18th.—Walked about the town and outside part of

the walls. The country immediately round the city was planted and greatly beautified by Leopold.

The church of S. Maria Novella, by Brunelleschi, is remarkable for the perfection of its architecture. Michael Angelo always called it "his wife Maria."

We leave this to-morrow, and the remembrance of our posting from Bologna is so fresh that we have resolved to make a trial of vetturino. It seems to be the usual mode of travelling in this country, and if the conductor prove civil and honest, and all go on well, we shall avoid all quarrelling with drivers and innkeepers, ostlers and postmasters. The expense is nearly the same as posting by the manner in which we make our agreement, reserving to ourselves a right of stopping where we please, and for any time we please. We also have our own carriage, which deprives our conductor of all chance of company returning. The custom of the native travellers (which some strangers adopt) is to engage a man to carry them from one town to another, without further terms ; he receives them as any bale of goods, takes his own time, and chooses his own hours.

We pay 346 francs to Rome, the journey to be performed in five days and a half, unless we prefer delay. We are not to set out before seven in the morning, nor to travel after six in the evening, except at our own choice. We are supplied with milk, bread, and butter for breakfast, and a regular meal in the

day—the best that can be had; and, at night, with supper and the best lodging the place may afford.

At the opera, the same as before. It is new, and called *Carlotta and Verter*. I don't know how it is brought about, but all the parties are finally happy. The musick is very light; one duet is greatly admired, but the rest seems to me common, with the exception of the overture, which is entirely unlike anything that I have heard.

The situation of Florence is charming, but the inside of the town is heavy and gloomy. The palaces, built in times of civil contest, when the safety of every great man was endangered by the slightest political convulsion, are massive solid buildings that resemble great gaols rather than the dwellings of princes. They are, however, fine in their kind; though, certainly, nothing short of necessity could have led Buonarotti and his scholars into such a style. The finest of these palaces, as those of the Medici, the Ricardi, and others, are in the hands of Government.

In describing the town as heavy and gloomy, I except the quay along the Arno, with its bridges; and even the rest may, in bright weather, assume a lighter and more cheerful appearance than when I saw it. The churches contain fine things and would, if finished, be beautiful; but there is hardly one complete. Some want a ceiling; some a front; some columns; hardly any plan has been fully carried into execution. The streets are flagged with large

irregular stones, of from two to three feet in size. The horses walk with perfect security on them. I enquired about the Medici family, and was informed that there are three of that house now living in Florence, but poor and in no estimation.

## CHAPTER IX

### FLORENCE TO ROME

*Florence to Rome.—October 19th.*

**W**E were delayed till eleven o'clock by our guide insisting on changing our shafts for a pole. In France, if you have a pole you must have an additional horse; in Italy, if you have not one, they will hardly take you with any number of horses. It rained heavily during the greater part of the day.

At night we lay at Poggibonsi, and for the first time experienced the luxury of entering our inn without bargaining—all arrangements being made and directions given by our conductor.

**20th.**—Up at half-past four, and off at six. We had always known that a large stock of patience was to be laid in, to meet the demands of travelling by vetturino, but we go even more gently than our expectations. It absolutely does not enter into the plan of our mules to trot, but they walk well and we make about three miles an hour.

**Sienna.**—At Sienna we stopped two hours to see the cathedral. There are many things worth seeing

in it ; the marble pavement, carved with fine work by Beccafumi and others ; statues by Bernini, Donatello, and Michael Angelo, and a mosaic of very large size, the first of this kind I have seen ; I at first mistook it for a painting and could hardly believe that it was mosaic. Here is also the beautiful group of the Three Graces, dug up under or near the cathedral. It is a good deal injured and, unlike the other remains of ancient sculpture, has never been restored.

In the library there are frescoes, said to be done by Raffaelle at the age of sixteen. They are the stiffest and worst I have seen by him, if they are really his ; many of the figures would rival the most ludicrous in the illustrations of Froissart.

We walked through the principal parts of the town for half-an-hour and enjoyed the pure Siennese tongue, but I do not think we felt ourselves much improved by it.

Slept at Buonconvento, where our entertainment was as usual, excepting an extra difficulty in procuring any vessel to make tea in, and that no milk was to be had at any price.

21st.—To-day we were several times obliged to take horses in addition to our own three mules. At one of these times there were four, in pairs, and one mule alone in front, when our driver, wishing to ascend a mountain bridge with spirit, established a trot. The bridge lay at an angle with the road, and one mule that had been indulging, I suppose, in a doze, ran straight

over the battlement of the bridge, which was low. Fortunately, the others, instantly stopping, pulled him on his back into the road ; for had the traces been a little longer, so as to jerk and snap the cord, or else to permit him to fall a little more over, he would infallibly have tumbled down the precipice and been dashed to pieces. We were all a good deal alarmed at the moment, and our conductor more than any of us.

In my bargain at Florence I had taken care to insert a special article that we were to be spared the bells usually hung upon the mules. We did, accordingly, set out in the most perfect silence ; but a worthy conductor, of the most amiable disposition, was to meet us at the end of our first day's journey and conduct us to Rome, and after we had left our inn with him, I perceived that we had our full appointment of bells. In France these bells are insignificant, but in Italy a large one, the size of our house bell, is hung under the throat of each beast, and about twenty more, gradually decreasing in magnitude, are arranged along the side of his head. There is often added an ornament fastened to the saddle, precisely like what in our military bands is called The Turkish Bells ; and this rings worse than all the rest. On discovering our misfortune, we were going to desire our gentleman to put his bells away or muffle them, but when we thought of the pride he must experience in such a display, we relented and

suffered them to remain. Before we reached Rome we were become so accustomed to their noise that they rung quite unheeded.

Dined at Scala. Sufficient dinner; brass spoons, and wine laid down in a Florence flask. The people seemed quite unused to English appearance or dress, and we underwent a minute examination while at dinner.

This night we slept at Radicofani, on the top of a mountain 2470 feet high; a rock, 600 feet in height, rises over the town. The inn is of prodigious size and extent. The French made a barrack of it, and stripped it of all its furniture. We ascended a great staircase, and passing through a long dark gallery, all paved, turned at last into a large dreary-looking chamber, without fire and almost without furniture. However, we conquered the obstinacy of our chimney that refused for some time to draw; and when we had fairly established a blazing wood fire, we made ourselves extremely comfortable. The cameriere startled us by coming in and asking if we had sheets for our beds, but on our answering in the negative (with no small apprehension that we were to lie in the blankets), we found that the question was like the old "Who's here don't eat pork?" for he instantly replied, "Very well, I'll put them on myself."

*22nd.*—The road, everywhere on this route bad, is, for two posts on each side of Radicofani, absolutely ridiculous; far worse than our mountain bridle-paths

in Ireland. The torrents are suffered to pass over the road so that it is, in fact, neither more nor less than the bed of a torrent. Within a short distance of Radicofani a great river is passed by driving down to the bed, and crossing several arms of the stream. A heavy rain makes this impassable, and travellers are often detained five or six days on its banks.

Along the road we constantly met peasants of the lowest class with fowling-pieces, some travelling from one town to another, some merely out shooting ; everyone seemed at liberty to carry arms. I found, on enquiry, that a license is necessary, but all classes may obtain this.

We dined at Acquapendente, the worst inn we have yet seen. The entrance was through a kind of court-yard, which was a dunghill of the worst kind. The bedchamber in which dinner was prepared was so dirty and dark and stinking that we carried the table out into an open gallery, looking out upon the filthy courtyard ; and preferred even that, with a little air. Yet here dinner was served in the cleanest manner ; two fowls and boiled eggs, with good bread, apples, and walnuts, though the cooking, to be sure, was not particularly nice. The fowls were put down without being deprived of any of their appendages except the feathers, the inside remaining perfect in all its parts. The outside, however, eat well enough to those who had not a squeamish stomach.

About three miles from Acquapendente, we were

overtaken by a woman riding *à califorcion*, dressed with black hat and feathers, her petticoats fastened up round her waist, good pantaloons, large shoes, and spurs which she plied most manfully. She asked some questions of our guide, who told us that she was the innkeeper, who had been robbed by some traveller of fifteen crowns, and that she was in search of him. We afterwards met her returning from a fruitless search.

23rd.—Slept at Montefiascone, on the lake Vico. Up before four o'clock. We met, this morning, about a dozen peasants on the road, all dressed in goat-skins, pantaloons or breeches, waistcoat and jacket; some wore a frock-coat instead of the jacket. Since we have been in Italy beggars have been scarce except at Reggio, until to-day when, several times along the road, decent-looking, well-dressed persons followed us to ask charity.

In passing through Viterbo, a considerable town, we had a good opportunity of seeing the people assembled in their Sunday dresses. That of the women is fanciful and pretty, but with too many bright colours. The most striking part of the dress of the men is a large mantle or cloak thrown over the shoulders and falling in large folds to the feet. They generally gather it up from the right side, and throw it back in a very graceful manner over the left arm and shoulder; it is made of dark cloth. The rest of their dress is made of light brown or green cloth. The breeches some-

times light blue, the whole ornamented with coloured tape and ribbands and coloured strings at the knees. They wear large silver or plated shoe-buckles, that cover the foot down to the ground at each side. Their hair hangs in ringlets at the sides, and is gathered into a net of green silk behind. The hat, worn very much at the side of the head, is ornamented with ribbands and flowers.

We dined at Ronciglione. When we were seated at dinner I wanted a knife, and called to our attendant. The girl immediately put her hand in her pocket, searched for some time, and then produced a clasp knife, which she opened and handed to me.

Slept at Monterosi. A party of four gentlemen and a lady, travelling by vetturino from Rome, supped at the same table with us. One of the gentlemen spoke a little English. Our bedchambers were off the saloon, and mine was divided from that in which this lady was to sleep by a very thin partition. She went into the room alone, and as soon as she was in bed called out "Signor —!" and then, "you may come in now." Two gentlemen accordingly went in, undressed, and lay down; and then, by the conversation that followed, I discovered that these people were, before that day, utter strangers to each other. They had met for the first time in the coach, and the gentlemen did not know in what part of Italy the lady resided.

At breakfast we were, as usual, without milk. We

have everywhere had difficulty in procuring any vessel in which we could contrive to make tea, but here the teapot brought up was a flat broad saucepan, and the kettle a large soup-tureen. I asked the man who attended how I was to get the water out of the tureen, which was remarkably deep and not full. He saw no difficulty : I was to lift up the water with a glass tumbler—and, indeed, there was no fear of scalding my fingers. However, I prevailed upon him to boil the water again and put it into a jug.

*Rome.*—24th.—It rained dreadfully in the morning, but fortunately cleared up before the time came for looking out for Rome. Our guide, though a very good kind of man, did not enter into our feelings, and even disclaimed all knowledge of the spot from which the first glimpse is to be had. It was, however, accurately described in our guide-book and, dismounting at the foot of a hill, we walked up and, from the top, strained our eyes for the ball of S. Peter's. After some consideration and considerable doubts between three or four objects we fixed on one, and keeping it steadily in our eye, found, after a few miles, that we were right. The ball and cross alone just appear above a little hill.

For the last twenty-five miles there is no appearance of cultivation or dwelling or living creature, but, now and then, a flock of sheep or goats. As far as the eye can reach the scene presents one uniform dreary waste, bounded by distant hills or mountains. The

surface is remarkably undulating. As you approach the town, the ball of S. Peter's is hid behind the hill, and presently the Tiber is seen winding through the plain. I could not forbear watching that part of the hill which I knew concealed S. Peter's, in the hopes of seeing it appear; but quickly the town began to shew itself to the left as we came round the hill, and then the attention became distracted by the number of cupolas successively discovering themselves, several of which we were ready at the first sight to pronounce *the one*. At last, when the whole town had been for some minutes in view, S. Peter's burst upon us and put all the rest to shame.

For the last few miles the road is provokingly bad. We crossed the Tiber about two miles from the town, drove along the Flaminian way, and entered Rome early in the day.

In the enjoyment of our most ardent wishes there are moments when the imagination is wearied and the spirits, too highly raised, suddenly sink, even to depression. This I experienced on entering Rome. The day was gloomy. The unmixed desolation of the morning's journey, joined to the badness of the road, had fatigued my mind. The celebrated entrance of the Porta del Popolo greatly disappointed me. We drove to the head inn in the Piazza di Spagna and could not obtain accommodation. There is, besides, a certain melancholy feeling attendant on entering, for the first time, a great town far from one's own

home, where everything we see is new, and every being we meet is a stranger to us. In short, I did not feel what I once expected to have felt, upon the enjoyment of the darling object of my admiration, that object which first warmed and exalted the imagination of my childhood, and which for some months past had raised alternately my hopes and fears. During the first hour after I arrived I could not help constantly repeating to myself, "Am I indeed in Rome?" and the difficulty of raising my imagination to feel the full force of my situation only served to depress me the more. Fortunately, I had still sufficient sense remaining to remind me that the feeling of pain which I suffered would soon pass away; else I verily believe that for some hours I should have regretted the journey.

We got apartments in a second hotel in the Piazza di Spagna, called "l'Hôtel de la Ville de Londres." We have a handsome sitting-room, good dining-room and two convenient bedchambers. For this we pay one sequin a day; for dinner ten paoli a head. A sequin is ten shillings; a paul sixpence.

We had, for some time, been in expectation of a rigid search of our baggage, entering Rome; but, to our surprise, we were permitted to pass without further trouble than giving our assurance that we had nothing which ought to pay duty.

## CHAPTER X

### ROME

WE have now had a considerable experience of Italian inns, and have everywhere found them better than any account had led us to suppose. In the great towns they are excellent. In the country, from Milan to Bologna, they are sufficiently good; from Bologna to Rome, particularly after passing Florence, many of them certainly are startling upon a first approach, but the appearance is worse than the reality. Many of our travellers, no doubt, have never entered such places before, and it must be allowed that there is not much of our notion of comfort attached to a miserable-looking house, the entrance to which is nearly a dunghill, the stairs dark and filthy; but the beds are excellent, the sheets are sure to be well aired and scrupulously clean, the dinners and suppers are good, and the people themselves are civil. Now, the traveller who, at the end of his day's journey, finds a sufficiency of clean victuals neatly served, and a cheerful wood fire, with a good clean bed, does not deserve to be pitied; and if he complains of his inn

he ought to have staid at home, for he is unfit to travel. For my own part, everything seemed so much better than the description had led me to expect, that I was always perfectly satisfied with my entertainment.

*October 25th.*—Our first visit this morning was to Torlonia's \* bank. His stepson, Mr. Chiaveri, speaks English reasonably well. He was extremely polite, offered us any money we might want before the arrival of our letters, and on our expressing our thanks said that it was his business to be useful, and that Englishmen deserved it. This Torlonia is a great personage here ; he made a prodigious fortune by risking everything with the French, and having lately purchased large estates with a dukedom annexed, he is now the Duke of Bracciano, with two fine palaces in the town and two villas.

At Mr. Vasi's we purchased his guide-book, which is considered the best of its kind. Different travellers take different courses for seeing Rome. It is necessary for all to methodize, and for the greater part of our travellers, who make a visit of a fortnight or three weeks to Rome, not only to methodize, but to gallop and run from morning till night, in order to see whereabouts the sights are ; we, however, intend to make a long stay, and our plan is to see things at leisure, reading upon them from day to day.

\* Giovanni-Raimondo Torlonia (1754-1829) was a banker of humble birth, who was agent at Rome for Prince Fürstenberg. In 1809 he was created a Roman Patrician, and acquired the Duchy of Bracciano.

In talking to Mr. Vasi, who is a considerable book and print seller, I discovered a piece of ignorance that surprised me a good deal. He did not know that anything was the matter with the King of England, and that we have a regent ; and he thought that the Duke of York was elder than the Prince of Wales.

From this we walked off to S. Peter's. The first sight of this building greatly disappointed me. The height and dimensions of the outside did not look, to my eyes, so large as S. Paul's. The place in front, with its colonnade, obelisk, and fountains, is excellent, but tends to diminish to the eye the building itself at the end of it. The façade displeases me greatly ; it is quite contemptible ; besides, it rises so high that the cupola is half hidden and the towers are entirely lost behind it. The interior is admirable beyond all my ideas ; I never saw anything that so completely satisfied my mind.

S. Peter's has been described again and again, and sometimes well described ; but I consider it utterly impossible for anyone to form the least idea of what it is from description. The parts may be described, but the effect of the whole is inconceivable. Many writers have remarked that one is apt to be disappointed on first seeing S. Peter's, for that it looks smaller than it really is, and rightly so ; because, say they, all the parts are in such harmony that no one part looks so large as to draw the attention to itself, and consequently the mind, which refers the size of

the whole to its parts, does not readily conceive the vast magnitude of this building.

The principle on which these writers proceed is, in my opinion, a false one. It is ridiculous to say that it is a merit in an architect to build a great building to look like a little one ; or that a spectator is deceived into thinking meanly of a great thing, by the perfect harmony of its parts. The very reverse is the case in the Grecian monuments ; there the thing looks greater than it really is.

But I deny that the inside of S. Peter's does look smaller than it really is. Its greatest beauty is that the attention is not drawn off to the details, but regards the unity of the whole, in the expansion and immensity of which the mind loses itself. A spectator certainly does not notice the vastness of the parts till his attention is particularly called to them ; but he sees that the whole is vaster than anything he has ever seen before. That is, until he is furnished with a rule he cannot measure the whole ; but we do not necessarily require to know the size of a thing to be assured of its greatness. When we look upon the sea, or some boundless plain, or the immeasurable expanse of the firmament, there is no standard ; we have no desire to measure them ; but surely we do not think the less greatly of them because we cannot tell how great they are not. With the outside it is the very reverse. There the parts are all disproportioned and unharmonious, and the result is littleness.

I speak of it as seen from its own place, or any spot from which it is possible to see it near. From a distance it is always great, imposing, and sublime.

This morning I wished to hire a violin, which I supposed would be the easiest thing in the world ; but our valet was unable to direct me, and seemed to despair of my getting one. He brought me to a piano repairer, who was equally at a loss, remarking that there were not *amateurs dans ces choses-la* at Rome. I afterwards got one from a performer who promises to get me a violoncello also, and music.

26th.—From the moment of our arrival we have had booksellers, painters, antiquarians, and vendors of curiosities sending up their cards and exhibiting their wonders to us. This morning a huge dish walked in for our inspection, painted by no less a man than Raffaelle himself and, as the owner assured me, “*très antique.*”

We devoted this morning to hunting for lodgings, and went through a great many. They are in general, to our ideas, extremely bad ; we saw but two in which we could live with any comfort, and one of these, I think, we shall take.

27th.—Agreed, and removed into lodgings. They are most desirably situated in the Piazza di Spagna, in the house next to the great Staircase, and in themselves they are particularly comfortable. We have an entire floor, consisting of two sitting-rooms, one of them large, cheerful, and well furnished ; two very

good bedchambers, a servant's room and kitchen. Linen is furnished and washed, and everything for our housekeeping supplied. For this we pay thirty-five crowns a month.

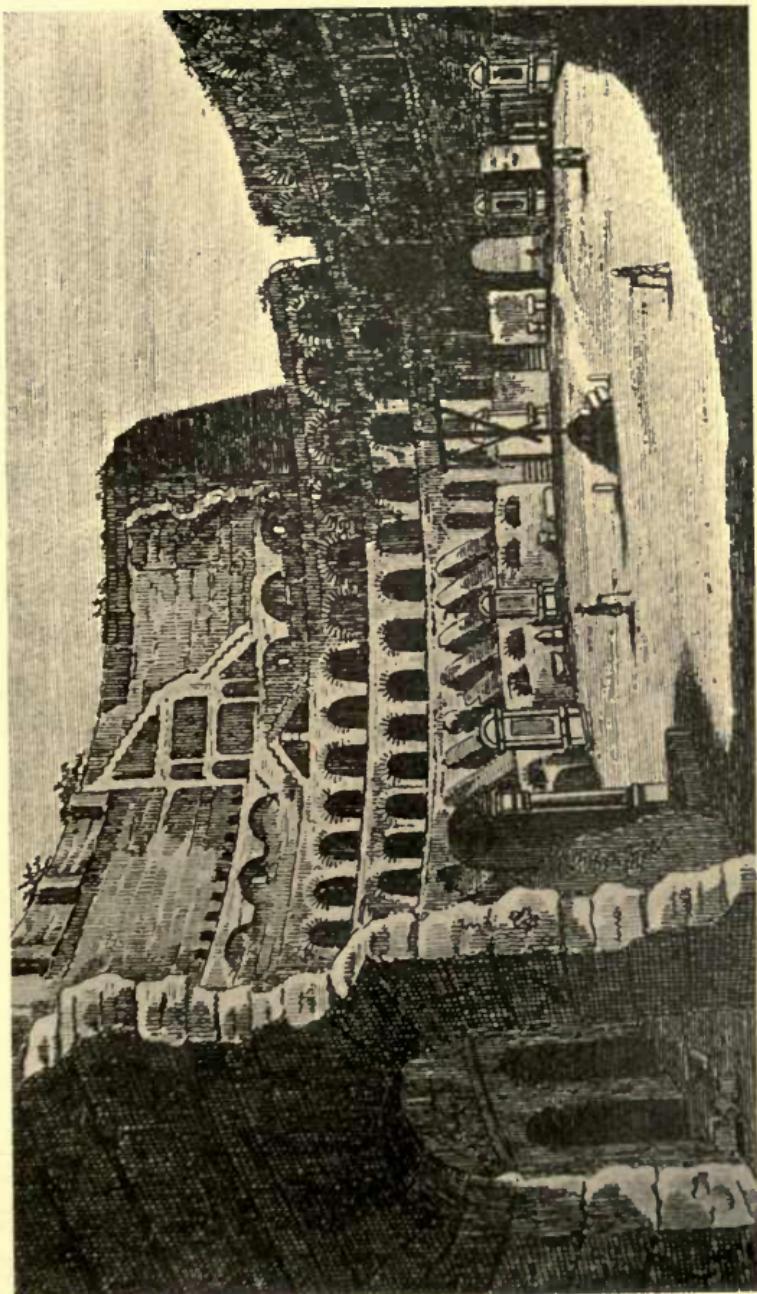
We afterwards strayed out and stumbled upon a heap of antiquities and ruins ; the columns of Trajan and Antoninus, triumphal arches, Colossæum, etc. A great many of these are almost together ; and here, for the first time, my feelings acknowledge Old Rome.

Trajan's Pillar is situated in a place which they are now digging out to lay open the whole pedestal and the old marble pavement.

The Colossæum, likewise, is lately quite opened round, and the earth carried away out of the center. A great wall is now building at one end, fastened into the old work, to preserve it from further ruin. In the inside of the Colossæum fourteen altars are erected, of a white colour and gay light architecture, which produce a most provoking effect. These were raised by a Pope to sanctify the place, and preserve it against the warfare of modern barbarians, who were tearing it to pieces to use the materials in building palaces. The present Pope is beginning to place a second row, like the former, round the arena—for what purpose I confess I cannot imagine.

28th.—On examining our maps when we returned home last night, we found that, without our knowing it, we had actually been in the Forum. We returned to it to-day ; it is quite outside of the modern town,

THE INTERIOR OF THE COLOSSEUM  
*From last's guide-book*





and the remains on every side are unmixed with late buildings. Here one can forget himself into the age of Cicero, and lose sight of the Italians that surround him. I wish the Forum had not got the name of Campo Vaccino. It sounds mightily unpoetical. They who gave it did not feel "the magic of a name."

We returned over the Capitol. In the center stands the celebrated equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, of bronze gilt, the only one remaining till the discoveries at Herculaneum. There has been a vast deal of criticism upon this horse, and one man wrote a book to prove that it is not a fine horse; but after all that has been written and all that has been said upon it, the finest praise, as well as the truest judgment, ever pronounced upon the horse was when the enthusiastick artist, lost in contemplation of its excellence, suddenly exclaimed, "Walk!" The truth is that, whatever faults may be pointed out, whether arising from injuries or from original malformation, the horse is alive.

We saw a strange kind of procession coming out of a church near the Forum. There were twelve of the begging friars with masks of stuffs like their cloaks, with eye-holes only cut in them. They all sung as they went. Two carried lanterns, and one a cross of rough, unpeeled wood. All the people took off their hats; and as we are now at Rome, we, in obedience to the old precept, did as the rest.

To-day we met a great many beggars, who were

extremely troublesome and importunate, some of them decent-looking and well dressed. They are a peculiar annoyance in this town, where it is necessary to stand a long time in the same spot looking at things. As we saw few until to-day I am in hopes that they are only allowed certain days in the week for the exercise of their trade.

*29th.*—I made an attempt this morning to find some musick, and was directed by a violin repairer to a printshop, as the only place where musick was sold. The whole stock was a bundle of violin solos by Rolla, the Milanese leader, and some airs with piano accompaniment.

We set out to see M. Angelo's "Moses" in the church of S. Pietro in Vincolis; but on our way, finding all the world crowding in one direction, we followed the rest, and learned that the Pope was to arrive from the country. Every vehicle in the city was in requisition, and the number of persons on foot was very great. The carriages are, in shape and kind, different from ours, but they are in general as bad in their kind as our meanest job-coaches. A few are really handsome and even splendid, but hardly any equipage is perfect. A cardinal in a coach covered with gilding, drawn by fine long-tailed horses with crimson velvet harness, will have a footman more like a ragamuffin stealing a ride than the lowest order of regular domestick. A coachman will have splendid livery, the footman none at all. I saw, behind a

well-appointed coach, a tall footman in a huge great-coat, cocked hat, white pantaloons without strings, dirty stockings and slipshod shoes, supported by a diminutive lad in a jacket, round hat, and dirty top boots. In general, they are without cravats, and their collars are not too clean. It is to be recollected that this was a state day, and all made their best appearance. On common days they do not dress so handsomely. The Pope arrived in a very plain carriage of a dark morone colour, drawn by six post-horses. They passed on in a slow trot, while he blessed the people on every side, they kneeling down, though by no means universally. There were five carriages with his attendants. Two persons were in the carriage with him.

30th.—*Sunday*.—Charles and I walked to S. Peter's, in hopes of hearing some musick, but were disappointed; the chapel where the organ stands is under repair. The inside of this temple is certainly enchanting, but the more I see of it, the more I dislike the outside, particularly the façade. We afterwards walked in the Villa Medici. The gardens are open to the publick and, standing on a high terrace that looks down upon the city and surrounding country, they form a delightful walk.

31st.—*Holy Eve*.—Two persons called on me this morning with musick, having heard that I was in want of some. One brought some foolish minuets and country dances, and a solo by Borghi—manuscript.

This man is a professor of the guitar, and either he is extremely ignorant, or they want a vast deal of good musick at Rome, for he is unacquainted with even the names of some of our best composers, as Rode, Romberg, and Beethoven. I gave him a list of names, to enquire whether their musick is known here. He mentioned only two celebrated composers now in Italy—the Milanese leader, Rolla, and another whose name I have forgot. My other friend gave me a good duetto of Mozart ; he is himself a violin player. He knows Rode by name, but has not seen any of his writing, nor of Romberg's.

Charles and I paid a visit to Torlonia. The old gentleman himself speaks a little English, as does also a brother of the Mr. Chiaveri whom we had seen before. This young man gave us all the information we asked, in the kindest manner, assuring us of his desire to serve us. He and his brother were for some time in the house of a London banker. We enquired about an Italian master, and he told us that “if we admired the Italian poets and their beauties and sublimities and all that, he could recommend a person who was very fond of pointing out all these things ; but that, having lately introduced him to a Captain Anderson of our navy, he had been much disgusted with the *grossièreté* of the captain, who did not relish the poets and had no taste for their beauties.” We are to see this poetical gentleman to-morrow. He is not, Mr. Chiaveri informed us, a professed antiquarian, but he

could be useful to us in that line. That is the way at Rome. Everything yields to antiquities and antiquarians, and a certain class of men are ready to make a little money in every way they can. Our domestick, a most valuable man, besides being valet and cook, "serves us," as he expressed it, "for the antiquities"; and always, in bringing us the card of an antiquarian who applies, says, "but we have no occasion for him." We generally find on our table, once or twice a day, curiosities for our inspection, and the man who brought me musick this morning produced an ornament for a lady's head—only twenty crowns.

The Princess of Wales arrived to-day and made a great bustle. A guard of honour and attendants appointed to wait upon her.

We made to-day, for Holy Eve, a rice-apple-dumpling; had apples and walnuts (the only kind of nut we could get), and drank the health of all the members of our united families.

*November 1st.*—This morning we had a visit from Mr. Chiaveri, who gave us an invitation to his mother's conversazione, every Thursday evening. This gentleman, a young man, the son of a duke, just come from waiting upon the Princess of Wales, had a beard of at least two days' growth, though in other respects he was clean and well dressed.

We made another attempt to visit M. Angelo's "Moses." On our way we were driven by heavy rain into a church near Trajan's Pillar, where I found two

curious notices, one at each side of the door. I copied one of them as follows : “ *Le messe celebrata per i defonti in qualunque altare di questa chiesa godono degli stessi privilegi della capella del S. Presepe in Santa Maria Maggiore e di quella della Scala Coeli nella chiesa delle Tre Fontane per bolla di Sexto V dei 15 Juglio 1587. E con una messa celebrata per i defonti in qualunque di questi altari si puo’ liberare un anima dal purgatorio per privilegio concesso da Benedetto XIV con breve dei 15 Settembre 1741.* ”

The other, which I had not time to copy, gives notice that, “ all other things being fulfilled,” there may be obtained in that church all the advantages which can be obtained in any other church in Rome.

When the rain was over I went in quest of “ Moses.” After losing my way several times, when everyone I spoke to was particularly civil in assisting me, I at last found him ; and I have never seen any statue that delighted me more.

There is, in the gallery of Florence, an unfinished bust of Brutus, by Michael Angelo, whose merit is by connoisseurs considered so transcendent that they have been puzzled to assign a reason why it should have been left <sup>in</sup> imperfect. Some have ascribed it to the inconstancy of a great genius, conceiving sublime things and not always possessing patience to work out the details. The moment I saw “ Moses ” to-day it struck me that I had discovered the true reason why “ Brutus ” is unfinished. In feature, turn of the head,

expression and character of countenance, Moses and Brutus are the same. I should therefore conjecture that, while Brutus was in progress, Buonarotti, having then his Moses in contemplation, determined to transfer to it this sublime head, and of course he would then cease to work upon it any longer. At all events, I am convinced that the one did, in some way, influence the other. How this has failed to strike others, I do not know; but I cannot think that anyone apprized of it could fail to acknowledge the resemblance.

2nd.—To a church, to see an exhibition that takes place during what is called the “*Ottavario per i defonti*,” or eight days set apart for prayers and offices for the dead. During this season all the churches are hung with black, but the shows are only in those which have cemeteries. We descended a flight of stairs crowded with persons going down and returning, and at the bottom we found a small apartment, the floor, ceiling, and walls of which were covered with dead men’s bones, chiefly skulls, disposed in fancy patterns. Large chandeliers and other ornaments were made of the same materials. Various devices and inscriptions, mementoes of death and mortality, hung round the walls. Skeletons stood in niches, with silver crowns upon their skulls. In short, everything was of the most deadly fashion. The general effect was rather curious than displeasing or even melancholy. Many persons were on their knees, praying. At the upper end of the room sat three

men in black, with large books open before them in which they entered the names of the dead whose friends wished to purchase for them two or three pauls'-worth in the service to be performed for the dead. The apartment next to this, a much larger one, was fitted up in the same way, but with more numerous devices. Upon the wall hung long lists of the names of those who had died in the parish since last year's celebration. At the end of this apartment there was a stage with six waxwork figures as large as life, and a great number painted in the background, forming an appropriate scene the subject of which was the miraculous appearance of the writing of Belshazzar. These representations are a subject of emulation between the different churches. At all the doors, at the entrance, and walking through the crowd were persons in black, rattling tin boxes in which they receive money to pray generally for all the dead of the giver ; but a halfpenny or penny given in this way cannot, I should suppose, do much in this wholesale mass for one's friends.

From this we went to the Farnese palace, once rich in celebrated statues that have been long since carried to Naples. We afterwards ascended the Janiculum, from whence the view of the city is most noble. Immediately under our feet, the Tiber and the ruins of the bridge on which Hor. Cocles made his stand against the Etrurians.

3rd.—Our Italian master, Luigi Especo, attended

us, and expressed himself much pleased with our performance. He gave us a little work of his own, written to prove, contrary to the common opinion, that English is an easy language for the Italians and French to learn.

To the Baths of Titus—a most interesting spot. Our guide seemed to watch us pretty closely, but I carried away a piece of the painted stucco. The day delightful; our windows open during dinner.

4th.—The Pope assisted in the celebration of mass at the church of San Carlo Borromeo, this being that saint's day. His Holiness had just entered the church when we arrived. The cardinals, prelates and other officers formed a state procession, in the midst of which the Pope was carried up the aisle in a large crimson velvet chair, under a silk canopy. Mass was performed by a cardinal. The crowd was very great. The Princess of Wales and suite sat in a seat fitted up immediately opposite to the Pope's throne, and they all knelt at the Elevation of the Host. The aisle was lined with guards, which appears strange to me, especially as the guards of his Holiness, though safe men no doubt, are not very ornamental; but on enquiry I find that this custom was first introduced by the French. When the service was over the Pope was carried down as before, the people kneeling to receive his blessing as he passed. He then performed some other service in one of the chapels. The papal carriages are of enormous size and very clumsily built. That in which

the Pope rides is all gilt, the upper pannels being of glass. It is drawn by six black horses covered with harness of red velvet, with gilt buckles. Some of the cardinals have handsome carriages ; but their servants are quite ridiculous, dressed in superb coats with breeches and stockings that our job coachmen would hardly wear. Some of them had dirty boots and worsted stockings.

To the Villa Borghese, which, even in its winter dress, is a charming place. All the statues and pictures were purchased and carried away by Bonaparte.

From this we went to hear a preacher who is, we are told, the best in Rome. The inside of the church was entirely covered over with red and black cloth or silk, and lighted up with wax candles in such profusion that the whole seemed one blaze of light. It was the first church I have seen illuminated and the effect is very striking. In the inside of the church, at each side of the center aisle, there were placed, on marble pedestals, two skeletons—the one standing, the other sitting—adorned with tasteful draperies of black cloth and silver lace. Four blood-coloured lamps and a great many candles hung round each. When the service was over, the preacher ascended a pulpit placed at the side of the church, and delivered a sermon of three-quarters of an hour, in a tone of voice and with such a manner as defies all description. The little of it that I understood appeared to me good ; and after a short time the manner was not, upon the whole, displeasing, though it certainly com-

bines an extreme coldness with the utmost vehemence of tone and most laboured gesture. The audience were all deeply attentive ; not a cough or "hem" was to be heard except at the regular stopping-places, when about a minute is allowed for blowing noses, etc. After the sermon a service was performed for the dead by a cardinal, during the whole of which the organ was played in a style old and pretty, but too light for church or organ.

5th.—Our worthy domestick, Onorato, took us to see the drawing of the lottery, which takes place three times a month. When we arrived at the place *del monte citorio* we found a considerable crowd, and a party of grenadiers drawn up in front of the palace. This building is in the hands of Government and used as a publick office for all kinds of business. A large balcony in the center was hung with red silk, with canopy and festooning over it. When the hour was come (for which the crowd seemed very impatient) the drums and trumpets sounded and a bishop and two priests in full canonicals, accompanied by two noblemen in our court dress, appeared on the balcony. Proclamation was made, after which a servant came forward with a large silver vessel like a soup-tureen, which he held up with the inside towards the people, to shew that all was fair. Ninety numbers were then put into this urn, and a very little boy, dressed in white with powdered hair, was led forward. He, having crossed himself, moved his open hand slowly

round his head and drew out a number, which an officer immediately announced to the people. The dead silence which had hitherto prevailed was now changed into a clamour that continued till preparation was made for drawing the next number. This was done with the same ceremony—five, in all, being drawn.

The lottery scheme is different from ours. There are ninety numbers, on any one of which you may pay any sum you please, from a paul upwards. If the number you have insured on turn out one of the five drawn, you receive a sum proportioned to what you have paid and to the order in which it has been drawn—first, second, third, etc. You may gain in this lottery to the amount of nine thousand crowns.

To the Pantheon. The portico is most noble. The inside is solemn and venerable but does not, at least at a first view, strike my eye as possessing much beauty.

*6th.—Sunday.*—We went to a church where we were told there was a fine organ. We arrived too early, and passed on to see some things in the neighbourhood. Amongst these was the celebrated figure of our Saviour, in the church of S. Maria della Minerva, the work of M. Angelo. The expression and character seem to me particularly fine. A drapery of brass has been thrown over the figure—to avoid scandal, as we were told. On the right foot there is a brazen sandal, to preserve it from the zealous piety of the

devout, who all kiss it on entering and leaving the church, as they do that of S. Peter at the Vatican. This sandal lasts about fifteen years ; it is now greatly worn.

We returned by the great custom-house (the front of which is built into a fine old temple), the baths of Agrippa, and the Pantheon to our church. The organ was only played for about five minutes, before and at the elevation of the Host. The tone is remarkably fine, but the organ is so sadly out of tune that it is almost intolerable.

This morning I saw the Host carried to a sick person. There was the usual procession with tapers, lamps, standards, crosses, etc. The Host was carried by the priest, under a canopy raised upon four poles. It is the custom on such occasions for the great men in the neighbourhood of the sick to send their servants, in their best dress, to attend the procession. Most persons, but not all, knelt down while it was passing. All took off their hats.

*7th.*—Mr. Especo attended us to-day. In the course of conversation I mentioned to him the difficulty of finding musick, which had surprised me a good deal. He said that he considered Rome nearly a century behind all the other capitals of the civilized world. It is within five or six years that conductors of electricity have been put on buildings here—even on S. Peter's—and but very lately that lamps have been placed in the leading streets.

There is another instance in a most barbarous punishment, the instrument for which I saw a few days ago. A kind of gallows is erected, about thirty feet high, from which a rope, drawn over a pulley, is made fast to the wrists of the criminal, tied behind his back. He is drawn quietly up to the top, and then let fall near the ground with a jerk; this is repeated three times. The effect is to tear the arms in such a way that, we are told, they constantly swing forward over the wretch's head and touch his body in front. This inhuman torture, abolished by the French, has been restored with the restoration of a Christian spiritual Prince, and is exhibited in the fashionable street of the Corso, in front of a great palace and in sight of several. The instrument is finished since our arrival, and (as Onorato informed me, that I might go to witness it) this morning "*il avoit sa fonction.*"

The man who was punished this morning had stabbed another in some quarrel, and this led me to enquire about the frequency of these occurrences. Onorato tells me that the French adopted strong measures against stabbing and that, since then, the number stabbed has been "*pas tant.*" In the twenty preceding years, he assures me, there were 36,000 persons stabbed; and that, including the perpetrators and those connected with them in the guilt, the killed, wounded, and criminals amounted, upon the publick books, to above 60,000; on which he sagely ob-

served, “*ce que devient une chose sérieuse, parceque c'est une quantité de monde, ça.*”

Mr. Espoco promised to-day to introduce us, if we pleased, to a certain Countess Cardelli, who has agreeable musical parties at her house every Sunday evening. I intend going.

8th.—Since I have been on the Continent I have often remarked how much earlier people rise than in England. Here I am up almost in the clouds of the night, before seven o'clock; yet I have never been able to catch the world napping. It is not only that people are up, but everything bears the appearance of mid-day; carriages driving about and gentlemen walking. They, to be sure, never shave.

Charles and I went through several booksellers' shops. There is a large collection of excellent books. All the prohibited works are to be found in the shops, exposed as openly as any pious miracle. This surprised me a little till it was explained. The fact is that a large portion of the city is under the jurisdiction of the Spanish Ambassador; another is under the controul of the French, and in this way the whole is parcelled out till there remains nothing to the Pope but a small circle round his two palaces, and as it so happens that no bookseller lives within his precincts, the number of prohibited books sold there is not very great.

9th.—Waited on Mr. Chiaveri, who received us with his usual politeness. While we were here, Sir H.

Davy came in ; he was here last spring, and is just now returning from Switzerland.

To the Pantheon. Like everything truly great, it grows upon our admiration. It is a noble building, and in its original state must, from the accounts we have of it, have been most splendid. It cannot be too much lamented that Michael Angelo's design of giving to S. Peter's a front like that of the Pantheon was not executed ; it is in the true simplicity and greatness of the ancients. The present front is entirely unworthy of the greatest structure upon the earth.

We saw the arch of Sep. Severus, and then went through that part of the Museum of the Capitol which we had not seen before. I observed a group, in marble, of a lion tearing a horse. It is of the natural size, and believed to be of great antiquity ; the horse has shoes exactly like those of the present day. As for the chambers painted in fresco, it is not, I believe, to be much regretted that there is no light to judge of them by.

On our return home we met the Pope coming in state from a church where he had been to hear a preaching. A man rides before his carriage on a white mule, carrying a great golden cross ; both man and beast are superbly caparisoned. The postilions (who must not appear covered before the Pope) ride bare-headed, and do not, like our royal drivers, wear hunting-caps. The goodness of his Holiness permits them, I presume, to carry night-caps in their pockets

in case of rain ; for rain it will, even upon a Pope, and these poor men's powdered heads would look a little odd after an Italian shower.

10th.—Mr. Espoco was with us. We talked of the ignorance of ladies and gentlemen in this country, which he acknowledges to be extreme ; and, indeed, a remark of his own shows that it is so. After regretting that ladies were, in general, so uneducated, he said, “ but indeed the few women of learning in Italy make such a display of it, that it is rather to be wished that they were ignorant. For example : a lady in this city lately, seeing an old blind man begging, said, ‘ There is a Homer.’ ” Now, really, to know that Homer is said to have been blind does not imply very deep erudition, even in a woman ; and in London or Dublin a lady might, I think, have said this without being pointed at, in company, as “ the lady that talked of Homer.”

We made our ascent to the ball of S. Peter’s. The mosaicks of the cupola, which from the floor seem as fine as painting, are in reality formed of rough unpolished pieces, of from a quarter of an inch to two inches in size. They are placed at some distance from each other, and the rough plaster is seen between them. One of the heads has lately fallen down, and as it is calculated that it would cost 30,000 piastres (about 7500*l.*) to repair it, we may conclude that the unhappy personage is likely to wear out the remainder of his days in headless misery.

On our way home we met a procession, such as we have often seen, of persons in white with their faces covered, and the usual tapers, priests, banners, and lamps. We waited to see it pass and found that it was a funeral. The corpse, that of a young woman, was carried on a gilded bier, dressed in black, with white shoes. The head was ornamented with flowers and a chaplet lay at the feet, the face being quite uncovered. There did not seem to be any attendance of friends. The coffin, of deal, painted with skulls, cross-bones, etc., was carried behind, together with a large box of wax tapers to be used in the service for the dead. We find that this is the usual manner of carrying the dead. The persons we have remarked with the masks, and dressed in white or grey, are associated for the purpose of doing charitable offices, such as attending funerals, hospitals, condemned criminals, etc.

There are in all the great towns of Italy—but on a more extensive scale in Florence, Rome, and Naples—companies of persons associated voluntarily together for charitable purposes. They are, in general, of the middling classes ; but the most distinguished characters for rank, fortune and talent are also enrolled, and not unfrequently distinguish themselves by zeal and activity in the cause of benevolence and humanity. Their occupation is to visit the sick at their own homes and in the publick hospitals ; to relieve the oppressed deserving debtor ; to examine into the state of the gaols, and assist the friendless prisoner ;

to discover and administer to the wants of individuals suffering under the scourge of poverty, but unable or ashamed to beg ; to attend criminals to execution, and procure masses for the repose of their souls ; to attend the funeral of the forlorn dead, and defray the expense ; in short, from infancy to old age, from the first breath of life till its close in death, there is no sickness or want, misfortune or sorrow, that does not find in these charitable voluntary associations a friend and comforter ; and they have now existed for many centuries. They wear a dress that disguises the person and—assimilating the rich and poor, the great and humble—levels every distinction but that of superior activity in the cause that assembles them together.

At night, after I had been some time in bed, I heard musick in the street and went to the window to listen to it. There were several instruments ; flute, clarionet, guitar and pianoforte, of the number. They were all in a kind of open carriage, like a long cart ; two men sung, and the musick was really very good. When they had finished their serenade, they drove away, playing. I found, next morning, that this was a serenade in compliment of a newly married couple, and that it is customary.

11th.—To-day the rain prevented our seeing anything. In the evening I went with Mr. Especo to the Countess Cardelli's. She is a young widow, about four- or five-and-twenty, and lives with her father,

brother, and unmarried sister. She received me very politely, and gave me a general invitation to her parties every Friday and Sunday. There were a great many gentlemen, but few ladies in proportion. The gentlemen all in morning dress, as almost all the ladies. The musick was all by amateurs, except a violin solo by an old man who had been leader at the first opera in Venice, but had resigned from motives of religion, which would not allow him to play in a theatre. His solo was, for a professor, very bad ; the stopping not always correct, and the style quite inelegant and with an everlasting flourishing in the worse taste. The subject of the solo was "Hope told a flattering tale"—with variations.

The rest consisted of opera musick solos and duetts, by young ladies. The singing, like other amateur singing, was sometimes good and sometimes bad. They were sometimes in and sometimes out, and the voices were most defective in intonation and management ; but still it was Italian musick, sung in an Italian style, with good pronunciation. Everyone flourished too much, and not well. All the musick was manuscript and in score. The two violin parts were performed by the Venice leader and a Count somebody, a young man who played the first extremely well for a dilettante. Two duetts that I looked at were by Portogallo. The Countess is learning English, but does not attempt to speak it yet. I was introduced to a Marquis —, who talked a good deal of English literature, with

which he seems to have some acquaintance. I was also presented to the Princess Barberini, a fine woman who behaved very politely ; but she does not speak French, and my Italian is too weak yet to encounter a lady in conversation.

12th.—To the Doria Palace to see the paintings, of which the quantity in this great palace is almost inconceivable. In four of the rooms we only heard of the pictures, for we were tired and it was late ; our guide walked before us through the dark rooms and said, “These are all by Poussin ; these are by Caracci ; there, in the corner, is a fine thing that is greatly esteemed.” To all of which we willingly assented, and never wished to have the window shutters opened. The fact is that one cannot keep his mind always in activity ; and in going over these extensive collections of paintings the strength, both of body and mind, often becomes so exhausted upon the first half that the remainder not only excites no pleasure, but produces positive pain.

The day was fine, with a clear sun and unclouded sky, but intensely cold. All the people walking with their great cloaks wrapped round them. The women very generally carry a little earthenware vessel filled with lighted charcoal, by way of a muff.

13th.—*Sunday.*—To the church of S. Giovanni in Laterano, the mother church of the Roman Catholick world. There are some fine things here, particularly a chapel, which is one of the most beautiful in Rome.

While I was walking in the aisle I heard an extraordinary shouting from one of the chapels. I went in, and found about thirty girls, from three to ten years old, singing as loud as they could shout. They were divided into several classes, with a governess to each, who used to set them off by singing a strain which they all sung after her, repeating it over and over again for, perhaps, five minutes. When this had gone on for a quarter of an hour after my arrival, they ceased singing, and were then examined by a priest in something in the nature of catechism. As I was leaving the church a troop of boys—some of them very young, none more than ten or twelve—marched in, two-and-two, preceded by one bearing a large cross. They knelt down upon the steps of the altar in one of the chapels, and instantly began to sing, repeating the same five bars for exactly ten minutes, all at the utmost stretch of their voices. A man walked backwards and forwards giving directions ; checking some who shouted louder than their voices would bear, and modulating some who sung too much out of tune. They were afterwards divided into classes, and examined as the girls had been.

Opposite to this church is the Holy Staircase, which formerly belonged to Pilate's house ; and, as our Saviour trod it, the pious now perform the holy exercise of ascending it upon their knees. It was carried from Jerusalem and deposited in this building erected for its reception. I counted thirty-seven

persons upon it at the same time ; they all carried prayer-books, which they read in their stops to rest themselves, when they also kissed the steps. It would be rather inconvenient for a kneeling crowd to descend backwards through a kneeling crowd ; they go off, therefore, by a side staircase that did not come from Jerusalem.

From this I went to see the aqueducts of Nero and Claudius, the Porta Maggiore and Porta di S. Giovanni ; and thence to the Colossæum. In the latter a Capuchin friar was preaching. A long table was raised above the heads of the people, and on this the preacher stood. Beside him was a cross, about six feet long, with a figure of our Saviour. To this he frequently addressed himself during his discourse ; and towards the conclusion he seized it and held it up over his head, and the people then fell on their knees. I looked round and, perceiving some dissenters, I stood. At the conclusion he himself knelt and pronounced a blessing, turning the crucifix to every side. This man was heard distinctly all through the vast place, and yet his voice did not appear to be overstrained ; but when he had finished he seemed quite exhausted, and went away supported by two other friars. His action was good, and the discourse good, in spite of much repetition. His audience were attentive, and some affected.

14th.—Charles and I walked a good deal through the town. In our return we chanced, for the first

time, upon the Fountain of Trevi. It is the finest thing of the kind I have ever seen.

To-day, like yesterday, was clear but bitterly cold ; yet, while I was dressing in the morning, at a little past seven o'clock, a gentleman exercised himself on the Place without cravat or hat, his hair flying in ringlets, and a pipe in his mouth. This airy gentleman is a German.

15th.—Charles and I went through two publick libraries. At one we were shewn many curiosities, amongst others the first book ever printed at Rome and the first, as they told us, that was printed in the world. These early works are beautifully executed ; the later printing of the same person is extremely bad. This library contains above 70,000 volumes. At the other, which is smaller, but the catalogue of which fills twenty-seven thick folios, we saw a copy of the Gregorian chant. The notes seem to me to be a mean between hieroglyphics and shorthand. The monks at these libraries (for both belong to convents) seem, like other Romans, infected with the rage for antiquities. Whatever they shewed us was to be complimented on its age, and one very nice book was taken very unceremoniously out of my hand because it was not more than three centuries old.

I walked alone to the Forum and round the palace of the Cæsars, which presents a vast heap of unintelligible ruins, chiefly vaulted passages and arches upon arches. While I was strolling about here a

priest, a genteel-looking young man, accosted me, and we entered into conversation. Presently, he asked me was I a German; and on my answering, "No, an Englishman," he seized me round the waist, looked for several seconds in my face, and I really thought would have kissed me. He was delighted, he said, to find himself in company with an Englishman, and launched out into great praises of England. He gave me many instructions for seeing the antiquities of Rome and for studying Italian, gave me his address, and begged that, if I wanted any book or other thing during my stay, I would command his services. In the course of talking, this priest asked me whether I was Roman Catholick or Protestant; and, upon my answer, he merely bowed; then added, "We all appeal to the same Father."

16th.—We visited Mr. Chiaveri, and found him with a beard of two days' growth, and dirt in proportion. The Duke was in old slipshod shoes, dirty stockings, and pantaloons without strings. This is their way.

I had a very long walk, antiquity-hunting, and took a distant view of Caracalla's baths, a prodigious mass of ruins; then examined the Pyramid of Caius Cestius. A small space about the base of this is set apart for the burial of heretics; there are many neat tombs, some of English. I afterwards ascended Monte Testaccio, which is formed entirely of crockery ware. It is a little difficult to conjecture how such a pile could have been raised. The most commonly

received opinion is that all the broken bits from manufactories in this quarter were carried out here by order of the Government; but I do not well understand this. From the top of the Mount the view is highly interesting. The wide waste of the Campagna, broken by the long lines of ruined aqueducts and interspersed with the remains of sepulchral monuments, forms a scene entirely Egyptian, and that has afforded the subject for many of Poussin's finest landscapes. On the other side the city is seen to great advantage.

17th.—We have just heard that an Englishman, who called himself Captain Anderson of our Navy, has succeeded in swindling Torlonia out of a thousand dollars and the loan of a carriage to Naples. He had a letter for a certain sum and, that being drawn, he said he was waiting for letters and would, in the meantime, take a trip to Naples, for which Torlonia lent him the carriage and money. Chiaveri went in pursuit of him; but he had sailed, leaving, however, the carriage unsold. All the Romans rejoice that so cautious and hard-dealing a man as the Duke should have been duped, but are greatly surprised that an Englishman should have been guilty of such an act. Our swindlers, I suppose, have not penetrated so far as Rome before.

Charles and I went a round of antiquities, and walked through some of what is called "Trastevere." The people of this district boast that they are the true descendants of the Romans, and that they preserve unsullied the valour and stern virtue of their ancestors.

I cannot say that in my short walk through them I discovered their peculiar features. The fact, however, is that the Italians themselves do ascribe to the inhabitants a distinguishing character that separates them from those of the other side of the water. There are Trastevere manners, Trastevere customs, Trastevere games—and Trastevere murders, too. Whether, upon the whole, they are a better or worse race than their neighbours of the other side, I can't say.

In the evening I made my first appearance at the Duke of Torlonia's *conversazione*. I was announced through several rooms—a servant standing in each—as "*un cavalier Inglese*." Mr. Chiaveri met me at the door of the farthest room, where the company were assembled, and introduced me to the Duchess and, afterwards, to his brother-in-law, a Count somebody. When I arrived the room was full. About ten o'clock six card-tables were placed; a game was played at most of them which I do not know; it is called "*Boston*." The gentlemen were all dressed, with the exception of a few who were in boots. The ladies, many in handsome morning dress; others extremely naked, particularly the arms and shoulders.

There were, among the company, Lucien and Mademoiselle Bonaparte, the Prince of Saxe-Gotha and his brother, and some princes and princesses of this country—Piombino, Barberini, Ghigi, etc. Lucien Bonaparte is, in person, of the middle size: very well made. His complexion is sallow, and the general

character of his features is like that of Napoleon's; but he has not the same breadth of forehead, and he wears spectacles, which a good deal disguise the real expression of his eyes. His manners are very simple and pleasing, and his smile is quite captivating. He played cards the whole evening; and there he did what was certainly very impolite, and appeared to me extraordinary. Two of the ladies with whom he was playing did not speak anything but Italian, yet the whole evening he talked French to the lady at his left hand, without addressing a word to the others except upon the game. I enquired whether he spoke Italian well, and was answered, "Oh, yes—perfectly well; but he don't like speaking anything but French." The party was, upon the whole, much like any other. The conversation was principally carried on in Italian, though a good deal of French was spoken.

18th.—This morning the Duke of Torlonia's servant came to ask an "*abonnement*" upon my first visit to his master's. I gave it in the shape of three pauls. Mr. Espoco had told me of this custom, which he calls an abuse, though it is universally demanded, even from Italians coming from the provinces. Those who reside at Rome pay annually or half-yearly to the domesticks of the houses they frequent, for it is not the way here for gentlemen to go about to different parties upon special invitations. They attach themselves to one or more houses, where they are always to

be found on the open nights, and it would be a deadly affront to desert them for any other.

To the Cloaca Maxima, Porta Sebastiana and Arch of Drusus.

In the evening to the Countess Cardelli. She received me very kindly and, to my great relief, addressed me in French. In the course of the evening she came up to me, and "I think," says she, "you heard a violin player here one night." I answered, "Yes." "Well, then," replied she, "I'll give you *your* ticket now." I begged for three—to be more civil. This is a capital way of passing tickets ; they are only three paoli each. There was a great deal of singing to-night ; in general, much better than the last night. A song by a gentleman very well—and a quintetto by five men capitally performed. The musick I looked over was by Farinelli, Paër, Mosca, Cimarosa, Mayer. There were no violins to-night. The musick was all from opera, and in score.

19th.—To Canova's workshop, which is, by his order, opened in the most liberal manner to all strangers. One room is hung with his designs, and prints of his works admirably executed ; one of the designs is for a monument to Lord Nelson. There are many of his casts to be seen. One is of a colossal statue of Napoleon ; it is naked, with a mantle thrown over his shoulders, like the Belvedere Apollo ; in one hand he holds the globe, surmounted by a Victory bearing a laurel crown and branch ; in the other a sceptre. This

statue is somewhere at Paris, but was only exhibited for a very short time after its first arrival. Some say that Napoleon felt a dislike to the naked figure; others say that, the statue having arrived at Paris just at the first reverse of his fortunes, some wags remarked that Victory was flying away out of the Emperor's hand, and that this occasioned its removal.

(*NOTE.—This statue of Napoleon, sent by Louis XVIII to the Prince Regent, was presented by him to the Duke of Wellington in 1817, and sent to Apsley House.*)

There are statues of the ex-Empress, Marie Louise, and of Bonaparte's mother. The only other finished work is a Hebe of inexpressible beauty, as indeed are all Canova's female figures; this is done for Lord Cawdor. A group of The Three Graces is in progress. Another, of Theseus vanquishing the Centaur, is greatly advanced; it seemed to me nearly finished, but we were told that Canova had never touched it yet. This visit was one of the highest interest; we saw works in every state, from the first placing of the rough block to the last finishing of the master. The actual work done by him is but little. He makes the design, and models the cast from it. The marble is then wrought from the block by workmen and pupils, till it is ready to receive the final polish.

Canova ranks with the greatest sculptors of antiquity. In the beautiful he has never been surpassed. His "Graces" are admitted to be superior to the ancient

group ; his Perseus is inferior to the Apollo alone, and his Venus disputes the palm with the hitherto unrivalled Queen of Beauty. Canova is said to be about fifty years of age. He is a man of the most amiable disposition, entirely devoted to his art.

From this we were led to see fresco-paintings in a church. I dare say they are admirable to enlightened eyes ; but so greatly are they damaged that ours could distinguish neither drawing nor colouring.

*20th.—Sunday.*—We walked out with Mr. Especo, who took us to the Baths of Diocletian. We also went to the Palace Barberini to see a curious inscription upon the ridiculous invasion of Britain by Caligula.

In the evening to the Countess Cardelli. There was an improvisatore, highly esteemed at Rome—a young man. The greater part of this exhibition was accompanied on the pianoforte. A person sat beside the instrument and gave out the subject proposed by any of the company ; this subject was very often changed. Sometimes they proposed some idea or simile to be introduced in the subject upon which he was ; sometimes they proposed a word upon which the rhymes were to fall. In short, every method was taken to perplex the poet ; but he went on—whether well or ill, I can't tell : certainly, without hesitation and amidst the most extravagant applause. He pronounced a kind of declamation, the subject of which was the Battle of Leipzig and the triumphant return

of the Pope. A gentleman assured me that he had said some very fine things.

English are daily arriving in numbers.

*22nd.*—Passed a charming hour-and-a-half in S. Peter's. Day cloudy, and, towards the evening, a cold wind. In the morning, windows open at breakfast.

*23rd.*—Last night there was a dreadful thunder-storm, with tremendous rain that continued during the greater part of to-day.

About three o'clock Charles and I went to take our walk in the Villa Medici. We met there an odd-looking old gentleman, whom we soon discovered to be a Scotchman who has been fifteen years on the Continent—the two last in Italy. He was going to visit, here, a young Frenchman of the Academy, to whom he introduced us. This young man, M. Auguste, is the grandson, I believe, of the celebrated French sculptor, Couston. He has been studying at Rome four years, and got himself admitted into the Academy to avoid the conscription. He talks English well, though he never was in England. In half-an-hour's walking we became quite intimate with him, gave him our address, and proffered a great interchange of civilities. He is intimately acquainted with Mr. Espoco; and from him I learn that Espoco is really a genuine Marquis. This is an honor I had not at all looked for when I sought a Roman instructor. It explains, what has hitherto puzzled me, the intimacy of Espoco

with all the persons of consequence here. He is a Marquis, with a father living who has the family estate. It is not a great one, and our friend has been for many years living in Rome ; for his family are in Viterbo, with different employments under the Government. Under the French he was promoted, and held a situation of some importance. He lost this by the return of the Pope ; and now he takes advantage of his information, which is great for a Roman gentleman, to turn a penny by teaching the English.

To-day two men appeared before our house, dressed in a very picturesque manner, with short cloaks falling behind in large folds or plaits, great hats placed on the side of the head, and a kind of sandal instead of shoes. One had a kind of pipe ; the other, a bagpipe which he filled from the mouth by a pipe inserted into it. This made nothing but the drone, so that the two together only made one bagpipe. On these instruments they performed an extraordinary kind of musick for an hour-and-a-half before our lodgings. In the course of the day several other pairs appeared in the streets, armed in the same way, and all playing the same tune, which is an uncommon one. These men are Neapolitains, who always make their appearance a month before Christmas, and remain till after the festival. They are called *Pifferari*—anglice, Pipers. Onorato assures me that, from within nine days of January, they will never cease, night or day. If so, I hope they will, at least, sometimes change the tune,

for the same tune, heard without respite for above two hundred hours, might grow a little *ennuyant*.

24th.—The rain, which continued during the greater part of the day, only permitted us to run down into the Corso and cheapen a print from five to three paoli. Marquis Espoco was with us, and talked a great deal about Roman customs. Visiting is even more matter of form here, if possible, than with us. It is common to send your card with a servant—the person you visit knowing that you have not called yourself. Until the time of the French no unmarried lady was permitted to dance or attend balls, and even now it is not common, though sometimes done.

25th.—Walked about the town, going into every church in our way. Over the entrance of one there was a placard with "*Indulgentia plenaria quotidiana perpetua pro vivis et defunctis.*" What more can be desired? Yet this church was not crowded.

We went round a cloister which was covered with paintings of the miracles of S. Francis. One of them institutes an invidious comparison between the Saint and Moses: the inscription under it saying that, "Whereas Moses, by two strokes of his rod, produced 'undas,' S. Francis, by one, brought forth 'aquaes.'" The reader is left in doubt whether to produce "undas" by two strokes, or "aquaes" by one, be the greater miracle. Considering that S. Francis has large bodies of men devoted to his service and sworn to uphold his miracles, I do think this is rather ungenerous to

a character so respectable as that of Moses, who is left without one legalized defender upon earth.

26th.—I went into several churches at the other side of the Tiber. In one of them I saw, preserved under strong grates and chains, the very stone that was hung round the neck of a certain saint when he was drowned in a well. It is a handsome piece of round polished marble.

Over the door of another church was a notice promising “full indulgence to all manner of persons who should attend there once during the Ottavario and, having truly repented, should pray for concord amongst Catholick princes, for the extirpation of heresy and the exaltation of the Papal See; and to all who should attend the whole eight days, absolution for seven years to come.” This seems easy work.

I finished by walking through S. Peter’s, which I intend never to miss an opportunity of doing.

27th.—To the Sistine chapel in the Vatican, to see a Papal function, and the lighting of the Pauline chapel, which always takes place the first Sunday in Advent.

The service was like that at which we saw the Pope before; a great deal of ceremony among the cardinals; bowing and doffing caps to each other; kissing and embracing; their trains twisted and untwisted twenty times. The only difference was a Latin sermon, delivered with a coolness of manner that would not have disgraced the English pulpit.

When this was over, the Pope, preceded by the cardinals, marched into the other chapel, carrying the Host. A satin parasol was held over him till he reached his own canopy. A train-bearer attended each cardinal and held up his twisted train. The Pope's train was supported by two. They returned again through the Sistine to another chapel in the same order, and then back again to the Pauline. The Pope advanced to the foot of the altar, knelt down, and began to pray in silence. During this time the cardinals left him, one by one. After three-quarters of an hour my patience was beginning to evaporate, and I ventured to enquire how long he was to kneel; I was told that he had a quarter-of-an-hour more to stay. An uninterrupted praying must be kept up, night and day, during the exposition of the Sacrament, which lasts forty hours. The Pope prays the first hour, when he resigns to one of the cardinals, who relieve each other.

The illumination of the chapel is most splendid; it is the design of Michael Angelo. The Sistine chapel is all painted by him, and the end over the last altar contains his great work of the Last Judgment. The singing performed by the papal choir, without organ, was, I believe, very good; but it was so different from anything I had heard before, both in the style of the musick and the manner of performing it, that I could not exactly satisfy myself as to the degree of its merit; besides, my attention was a good deal distracted by the crowds and accessories.

I afterwards walked to the Pantheon. There was a priest giving a lecture or sermon to about forty boys and as many girls, sitting round him on forms. He sat in a large crimson chair, upon a large table covered with black cloth. The part of his discourse that I heard was a comparison of the pains of purgatory with the pains of this world, and seemed to me very unintelligible. His doctrines did not, at least, injure his auditors, for not one of them seemed even to wish to be thought attentive. When he had finished a bell rung, and at once all the children fell on their knees and set up a shouting that soon drove me from the church.

I then went to the church where Buonarotti's figure of our Saviour is—to look at it again. There I found a service going on, accompanied on the organ. The performance was as bad as possible. The singers were out of tune with themselves ; the organ was out of tune with itself, and both singers and organ were out of tune with each other.

*28th.*—All morning at home with Espoco. Violent rain prevented our doing more than taking a short walk in the Villa Medici before dinner.

*29th.*—We visited, for the first time, the fresco paintings of Raphael—the highest effort of the art—that have for three hundred years received the homage of all Europe, and furnished the study of every painter. These consist of two kinds, those in the chambers, and those in what are called the “Loggie.” This is

an open gallery or corridor, running round the inside square or court of the Vatican palace. It is marked into divisions by pillars and pilasters, and thirteen of these divisions (being the whole length of one side) are painted by Raphael, or, rather, from his designs. The vaulted ceiling of each division is marked into four compartments, on each of which there is a painting from the Bible history. On the walls of the corridor are the celebrated arabesques.

These paintings, exposed to wind and damp, may well be supposed to have suffered much in the course of three hundred years. The arabesques are in many places quite effaced, everywhere greatly injured. The paintings on the ceilings, less exposed by their situation, are in general well preserved. They are now closing in the whole gallery with frames and glass, to prevent further damage. This is done under the direction of Canova. I had almost forgot to mention that, just as we entered the gallery, we met Canova attending a party of ladies, and had the pleasure of seeing him here for some time.

The chambers contain sixteen great fresques, one on each wall of the four chambers. These are the works that set Raphael above all the painters that have ever existed. They are all injured more or less ; in some the colours are quite gone.

While we were contemplating the School of Athens, with which the Oxford copy had made us familiar, a party of young Englishmen dashed in—just like young

Englishmen—talking, singing, and making as much noise as if no one was within a hundred miles of them. They hurried through the rooms without stopping an instant till they reached that where we were, when one of them, probably an Oxford man, said, “This is the School of Athens.” At this they condescended to turn once round upon their heels and cast their eyes over it as they turned; but one of them, more prudent than the rest, exclaimed, “Come, come! we must not waste time here,” upon which they made their escape, some of them not even entering the last room. I should like to know whether these young gentlemen criticized the frescos of Raphael with the same airs of connoisseurship I have known others, equally qualified, to assume upon their return.

From this we passed on to see the tremendous work of the Last Judgment. It is not lawful to criticize the productions of the thrice-divine Michael Angelo; but I could not please myself with this painting. The incongruities (not to say, absurdities) in the design are striking; and I do not pretend to have had my eyes sufficiently opened to the naked Sublime, to relish in it that Sublime which, upon the credit of others, I firmly believe it to possess. To my mind it seems a confusion of great things—earth, hell, and heaven, Christian and pagan worship, dead men and living men, saints, angels, and their great Creator are all exhibited together in one undistinguishable mass.

From this to the establishment for mosaick work.

It belongs to the Government, and is at present carried on in the building formerly occupied by the Inquisition ; this gave an additional interest to our visit. The small kind of mosaick seen in rings, snuff-boxes, and such articles is made by a great many persons at Rome ; but here alone is manufactured the large kind. Indeed, no individual could bear the expense of such a manufacture. A single large picture with three or four figures is not finished under twelve years (two men being always employed upon it) and costs, or, rather, is made at an expense of, about 25,000 piastres, or nearly 6300*l.* of our money. We saw them working upon such a picture, the subject of which was the Incredulity of S. Thomas. The composition used is a vitreous substance, of which there are 17,000 tints, arranged in glass cases like a mineralogical cabinet. These are in an unpolished state ; but as the artist could not judge of the colour with sufficient accuracy till polished, a polished bit of each tint, numbered from the heap to which it belongs, is kept in the room where he works ; and thus he can easily ascertain and send for the exact colour he wants. The work is carried on by fastening the pieces down into a strong plaster. It is not till the whole is done that the polishing commences, which reduces the work to an even surface and brings out the colours in their true brightness. The operation of making the small kind is much the same, except that the vitreous substance is made in the shape of bits of straw of different degrees

of fineness. The ends of these are immersed in the plaster, and then broken off and polished. A square of six or eight inches, upon which we saw them employed, would take, they told us, fourteen months' constant labour to finish it.

1st of December.—Mr. Espoco shewed us a licence from the Pope to read all the books prohibited by the Church. This permission, he says, can be very easily obtained.

To S. Peter's, where there was an exposition of the Sacrament in one of the chapels. The illumination fine.

Affixed to a church near this we read a notice from the Pope, promising to everyone who should confess there during the Ottavario absolution for 300 days for each confession ; and to whosoever should confess every day of the Ottavario a plenary indulgence.

In the evening to Torlonia's. There were many English gentlemen there, who quickly formed an impenetrable phalanx at the upper end of the room, where, excluding all strangers, they firmly maintained their post during the evening. Among them was Mr. Eustace,\* author of the *Classical Tour* in Italy, and Lord Brownlow, with whom he travels.

\* John Chetwode Eustace was born in Ireland about 1762, and was ordained priest at Maynooth College. The sentiments he expressed, and his association with Protestant clergy, gave offence to his co-religionists ; and the *Classical Tour*, published in 1813, was denounced for its "uncatholic and latitudinarian spirit." The *Classical Tour*, which achieved considerable success, was Mr.

On our way home Onorato told me that, in the evening, a man had been stabbed in the street and killed. The murderer escaped.

*2nd.*—There were placards to-day through the town announcing an exposition of the Sacrament for the benefit of two criminals condemned to death for some murder. This is the first publick notice of the conviction of prisoners, the trial being private.

I walked through the Forum and into the Colossæum, where a friar and a party of the masked fraternity were singing from altar to altar; they knelt about five minutes before each. The attendance was numerous—particularly of women.

*3rd.*—In the morning persons dressed in black silk, with their faces covered, went about the town collecting money to purchase masses for the souls of the men who were to be hanged. Most persons seemed to give something. The execution took place about noon, in the Piazza del Popolo. It seemed to excite a considerable sensation.

I received to-day a well-written English note from M. Auguste, the student of the French Academy, in which he apologized for not having brought me yet to see the pictures of their Director—the reason of which was that they are not painted yet—and begged

Eustace's *Journal of a Tour in Italy in 1802* with the Lord Brownlow mentioned in the text (then Mr. John Cust). Mr. Eustace died of malarial fever at Naples on the 1st August, 1816; and he is said to have "bitterly bewailed on his deathbed the erroneous and irreligious tendency of several passages in the publication."

to assure me of his high consideration. This is the first time I have even heard the Director mentioned. However, I returned an answer, expressing anxiety to see his paintings, and assuring M. Auguste of my high consideration. I also kindly acquiesced in the sufficiency of the cause of delay.

(NOTE.—*The Director of the French Academy is M. Lethière, celebrated for his "Judgment of Brutus."*)

4th.—Sunday.—To S. Peter's to hear vespers. There was some good singing, but in a style light and Italian to which I am not accustomed in church musick. The organ well played. I added here, to-day, to the numerous instances of irreverence that I constantly observe in persons employed in the church services, one of very great indecency. There are about forty persons belonging to the choir in this chapel, and part of the ceremony consists in going through their seats and incensing each of them separately. Many of them make a joke of this—turning away their heads, stopping their noses, and blowing away the incense, as anyone disliking tobacco might the smoke from a tobacco pipe.

5th.—To the library of the Vatican. We saw some fine illuminated manuscripts, the paintings of which were executed by Raphael's school and are really beautiful. The library itself is painted in a light, airy style, and is a handsome thing; but it never would be imagined to be a library, so ingeniously is it disguised. The books are kept in low cases with two

shelves only ; and these are painted to correspond with the ornaments about them, in such a manner that you would never suppose they were cases at all. I, from early prejudice, have a leaning to dark, dirty-looking mahogany desks and backs of books. There are manuscripts here to the number of 45,000. The French, by treaty, carried away 500 volumes of their choice ; but, to make amends, they pillaged other Roman libraries to enrich this. It seems to be a doubt whether the Government will restore these ; their notions of justice are sometimes whimsical enough.

Since our arrival at Rome we have been every day hearing of highway robberies, some of which we ascertained to be false, and none of which we could authenticate. We have now, however, really got one gentleman who was stripped, robbed, and plundered of all his baggage ; and two others who found a man upon the road, lying with his throat cut. Both these on the road to Naples.

I see, also, a proclamation posted through the town to-day stating, for the benefit of travellers, that the police has been strengthened, and offering a reward of 200 crowns to anyone who shall kill or take a robber. Mr. Especo was much surprised at our saying that we travelled with arms and would defend ourselves if attacked ; this, it seems, is not the custom of the country. He declared at once that he was not a warrior, and that, if he were stopped, he would instantly deliver his money and turn away his head

for fear they might suppose he wished to know their persons. Yet, when I put it to him, he said that, if we were to shoot one, the rest would certainly all run away.

(NOTE.—*Subsequent occurrences shewed me that Italian banditti are not lightly to be resisted ; and were I to travel in their way again, I should probably rely less on a pair of pistols than I did at this period. Whether it is that they are careless of shedding blood, or that they expect to escape with impunity, or that they are better organized than with us, or that equality of punishment makes it less their interest to avoid adding murder to robbery, these gentlemen are not to be terrified by any shew of resistance, and are hardly to be encountered with a fair chance of success. They are all armed with guns, and are excellent marksmen.)*

The Government have offered to reinstate Especo, and he is in great doubt whether to accept or reject their offer. He propounded to us to-day his reasons, and deliberately poised the *pros* and *cons*, amongst which not the least weighty, nor expressed with the least feeling, was, “If I accept it, I shall then be able to wear my uniform.” This is an instance of that trifling so often found among the most sensible Frenchmen and Italians in their most serious moments. I am not sure whether the question will not ultimately hinge upon this childish feeling about a laced coat.

To the tomb or monument of Augustus. It is converted into an amphitheatre for the exhibition of

bull fights and other spectacles. These take place in summer. The bull fight here consists in torturing an unfortunate animal by turning him into the arena to attack an unarmed man, who runs round two barrels fastened in the center and teases him for half-an-hour or more, to the infinite diversion of several hundred spectators. The poor creature is finally baited with dogs. The sport is in the ineffectual rage of the bull, and the agility of the man who, besides the security of his barrels, can, if too hard pressed, throw himself in among the spectators. It sometimes does, however, happen that the other beast catches and kills him.

To the church of S. Andrea della Valle, a noble building which contains the Four Evangelists, perhaps the masterpiece of Domenichino, and is, besides, built upon the site of the Arena of Pompey, where Cæsar was assassinated. Certainly, full half of the interest belonging to everything one sees at Rome is to be referred to the recollections attached to particular buildings and spots of ground.

6th.—Took a long walk and saw many churches. One of them, S. Maria degli Angeli, is very beautiful—made by Michael Angelo out of part of Diocletian's baths.

It is very common, in this country, to see votive pictures hung about the altar of the Virgin or Saint by whose good offices anyone has been saved from an imminent danger. These pictures represent the

accident—as of a man run over by a cart, or kicked by a horse. The saint always appears, lending a hand. At one altar to-day I counted fifty-seven pictures, besides five guns, a pistol, and a crutch. How the crutch might have failed, I can't say; the fire-arms had all burst in the hands of their owners.

7th.—Took a long drive, ending at the church of S. Paul outside of the walls. This church is altogether, outside and inside, as ugly as anything I ever beheld, but it is a real curiosity. It is said to have been built by Constantine, and certainly is of the greatest antiquity. Parts of the roof are covered with ancient mosaicks (i.e. of the Middle Ages). There are about twenty columns of the finest paronazzetto marble, taken from the mausoleum of Adrian; they are of the Corinthian order, and the proportions and the workmanship are exquisite. The floor is paved or flagged with fragments of the finest marbles—ancient tombstones and inscriptions, put down together without any regard for order or beauty. While we were here a herd of buffaloes, the first I have seen, passed by. They are used for drawing boats on the Tiber.

In the evening I was introduced to the conversazione of the Marchesa Massimo.\* The Marchese seems to be a good plain kind of gentleman. His wife is a very lively, pleasing woman, and is reputed a

\* Christine de Saxe, the wife of Don Camillo Victor Massimo, was a daughter of Prince Xavier, a son of Frederick Augustus III, King of Poland, by his wife the Countess Clara Spinucci. The Marchesa Massimo died in 1837.

model of propriety and excellence of conduct. She is niece to the King of Saxony. There were here to-night the Austrian, Prussian, French, and Portuguese ambassadors, the Sardinian minister, Lucien Bonaparte, Cardinal Fesch (who is Napoleon's uncle and was within arm's length of the papal crown), and several Roman princes. This party began at half-past seven o'clock, and not an English person appeared till nine. Massimo's brother-in-law, Marquis Altieri, to whom I was presented, complained that, although the house was opened expressly for the English, yet none of them were coming. They did, however, arrive—nearly all of them at the same time—and all went away before ten, rather earlier than anyone else.

It has often been remarked how difficult it is for foreigners to comprehend the nature of our titles and ranks in society. Mr. Especo never can call Davy anything but Lord Davy, because his wife is Lady Davy ; and in talking to-night of our ranks, he asked me, “ Is an Esquire much esteemed in England ? ” There were six rooms open at this house, all handsomely furnished and lighted. Tea, coffee, and cakes were handed about.

*8th.*—Mr. Chiaveri had obtained permission from the Prince of Piombino to take an English party to see the Villa Ludovisi, and was kind enough to include us. This is one of the greatest favours a man can receive at Rome, for the villa contains some of the finest things that are to be met with, and the Prince

and his father have been remarkable for their illiberality. The gardens are laid out in a style approaching that of Versailles, except that here tall cypresses take the place of clipped elms and poplars. In a casino is the famous *Aurora* of Guercino, painted upon a ceiling, and his *Fame*. The former is esteemed his finest work. In another casino there is a fine collection of statues, admirably arranged by Canova.

This day, being the festival of the Conception, I went to a church where I was told there was to be musick. There was, indeed, singing and organ; but such singing and such organ as I have not often had the misfortune to hear.

9th.—To the Tomb of the Scipios, discovered in 1780. There were found here urns, flags with inscriptions, and a bust of Ennius, as it is supposed. These have been removed to the Vatican Museum, but facsimiles of some of them have been placed as they were discovered. This is one of the most interesting remains at Rome. There is an indescribable sensation awakened by thus standing, as it were, amongst the shades of this illustrious family—the most irreproachable of the Republick—in the mansion where they have reposed for so many ages.

10th.—Last night I was at the Countess Cardelli's. There was some good singing. I have remarked that the ladies at Roman parties are very few in proportion to the gentlemen. Last night there were but seven

ladies out of at least fifty or sixty persons. Unmarried women do not attend these conversazioni ; and a considerable proportion of the gentlemen are clergymen, and, of course, unmarried.

A bookseller, with whom we were to-day, took us through his printing office, where there was a good deal of business going on. The prohibition of books at Rome appears to be little more than a mere formality. Booksellers are allowed to have the prohibited books, but are expected not to sell them but to persons having a license ; and this license is most easily procured. The prohibition does not extend to strangers—at least, to English strangers ; for it is merely a matter of conscience, and no Englishman is expected to have any conscience.

11th.—*Sunday.*—To the Pope's chapel at Monte Cavallo. The same ceremonies we have seen before. The singing without accompaniment ; in the full parts excellent, but the solos indifferently executed, and the attempts at a shake perfectly laughable. The attention paid to the English extreme, even to the exclusion of ecclesiasticks from their usual seats to make room for us. They, individually, give up their places with the greatest politeness.

We finished by hearing vespers in S. Peter's. The anthem not so well as last Sunday, but the singing very good. The upper voices possess a compass and volume of tone inconceivable to those who have not heard them ; but although all their closes include an

intended shake, there is, in reality, nothing like a shake among them.

12th.—To the Palace Colonna. It is filled with paintings by the best masters, and contains some fine statues.

In the evening to Massimo's. A great many distinguished personages. Not more than three or four English gentlemen appeared till near ten o'clock, when my country-men and women began to pour in, and were all come in the space of ten minutes from the first arrival. The ladies all gathered themselves into a group in the middle of the room, with their knees close together, and the gentlemen stood, leaning on the backs of their chairs. This they call mixing in foreign society. I find that cards are universal in society at Rome, but different games prevail at different houses: here, Cassino; at Torlonia's, Boston. It is not considered polite to lay down your hat on the table at a conversazione unless you are very intimate at the house. No one wears gloves—I mean, no Continentalist, for all the English do.

13th.—To the Vatican Museum, accompanied by Mr. Espoco. The fine statues taken away by Napoleon are replaced by their casts, which are far superior to any casts I have seen. The Perseus and two Pugilists of Canova occupy a separate hall. The Perseus is indeed an exquisite figure; it is too beautiful. There is a vast quantity of ancient mosaick pavement,

carried here from various places, some of the best from Adrian's villa at Tivoli. The difference between it and the modern is that it is formed of real stones, instead of the composition used now. Mr. Espoco dined with us.

14th.—Nothing very remarkable occurred to-day, except the breaking of my first violin string, which had served me faithfully for seven weeks of hard rasping.

15th.—Finished seeing the Palace Colonna. Some of the paintings are on the highest floor, and this gave us an opportunity of seeing this story of a Roman palace. The rooms are smaller than the others, and poorly furnished; but the conductor informed us that a Prince somebody, brother of Prince Colonna, lived here, and used to have "*Una bella Accademia*" in one room that he shewed us. This is the way. A palace is built, for his nephew or nearer relation, by the reigning Pope, who can apply to this purpose the funds of the Church. That is, the sovereign, being already provided with two immense palaces, builds another for his family, vying with the others in extent and grandeur. It is impossible for the richest individual to keep such a palace in habitable repair, or to cover it with his most extended grasp; and the consequence is that the half of one floor (or less) is occupied by the owner, who is generally a prince, while the remainder is divided between show apartments, inhabited only by the speaking dead upon their

walls, and unfurnished waste rooms. Or, as in the Colonna palace, a brother or other relative of the prince "goes halves," and covers another half-floor. Fortunately, the nature of the building-stone and the pure air of this climate preserve the outside of these buildings in their first beauty ; but no palace in Rome bears the appearance of having been occupied for years.

I went to the manufactory of violin strings, and saw amazing quantities of all kinds and of the most beautiful appearance. The Roman strings are the best in the world, and are exported to wherever a violin is to be found.

In the evening to the Duke of Torlonia's, who (most spiritedly) gave an *accademia*, and had refreshments of all kinds handed about in profusion. There was some excellent singing, particularly by two gentlemen amateurs—one of them really admirable—and a professional lady.

I had a good deal of conversation to-night about the composers of Italy and musick in general. Zingarelli, a Neapolitain or residing at Naples, is considered the first ; then Paër. Rossini, a very young man, a Bolognian, has written some operas, one or two of which are said to shew the greatest genius. Winter and Beethoven are, as far as I can learn, totally unknown. The Italians have not yet got out of their own simple melodious style of composition and plunged into the depths of harmony. The German

school is, however, creeping on. Paër is leading them farther than they have hitherto ventured, and the Italian publick is beginning to listen to Mozart.

There were a great number of persons of distinction at Torlonia's to-night, and a crowd of English.

16th.—To the Palace Rospigliosi. There is a large collection of pictures, but nothing very remarkable, except the Triumph of David, by Domenichino, and an Andromeda, by Guido, which is truly beautiful.

In a casino in the garden is Guido's far-famed Aurora. The colouring is inimitable and in perfect preservation, but altogether the picture does not please me so well as that of Guercino. The two painters have treated their subject very differently. Guercino describes the break of day. Aurora in her car, drawn by two horses, chases away the hours of night, represented by female figures before whom the stars are disappearing. Angels fly round the goddess and scatter flowers. Behind the chariot is the Dawn, represented by a young man holding a torch; before it Night—a female figure with a book in her hand.

■ Guido has chosen the rising of the sun. The chariot of the sun, drawn by four horses, is surrounded by seven nymphs hand-in-hand, to represent hours: Aurora flies before and strews the way with flowers; Hesperus soars above the god. The colouring is in every part matchless. The solemn dark blue sea, whose edge is just tinged by the first ray, is admirably

contrasted with the blaze of light that surrounds the chariot. But beyond this I am not much pleased. The figures are doubtless beautiful—above all, that of Aurora ; but their beauty is insipid. The Hours step lightly, indeed, but their air is languid and inanimate ; they do not look above half awake. The god himself is drowsy, and this at a moment when all should be life and spirit.

(*NOTE.—Such was my feeling at the time ; but I am now convinced that I was wrong, and that the Aurora of Guido is the more admirable work of the two. Not that I have changed my mind as to the faults imputable to it ; but in spite of these it is a beautiful work—harmonious and classical.)*

In the evening to Contessa Cardelli. Some very good musick, especially two songs by a professor. The musick I have heard has been generally long scenes from operas, without being selected, as with us ; the comick scenes often depending more upon the effect of the words than of the musick. I have seldom seen printed musick, and never arranged from the score. Milan is the only town in Italy where musick is printed—at least, in any quantity.

17th.—To the Barberini palace, to see a lion in *basso relievo*, as large as life and admirably well done. It is considered one of the best remains of animal sculpture in existence. The King of Spain is coming to lodge in this palace, and Prince Barberini ascends to the garrets. His Majesty has hitherto occupied the

palace of Prince Borghese, but the prince is now about to return.

From this I went to S. Maria degli Angeli, and on my return paid a visit of half-an-hour to "Moses," with whom I am never tired.

This day was absolutely summer. As we walked and enjoyed it, Onorato asked me whether we ever had as fine days about July and August. I answered, "Sometimes," and he replied, "That is pretty well," and seemed to think us better off than he had supposed.

18th.—*Sunday.*—To S. Peter's for the evening service, some parts of which were excellent; indeed this, upon the whole, is the best musick we get at Rome.

19th.—Mr. Espoco talked a good deal this morning on the subject of cicisbeism. I asked him whether they are, or are pretended to be, platonick attachments. He laughed at the idea, and said that they neither are, nor are pretended to be so. In general, a lady upon her marriage takes a gentleman, her professed lover, whose duty it is to attend her in her walks and to conversazioni, and to execute all commissions with which she shall entrust him. At balls the lady usually dances with her cicisbeo; but he would be ashamed of being thought jealous, and is anxious to have her dance with men of rank, which reflects an honour upon himself. A gentleman disgraces himself by forming a connexion of this kind with a person of rank inferior to his own. The husband, for his own honor, is

desirous that his wife should not choose foolishly, but he has no voice in the business. Of course, he has no shame upon the subject and, in general, no dislike to having a person to save him all trouble of attention to his wife, for whom he has never had, nor intended to have, the slightest portion of love, and whom, probably, he had never seen before the marriage was agreed upon. A few gentlemen do, however, make war upon cicisbeism, and contend for an exclusive property in their own wives. In many instances married couples live on the most intimate terms, exchanging partners ; and then the four persons furnish forth : four attached friends, two husbands and their wives, two adulterers and two faithless wives, and two ladies each with her *cavalier servente*. Mr. Espoco's father and another made such an exchange. At Genoa it is common to covenant in the marriage settlements that the lady shall be uncontrouled in her choice of a cicisbeo—either named at the time, or to arise upon some contingency. Beyond this easy system, now universally established, inconstancy seems to be almost as much condemned as in England. There are, here as there, intriguing women, some in secret, some without disguise ; but a proper woman is constant to her cicisbeo and her husband, who may be termed the “sleeping partner” in the concern.

Drove out to S. Giovanni in Laterano. In the baptistery is preserved the very urn used at the baptism of Constantine. There was (along with the font

erected by him) a lamb of gold covered with precious stones, priests of silver, and other articles of great value, more valuable from their antiquity than even from their intrinsick worth. These were all turned into money by Urban VIII.

In the evening to Marchese Massimo's; few English; Spanish ambassador, whom I had not seen before.

20th.—I discovered a church that says it is built upon the site of the house of S. John and S. Paul. The very spot where they were killed is railed round in the aisle.

Walking through a street I saw a company of the masked fraternity coming out of a church. I guessed that there was a funeral, and, going in, I found a corpse laid out in the aisle upon a bier, and two monks reading over it. There were a few other persons standing about it. Hardly a day passes without our seeing one or more funerals.

In the evening to a Signor somebody's house, to an *accademia*. He is a lawyer and a young man, but a very great oddity. He was dressed to-night in a long coarse grey surtout, without cravat; shirt-neck dirty; dirty hands and slipshod shoes. However, he behaved very politely. The room was handsome, well lighted, and hung with good paintings. The company was arranged in two rows, forming a semi-circle from the piano, the ladies all in the front row. Indeed, I have remarked that wherever there is a circle the ladies have it all to themselves—no gentle-

man presuming to sit among them. A gentleman may, if he pleases, stand inside of the circle and talk to any lady ; but every word he says is heard by those on each side of her. The musick was all tolerable—some very good ; but they are greatly given to comick selections, the whole merit of which is often entirely in the meaning. The singers also act too much. To-night two gentlemen, singing a duett, used as much action as they could have done on the stage—and even embraced. In a song where a servant makes love to a waiting-maid, while his master is ringing for him, the bell was actually rung the whole time.

*21st.*—The rain continued to-day till three p.m., and prevented the procession which was to have taken place upon the installation of the new Senator. The Roman Senate now centers in the person of a single man, chosen from the Roman noble families, and elected for life. The present Senator, Prince Patrizi, seems to have deserved this honor by his firmness and spirit in resisting one of Bonaparte's tyrannical acts. An order was sent by the Emperor to the heads of the principal families at Rome, commanding them to send each a son to Paris, to be educated by the French Government. Patrizi alone had the boldness to refuse, alleging that he could not suffer his son to imbibe notions hostile to his country and his religion. The son was taken away by force and the father thrown into prison.

The Roman beggars change the form of their in-

vocation almost every day, praying in the name of the saint of the day, or in the spirit of the passing or approaching festival. In the Ottavario it was, "*Per l'animi santi del purgatorio!*" Now, as Christmas approaches, the style is, "*Per l'amore del Santissimo Bambino!*"

*22nd.*—Incessant rain prevented the Senator from taking his seat, and me from having anything to record.

*23rd.*—Mr. Espoco, who is anxious to make me see the villas of Rome, insists on taking me himself to the principal ones; and this morning we began with the Villa Pamfili, which is one of the finest and most extensive of them all. Part of it is in the excess of Versailles taste. From one spot I counted seventy waters spitting from separate single mouths, besides cascades and great *jets d'eau*. There are also orangeries and shell grottos, with parterres curiously cut into doves with olive branches, towers, and other ingenious devices. The remainder is, however, really fine, and might grace any demesne in England. It is on high ground, partly covered by a grove of pines, and the view, bounded by the distant mountains, is quite enchanting. The planting of the Roman villas consists almost entirely of pines and evergreens in prodigious quantities, so that on a bright day in winter you may walk here and find nothing to remind you of the season. These waterfalls and spouts must certainly be most grateful and refreshing in the

scorching heat of an Italian summer. To-day the sensation excited by them was absolutely freezing. This villa is freely open to the publick. Prince Doria, the owner, seldom visits it ; but he must be forgiven, for, amidst the heavy exactions of the French, he alone, of all the Roman princes, would never part with a single picture or statue.

In the French church we saw an inscription, put there before the Revolution, promising to any person who shall pray for the King of France ten days' indulgence.

In the evening to Countess Cardelli's. Little musick, and that not good. Ladies here have greatly the vice of trying to sing pieces infinitely above their powers.

24th.—To the Villa Farnesina. The great hall is painted with the history of the loves of Cupid and Psyche, by Raffaelle. It is the best preserved of all his fresques, and gave me very great pleasure. In another apartment is his Galatea — a beautiful painting. While Raffaelle was employed upon this, Michael Angelo came in his absence, secretly, to visit the work ; and before he departed, he drew with black crayon, in one of the compartments marked off for the ornamenting, a large head in the great style—some say, to reprove the smallness of figure and effeminate subject of the Galatea. Raffaelle, upon his return, at once recognized the style of his visitor, and the head still remains.

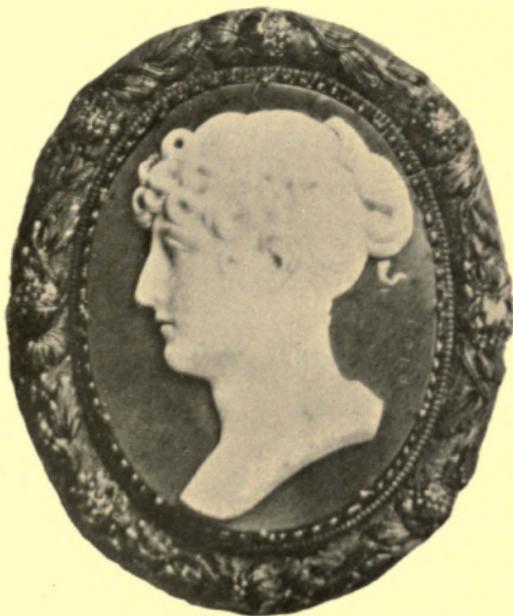
When we were going away the conductor presented

Susan with a branch of oranges fresh pulled from the tree.

Afterwards we went to S. Peter's, where great preparations were making for to-morrow. Vespers were performed with the organ, but not so well as I have heard on Sundays. Met here Sankey, West and Cliffe, just arrived from Florence, and walked with them to the Pantheon. After dinner, the moon being bright and in the most favourable point, we seized the opportunity of viewing the front of S. Peter's by moonlight. The improvement is great beyond conception.

There is always a great mass in musick, with illumination, to usher in Christmas morn, performed at S. Maria Maggiore. The hour, we were told, was one o'clock in the morning ; but we were resolved that no laziness should make us lose any part of the celebration of Christmas, and determined to go. The church being at a considerable distance, we left home at half-past twelve. We found the doors shut, and numbers of persons waiting for admittance ; and there we remained in the cold, walking up and down, backwards and forwards, and sometimes round the church for variety, till half-past two. The doors were then thrown open, and the crowd rushed in.

The church, which is a very large one divided into three aisles by two rows of fine granite columns, was lighted up with between three and four hundred candles. The columns covered, and the walls hung, with crimson silk. The light was not sufficient to give



“SUSAN” (MRS. CHARLES MAYNE)  
*From the photograph of a cameo done in Rome in the  
possession of Mrs. Broke*



brilliancy, but the effect was, nevertheless, fine and imposing. In a short time the scene became the most novel, the most curious, and the most entertaining I ever beheld. Immediately upon the opening of the doors the tired crowds had placed themselves, sitting on the ground, along the walls and against the columns and the confessionals, while a second row lay upon the ground with their heads in the laps of the first, and all were quickly fast asleep. Persons of all conditions were traversing the aisles—some of the country-women and peasants in their handsomest dresses; others in their common clothes; and others, again, from the neighbouring parts of the town, with night-caps, and blankets thrown over their shoulders. Before the lighted altars kneeling crowds, lost to the surrounding scene, seemed wholly occupied in prayer, while gaily dressed ladies and smirking beaux passed and repassed with all the gaiety of a ballroom. All this, in such a building, and powerfully aided by the solemnity of the hour, proved a scene that amply repaid us for the fatigue we endured to see it.

The service did not commence till half-past three o'clock. Mass was performed by a cardinal; but as we had seen the ceremony, and as the singers (placed close to the ceiling) could hardly be heard and did not appear particularly fine, and, above all, as we had already joined to a fatiguing day three hours of standing and walking and were to be early at S. Peter's in the morning, we only waited to see

them all engaged, and then ran away. A proclamation had been issued in the morning enjoining decent behaviour, and requesting that persons of different sexes would not remain together, but no article of it was in the least attended to.

*25th.—Christmas Day.*—At half-past nine we were at S. Peter's. The service was very much like others that we have seen, but lasted two hours and a-half and became extremely tiresome. These ceremonies, with all their splendour and pomp, are not fine or imposing. There is so much bowing and curtseying and crossing and kneeling and changing places, and carrying things from one place to another without any visible reason, that the mind grows exhausted and, naturally and involuntarily, compares this grave trifling with the magnificent assemblage collected together to assist in it. The singing by the papal choir was, however, delightful, and one part did form the most striking *coup d'ceil* I ever witnessed. The service was performed at the great altar under the dome, from which the Pope's state, cardinals and their attendants, prelates, priests and others formed a circle up to the principal throne opposite to the altar. Inside this circle was a double row of persons in white, with lighted tapers in their hands. On the outside of it were, first, in a space railled off for them, the ladies and gentlemen, the English principally in British uniform, and beyond them the common people. At the elevation of the Host all the people

fell on their knees, the cardinals and others of the circle with their faces to the ground, and the tapers bent forward towards the center. This scene, under the dome of this noble building, and aided by the singing of the choir, was really affecting. It was the only fine thing in the whole.

The thrones were magnificent; the altar covered with gold and silver plate; the cardinals in their state dresses, with mitres. The King of Spain and the King and Queen of Etruria were present. The bronze statue of S. Peter had a brilliant diamond ring on its little finger.

The day was dreadfully wet. In the evening Onorato, who had grieved all day at the inactivity of our carriage, urged the propriety of our visiting some buildings by moonlight. We accordingly set out, and drove to the Colossæum. Unfortunately, the moon was covered with clouds when we reached the spot; however, it looked very well, and we continued driving to other ruins in that quarter till the moon reappeared, and we then visited S. Peter's.

26th.—I walked a good deal through the town with Mr. Espoco, who brought me to see three *presepj*. These form part of the Christmas show, and consist in a representation of the stable at the birth of our Saviour. Some of them are in churches, on a great scale—the figures of full size; but almost every private house has one. The scene is so contrived as to give a view of the country, with peasants at their work,

distant mountains, etc., forming a pretty landscape. In a palace which is famous for its *presepi* I saw one which, to be sure, had nothing to say to the subject, but was extremely pretty. There was an extensive view of country, with a variety of prospects, near and distant ; the figures excellent ; the landscape made of its natural materials—real earth, grass, moss, and trees.

27th.—To the gallery of pictures at the Capitol. The collection is not very large, but there are some fine pieces, particularly of Guido. A S. Sebastian by him is the only one of this commonest of all subjects, with which I have ever been pleased.

I attempted one of the theatres, but the opera there has such a run that I could not get in. It is *l'Italiana in Algieri*, by Rossini.

28th.—Violent and incessant rain the whole day. M. Auguste, with whom we yesterday fixed to go see the paintings at the Academy to-day, paid us a visit.

29th.—Drove to *presepi* and churches. One of the churches belongs to a convent of noble ladies. There is a gallery round it, grated, for the nuns. The grate is not made of bars, but of brass plates with holes cut in them, and looks not unlike the work of our cane chairs. We saw, through this grate, one of the nuns praying ; and another of them talked, from behind the turn-box, to our conductor. There are, as we were informed, forty nuns here.

In the evening to the theatre della Valle, where is

the best opera at Rome, though the house is, I believe, the smallest. The lobbies and entrance are inferior to anything I have seen on the Continent ; the inside, however, is reasonably good, but in great disrepair. In the two best tiers the boxes are all taken by the season, and the owners ornament them with hangings of silk, and gold and silver lace, the colour and form of which, being *ad libitum*, produces a very irregular appearance. There are five tiers of boxes. The orchestra, of about thirty performers, good ; horns, clarionet and hautboy admirable. The company is not great and there is no great singer, but they are all good. The opera, by Guglielmo, excellent. There was no ballet, but first an act of comedy, then of opera ; then the second act of the comedy, and afterwards the act of the opera to conclude. The comedy was a mere foolish farce, but entertaining enough. Before the performance commenced a large lustre was hung in the center of the house ; but then it was drawn up, and the darkness was so great that, / except in the few boxes next to the stage, it was impossible from the pit to distinguish anyone in the boxes.

30th.—In the evening to the Contessa Cardelli. There was some good musick, but the ladies will endeavour to do too much. Afterwards to Torlonia's, which was filled with English. In other respects it was like the other parties, except that there was a little musick in the early part of the evening.

31st.—Went this morning to the first regular *massa in musica* that we have been able to hear of. The ceremony consists of good light musick, performed by an orchestra and singers for an hour-and-a-half, during which a cardinal and some priests sat listening to them—at intervals settling things upon the altar, and curtseying to the altar and bowing to each other. At the elevation of the Host a clarionet concerto of rapid execution was played. All this was at the master altar; but, while it was going on, other services were performing at the side altars, and persons in the crowd listening to the musick were every moment kneeling and crossing themselves, as the different parts of these several services required. They were, I suppose (as the Jesuits permitted), making up one whole mass of the parts of several.

From this we went with M. Auguste to see a painting just finished by the Director of the French Academy, which is greatly admired. The subject is “Homer among the Tombs.” It and another have been purchased for 3000 dollars.

In the evening we were again gratified by musick in the church where we had been in the morning. Some superior voices were added. We are indebted for this treat to the holy-day of the Saint to whom this church is dedicated—and to funds able to afford the expense.

1815.—*January 1st, Sunday.*—I forgot to mention that, yesterday evening, while we were at dinner after

dark, a procession of monks, accompanied by the usual crosses, lanterns, etc., came in full song into the Piazza di Spagna, where they halted; and one of them preached a sermon of twenty minutes, with the most violent straining of voice, and in a tone that seemed like the most dreadful lamentation and crying. This takes place in the principal squares or places of the city once in every three months. There was a crowded audience.

To-day, at length, the long-expected procession of the Senator took place. There were the guards, colours, and other usual accompaniments of a procession; but the entertaining part was a crowd of ecclesiastical personages in full canonicals, silk stockings, buckles, and cocked hats—on horseback. Many of them—indeed, the greater part—had never mounted a horse in all their lives before, and their awkwardness and terror were extreme. Servants in superb liveries walked beside their masters, and were ready, upon the slightest unnecessary movement of the chargers, to relieve their riders from the burden of the reins; for although the most wretched, spiritless animals had been purposely selected, yet the novelty of the scene and the shouts of the people would sometimes elicit an unchurchly amble.

The Senator, dressed in a crimson and yellow robe, with a full-bottomed powdered wig with three tails, was mounted on a handsome charger, and rode with all the confidence of a Dictator. When the procession

had passed our house we hastened to the Capitol, and saw it ascend triumphant to the temple. At the foot of the stairs the Senator was met by a band of monks, who conducted him to the church. The crowd was prodigious, and every crowd here affords much interest to us.

At night there was a splendid entertainment in the senatorial palace on the Capitol, the whole of which was brilliantly illuminated. At each side of the court there was an orchestra of about thirty performers.

*2nd.*—The day incredibly warm and bright. Charles and I walked with Mr. Espoco to Villa Albani. The mountains, beautiful from every point of view, look particularly fine from these grounds. The villa and casino, built and planned by the celebrated Winckelman, really do him infinite credit. The grounds, however, in spite of the general good taste and judgment that distinguish them, are disfigured with water conceits, stiff walks, and carved trees; and on a small marble basin, five feet in diameter, filled by the spitting of a little trickling tube, four marble swans sit in full sail.

People say to-day that Joachim, King of Naples,\* is going to declare war against the Pope because he will not acknowledge him. He is certainly preparing troops for something; but the Romans could never

\* Murat, who married Caroline, the youngest of Napoleon's sisters.

have the impertinence to resist. The cry is, as usual, against the selfishness of England in giving up her old friend, Ferdinand; and the allied Powers are accused of giving Joachim leave to attack poor Pius.

3rd.—When we sent for our letters to-day, word was brought back that the French ambassador had seized upon all the letters, insisting that they must go through his hands, as those of the Neapolitan and other Governments do through their respective ministers. I don't care who has the reading of them, but I wish they would not keep my letters while they are quarrelling.

4th.—To-day gave us rain that prevented our leaving the house, together with a great thunder-storm—the lightning uncommonly vivid. Towards the end of it hail fell, the largest I ever saw. One bit of it measured half-an-inch in diameter after I had brought it into the room in my hand, and there were larger.

Eight tragedies of Shakespear have been translated into Italian by a person at Milan. Especo brought me to-day *Hamlet*, which I have nearly finished. It appears to me much better than I could have expected; some parts are really very good. The opinion of it, among the Italians, is that it is an excellent translation. Those who know nothing of the original do not quite understand it, but agree that it is written in the most powerful Italian.

To-day, at dinner, we had wild boar for the first time. It is a very rich meat, dressed with a most

exquisite sweet sauce. The wild boar is in great plenty at seven or eight miles distant from the town.

5th.—Last night thunder and lightning, with violent rain; rain all day. We heard of, and bought, fragments of three orations of Cicero, lately discovered in the Ambrosian library at Milan, and just published now for the first time.

6th.—Went again through the museum of the Capitol. A vast crowd was assembled on the staircase and about the Capitol, to see the exhibition of the Santo Bambino, which is preserved in the church of Ara Cœli, and having been exposed in the Presepe, is always shut up again with much ceremony, being previously shewn to the people. A great procession arrived at the church and marched up the long staircase; we saw nothing of it but the standards, colours, tapers and drums. In a short time the Infant (a waxen figure, I believe) was carried out by a priest and held up to the people, who all took off their hats, fell on their knees and devoutly crossed themselves. As I was in the midst of them I took off my hat, but did not kneel. This sacred image is preserved with much care, and sick persons send for it, that its entrance into their houses may relieve them. On such occasions two monks attend it in a carriage, with great ceremony, and receive from the sick donations proportionate to their means and danger.—N.B. This is the nineteenth century.

In the evening to the Countess Cardelli. There

was some good musick, particularly a quintetto by Mayer, extremely well performed.

7th.—Drove out on the Appian Way to the tomb of Cæcilia Metella and circus of Caracalla. The tomb of C. Metella is the finest and most perfect remaining. In the Middle Ages it was made into the tower of a fortified castle, whose ruins still remain around it.

On this road is pointed out the plain on which the combat of the Horatii and Curiatii took place. It may really be the very one, and it is gratifying to think so.

On our return into the town we went over the Palatine Hill. The ruins are quite incomprehensible, but they excite a strong feeling of interest. Mutilated columns and fragments of beautifully ornamented friezes and cornices lay scattered about the vineyards and gardens that cover the hill. Two small chambers, deep under ground, are shewn as the baths of Livia. The gilding and painting on the ceilings are in high preservation and of excellent taste. Three small paintings of sacrifices are perfect, though in most parts of these chambers the water oozes through and pours down like rain.

In the evening to the theatre Tordinona, which is large and handsome. The orchestra of about thirty-five performers, but far from good. The opera was *Tancredi*, a serious one by Rossini, the first of his I have heard. Some parts of it are very good. The principal woman manages an excellent voice very

indifferently, and possesses neither style nor spirit. The other, who played the part of Tancred, used a small sweet voice with great skill, and sung in a delightful style. The tenor has a good voice, and uses the lower part of it reasonably well. The rest are far inferior to any Italian singers I have heard, and contrive to make this what is called, in Italian, "*una seccatura*": *ang.*, a bore.

8th.—*Sunday*.—It rained all morning. At three o'clock Charles and I went to S. Peter's and heard some very good musick. The tenor voice was remarkably sweet.

9th.—Drove outside the walls. The views round Rome are very fine, and in summer must be quite charming. The mountains are covered with snow, and "*Soracte stat nive candidum.*"

In our drive we saw a man frog-fishing—or hunting—I don't know which it is called. He goes along the hollows in marshy or flooded ground and, with a stick, drives the poor frogs into a net fastened to the end of a long pole.

In the evening to the theatre to see *Tancredi* again. There are, in this orchestra of thirty-five performers, five double-basses. I remarked that they are all with pegs, like those of the violoncello, instead of the rack-work universal in England.

There is one singularity in the Italian ballet that I have not mentioned. In every company there are persons—generally two men and two women—dressed

handsomely, but in a peculiar and fanciful style, different from all the others: the men with bare arms and necks, and without any kind of mantle; the women with remarkably short petticoats. The business of these persons is to display a great deal of agility by throwing themselves into all manner of ridiculous attitudes, spinning very high into the air, and coming down as if they would fall upon their faces. They are called "*groteschi*." The men only look ridiculous and laughable; but, to me, the women appear indecent and disgusting. They are, however, great favourites with the Italian publick, and generally receive more applause than the best dancers.

10th.—Walked with Espoco to the Villa Lante, upon the Janiculum. It is from this point that Vasi's great view of Rome is taken. It is, in reality, the finest and most intelligible view of a town I have ever seen. From this to Villa Poniatowsky. There are three casinos. In one of them there are some beautiful casts, and a superb colossal head of Marius. The rooms are plainly but well furnished in the styles of different countries—Turkish, Egyptian, Tuscan, etc. This is a common way of furnishing apartments at Rome: Massimo's house is done so.

11th.—I walked alone to the tomb of Cæcilia Metella and the circus of Caracalla. From this I crossed the country to the temples of Bacchus and of the god Ridiculous, and to the grotto of Egeria, where Numa used to meet the goddess and receive her

instructions for the government of his people. The temples are small and built of brick, but are of very remote antiquity. That of the god Ridiculous is said to have been built upon the spot from which Hannibal began his retreat from the city, terrified, as it is said, by prodigies—whence the “god Ridiculous.” The grotto is in a picturesque spot, with a cool, refreshing look, but, like other things at Rome, it requires the aid of imagination to give it full effect, and, as in other antiquities, the date of the existing work is disputed.

The country on this side, at less than two miles from the town, is completely neglected and waste, except close to the road. A few solitary houses are scattered over it; but I walked up to some of them, on my way, and found them in ruins. In a walk of several hours I did not see a human being, nor almost a single living creature.

12th.—The morning fine, but changed to great rain that prevented my going out of the house.

13th.—With Espoco to Villa Madama. It belongs, unfortunately, to the Crown of Naples, by which honor it has been permitted to fall into total ruin. There are frescos of Giulio Romano, that merit a better fate, perishing with the rest; also some cartoons by him.

We heard this morning an anecdote that disgraces our country, as far as it can be disgraced by the conduct of any individual. Mr. Rose, son of the

Treasurer of the Navy, came to Rome with letters to Marchese Massimo. The second night of his being at the house, which is remarkable for strict attention to propriety of conduct, this gentleman brought with him, without previous notice or apology, a Venetian lady whom he met and travelled with on the road from Venice, and who has remained with him since his arrival.

In the evening I went to Cardelli's, and thence to Torlonia's. Here, from half-past nine till nearly twelve o'clock, musick never ceased; and all excellent. A priest executed a difficult song in a most spirited style; and the lady who played *Tancred* sung several songs admirably well, being heard to great advantage in a room. Altogether, this was the best musick I have heard in Rome.

At Torlonia's there was quite a crowd of English. About eleven o'clock they all, with one accord, took leave at the same moment. Mr. Chiaveri afterwards thanked me and another gentleman for not deserting with the rest of our countrymen, and said that he really did think, for a moment, that the house was in flames when they all fled with such precipitation.

14th.—Amongst other places, to the Farnese Palace. I discovered here (what surprises me) that the Corinthian supports the Ionic order, except over the entrance, where it is regular.

In the evening I went, for the third time, to hear *Tancredi*. The company have removed to another

theatre (Argentina). It is bad in decoration and, like most of the Italian theatres, is so shaped that nearly one-third of the spectators cannot see the stage. However, a gentleman beside whom I sat assured me that it was "*una forma bellissima di teatro*"; and so it might be, if one had no wish to see the stage. *Tancredi* appears to me not to be great musick. Some of the airs are most charming, but they are all in the same style.

15th.—Sunday.—To vespers at S. Peter's; as usual, very good.

16th.—Dreadful rain all day. I had made an agreement with the Countess Cardelli to read with her and teach her English, and I waited upon her this morning for the first time. I found her, with her sister and a lady and gentleman, in a small bedchamber, where they had just finished dining; they were standing at a little table in a corner, each with a cup of coffee. They did not seem to be surprised by my appearing there among them, but received me politely and presented me with coffee. We sat in a bedchamber next to this and read a good deal. She understands English, to read it, tolerably well, and her sister has learned Latin. The ladies had each her vessel of charcoal on her arm, and all were wrapped in mantles and cloaks; but there was no fire in the room.

17th.—Rained without ceasing all day. A gentleman sat with us in the evening, who had been intro-

duced to, and received on very familiar terms by the King and Queen of Spain. They complain bitterly of the manner in which they are imprisoned and watched here. There is a mechanical system of regularity in the movements of this family. The King rises at five minutes before five ; dinner is at half-past twelve, after which they all drive out in two carriages. There is musick in the evening, at which the King used to assist ; but he lately hurt his arm, and since that time he has been confined to turning over the musick for the leader. Besides this, he has no amusement except cabinet-making, in which he is said to have considerable skill.

The Prince of the Peace \* is confined at Pesaro by the desire of Ferdinand.

18th.—To S. Peter's, where there was a service per-

\* Don Manuel de Godoy, born at Badajoz in 1767, commenced his career in the guards at Madrid. Being favoured by Charles IV, King of Spain, he was, while still very young, appointed to the Council of State. He was a man of many intrigues, and although, as was said, privately married to Dona Josefa Tudo, he married, publicly, Dona Theresa de Bourbon. From the Queen, with whom he was also intimate, he obtained hints and information of importance on public matters, and in 1792, at the early age of twenty-five, he filled the post of Prime Minister, and promptly declared war against the Convention. The title of *Prince de la Paix* was conferred upon him in commemoration of the Treaty of Basle in 1795. Popular feeling, however, ran strongly against the Minister, and he nearly lost his life in a popular disturbance in 1807, being saved only by the abdication of Charles IV in favour of his son—Godoy's safety being one of the stipulated conditions. The Prince of the Peace retired to Paris in 1835, enjoying a pension of 5000 francs from Louis Philippe ; and he died there on the 4th October, 1851.

formed with organ, violoncello, and double-bass. Several principal singers were added to the usual choir, and a number of chorus singers. Two of the new voices were quite heavenly and extremely well managed. The musick was very good, but, in general, light enough for any opera.

In the evening to Valle, to hear Rossini's *Italiana in Algieri*. I was greatly delighted. It is good throughout, but one air is absolutely divine. I never witnessed so powerful an effect as this air produced on the whole audience; all seemed as if afraid to breathe during the softer passages, while involuntary and half-suppressed exclamations were bursting from every part of the house. It was encored—a thing that rarely occurs, and repeated with, if possible, increased effect. The first woman, who sung this song, is very good, but not great. The first man, without much voice, sings in a pure, chaste style. The overture seems to me full of conceits. There is, however, one noble passage in it which was received with a burst of rapture. It is to be remembered that this opera has now been running for many nights to crowded houses—of, chiefly, the same persons present to-night. I have often accused the Italians of carelessness and inattention at their opera, but I never saw an audience display one-quarter of the feeling they did to-night. They seemed to hang upon every sound, and to follow the musick simultaneously through all its inspiration. Rossini's musick is nothing

but melody ; the accompaniments are perfectly simple.

*19th.*—I heard two of Haydn's and two of Mozart's quartetts, performed, at Sir W. Chatterton's lodgings, by the leader of La Valle and some of the orchestra whom he brought with him. The violoncello good. The leader, for a professor, rough and weak, exercised his fancy by giving us whole passages that were not in the book, much to the injury of Haydn, who is not easily improved.

*20th.*—Through the gardens of the Palace Colonna, which are extensive and fine.

Last night it snowed in the town. To-day there were heavy showers of snow, hail and sleet. The country around is white, and at this moment so are the sheltered streets and tops of houses.

*21st.*—I passed two hours in the Vatican Museum, forty minutes of which I gave to Canova's Perseus and Pugilists.

Through S. Peter's, and then to the Contessa Cardelli, with whom I sat, read and talked for a long time.

Day cold, with hail showers ; the country covered with snow.

*22nd.—Sunday.*—To hear vespers at S. Peter's.

*23rd.*—I had a good deal of conversation with a bookseller on different subjects. I asked him how it happened that the translations of foreign works lately published in Italy were all from Milan. His answer

was, because it has been the capital of the French kingdom. It is a provoking truth that our late successes have extinguished some active governments, and put an end to many growing and most valuable improvements in this part of the world.

In the evening to Argentina. There was a new opera, composed expressly for this *carneval*, and as heavy and tiresome a performance it was as ever I endured. I became convinced to-night, of what I have long suspected, that the Romans have no idea of what good violin playing is. There was, by way of symphony to a song, a long unmeaning violin solo, with commonplace, easy, running passages. The performer was without any of the marks of a good player —weak and unsteady ; yet the people were in raptures.

To-night, at the close of the ballet, the audience shouted and cried “ *Bravo !* ” till the conductor came forward to return his thanks by the humblest gestures. Indeed, the submission of performers here is ridiculous. Upon the slightest mark of approbation they come forward and make their most respectful bows and curtesies. When Caffarelli once took the liberty of singing carelessly to a careless audience, he was dragged to prison (by what right, even in this country, I cannot imagine), and brought from thence to the stage for several nights, till by ample submission he had appeased his tyrants.

Great preparations making for the *Carneval*, which commences to-morrow with the horse-racing.

24th.—I went this morning with Sir W. Chatterton and Gabrielli to see a fine statue of Tiberius lately found, together with a quantity of other remains, at the ancient Veii. This statue is greatly admired by Canova and the *Cognoscenti*, who agree in pronouncing it superior to the “Tiberius” of the Vatican. They value it at 3000*l.* of our money. It is in the finest state of preservation—and the clay is not yet washed off.

From this we went to an artist who has all the valuable pieces of the famous Ruspoli gallery. The group of The Graces is the finest of this subject that exists, being much better preserved than that at Sienna. The English purchasers are getting some good things out of this collection.

To-day the amusements of the *Carneval* commenced ; but the Pope forbids masks the first two days.

At half-past four o'clock, upon the firing of a signal gun, the Corso was cleared of carriages, and a space was made for the horses to pass through the crowd. At the third signal the horses were led out, to the sound of trumpets, and stationed behind a strong rope drawn across the street, about four feet from the ground. The horses, which are always without riders on these occasions, seemed almost mad with anxiety to start. They were held, each by three men—two holding the tail, and one the head ; and yet they plunged with such violence that one of them threw himself over the rope, in spite of his grooms. There were five horses to-day, all ornamented with plumes and light trap-

pings ; gilt paper or foil is flying about them, and little balls hang down at their sides, covered with sharp points to spur them on. When the signal was given the rope fell and the horses dashed forward, running very fast and jostling each other a good deal. The winner receives a flag and some yards of rich brocade.

Formerly, the nobility kept Arabian horses for these races, but now the want of money is felt in this as in other things, and the coursers of to-day were but sorry nags. Scaffolding was raised along the street for spectators, and, as usual on all grand occasions in this country, tapestry and long pieces of silk were hung out of the windows. The racing will be repeated to-morrow ; Thursday will be holiday, and then begins the masking.

*25th.*—I made to-day a great round of sight-seeing. First through the loggie and chambers of Raffaelle, then to the library. There was, until lately, in this library one of the balloons sent up from Paris at the coronation of Napoleon. It descended near Rome in twenty-three hours. It has been sent back into France.

To the Palace Spada. There is a valuable gallery of pictures, but the curiosity of the place is the identical statue at whose base the mighty Cæsar fell in the senate house. So every man of a true spirit must believe when he sees it ; but, in truth, the foundation for this belief is very slight, amounting to little more than that Cæsar fell at the base of a statue of Pompey

in the senate house, and this statue was found near that spot. Some wicked antiquarians go so far as to deny that the statue is of Pompey at all; but on this point the weight of evidence is certainly against them. It is a colossal statue in good preservation, and it may, after all, be the very statue.

Once, when the tragedy of Julius Cæsar was performed at Rome, this was brought upon the stage, and Cæsar died at its feet. This was in the year 1799, when the French occupied Rome. The theatre was a temporary one, erected in the arena of the Colossæum, and the tragedy was Voltaire's *Brutus*. The barbarians sawed off the extended arm, in order to transport the statue with greater facility, and joined it again to the body after each removal.

There was no race to-day, as was expected—this being some festival.

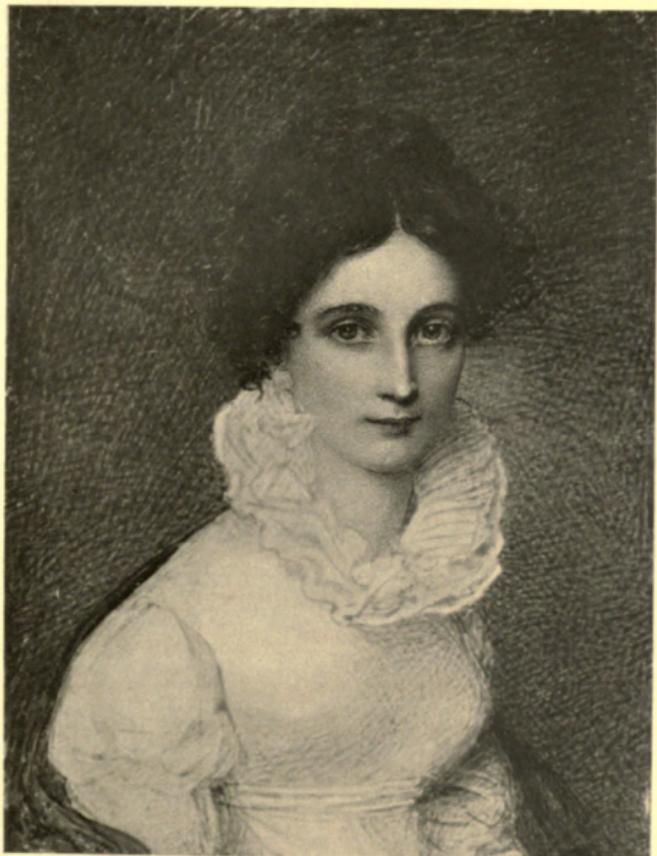
26th.—The race in the Corso took place again to-day, just as the day before yesterday, but no masks.

## CHAPTER XI

### NAPLES

**C**IRCUMSTANCES having occurred that make it necessary for me to return to England without delay, I have resolved to run down to Naples for a fortnight ; and accordingly I set out to-morrow, with a gentleman whose plans fortunately agree with mine, both for the Naples excursion and for the journey to England.

We have hired a little German carriage on four wheels, that nearly touches the ground. It holds two persons and their luggage conveniently and, in fine weather, comfortably ; but, in wet, a leather curtain closes across the front, so as to exclude both light and air, but not the rain. We travel under the care of a man who takes passengers between Rome and Naples, in a good kind of post-coach that holds four, each of whom pays twenty crowns. We are received upon the same terms. It is a very pleasant way of making the journey on this road. The man was formerly courier to Ferdinand of Naples ; and he is now permitted to travel upon his own account with all the authority and privileges of a courier,



ANNA, DAUGHTER OF THE VERY REV. DEAN GRAVES,  
AFTERWARDS MRS. JOHN MAYNE  
*From a miniature in the possession of Abm. Colles, Esq., M.D.*



which gives him a full command of postmasters and postilions.

*Rome to Naples.—January 27th.*—We left Rome at four o'clock in the morning. Passing over the Pontine Marshes we saw multitudes of wild fowl and immense herds of wild buffaloes. While we were on a rough road and at full gallop one of our wheels flew off, and we now found that the despised humility of our little noddy was probably the saving of our bones, for we drove at least thirty yards over the stones before our flaming steeds could be stopped.

At half-past six o'clock in the evening we reached Terracina, situated under the rock on which stood the ancient Anxur. I cannot tell whether, in former days, Anxur was "*saxis lati carentibus*" really, or only poetically, but at present it is far otherwise. One traveller conjectures that, when Horace wrote, there must have been recent excavations, which gave the rock a white appearance; another writer boldly asserts that it *is* white now.

The inn at Terracina is good, and my bedroom was situated over the roaring Mediterranean. Our supper well served, and beds, as everywhere else, excellent and clean.

From Rome to this the road is, in general, abominable, and not surpassed by anything I have met—always excepting the never-to-be-forgotten mountain torrent between Florence and Rome, on the Sienna road. To make this the more agreeable the ordinary

rate of posting, since we set out, has been a full gallop.

28th.—We had a pitched battle, to send us off pleasantly this morning. Our bill was brought in, eleven crowns for four persons for dinner and beds. This we refused to pay, and gave the waiter five. We went down to our carriages, but while we were getting in he threw the money upon the seat, and when, in a few minutes, we came to look for it, there were but three crowns there. The innkeeper refused to allow us to go on till the bill was settled, and off we set to the Commandant of the town, who received us with every politeness ; but, this matter not coming within his province, he referred us to a magistrate, then, unfortunately, twelve miles off, and, after an hour's delay and fighting, we were obliged to compromise the business and give two more crowns. By taking this they, in fact, confessed (what we felt sure of) that they had stolen the two crowns that were missing, for otherwise they had now, at last, but five.

We were off at half-past seven. There has been some desperate robbery on the frontiers of the Roman and Neapolitan territories. The Commandant sent to offer us an escort ; but we did not choose to be murdered, and refused to take any. On the road we met some carriages and persons on horseback, with soldiers.

From Terracina to Mola di Gaeta is the most dangerous part of the road, affording the greatest facilities

for attack and retreat. The road runs sometimes close to the shore, and sometimes through a wood, along the foot of a bleak mountain. To relieve the apprehension any of us might entertain, the spots were pointed out to us where different affairs had taken place. Here two carriages had been drawn into the wood and plundered ; there two of the banditti had been shot. We met some of the armed police out ; and at Mola we saw a party of eight *sbirri*, setting out upon an expedition. We were assured that all these men had, not long since, belonged to the other side. They act largely here upon the maxim, “Set a thief to catch a thief.”

We arrived at the Garigliano, formerly Liris, the “*Taciturnus amnis*” of Horace, just half-an-hour too late to cross the bridge of boats ; the rain, which had fallen in great quantity during the day, having swelled this peaceably inclined stream into a roaring torrent—to such uncertainties are all the rivers in this country subject. A gentleman once told me that he had been delayed several days at one side of the Po, in sight of the town to which he was going at the opposite side, and was, at last, obliged to travel forty miles round. Our Garigliano, that is described by the poet as “silently biting with its waters the rich banks,” was now rushing with a loud noise from the mountain, covered with huge masses of earth and floating trees of great size, any one of which, striking against one of the boats, might seriously have en-

dangered the whole bridge. Men were walking backwards and forwards, to be upon the spot in case of such an accident. After remaining two hours at the river's side, and using every means to induce the guardians of the flood to endeavour to get us over, we were obliged to return eight miles to Mola, in the dark. The inn good ; the people civil, and our bargain made by the courier to prevent another quarrel.

*29th.*—Although the night was fine, yet we received, by a messenger whom we sent on early in the morning, the intelligence that the river was still impassable, and would probably continue so till evening or next morning.

We spent the day rambling through the Formian hills, the beauty of which amply repaid us for our vexatious delay. Nothing could be more delightful than the surrounding scenery. A bay, encircled by the most picturesque hills, interspersed with villages and covered with olives and orange and lime groves stretching down to the water's edge. Hedges entirely formed of laurestina and myrtle, a luxuriant verdure, and (to complete the charm) a day of the warmest summer glow, spreading over the scene its richest colouring. The heat was too great for walking, and we sat and lay upon the ground to enjoy the views, without feeling the slightest inconvenience. Our gratification was heightened by reflecting upon the probable twenty-ninth of January in our own country. In view were Ischia and Procida, with Vesuvius and,

immediately under our feet, the site of Cicero's Formian villa and the scene of his tragical end.

On returning to our inn at five o'clock we heard that the river had been passed by a calash ; but our guide would not attempt it, and we were obliged to content ourselves as well as we could.

In the evening our host brought up his son, a little boy, into our room and made him play airs upon the guitar, which were very pretty. He afterwards played waltzes, and a young lady, the daughter of a Roman shopkeeper, one of our travelling party, danced with the waiter. She begged the favour of my company in a dance, but as waltzing had never entered into the plan of my studies, and I had no great ambition to take the waiter's place, I declined the honor. She then proposed to dance English dances with me ; but I was not in a dancing mood, and with some difficulty excused myself. We sat during the evening with our windows open, and afterwards brought our chairs out into a balcony in front of the house, where we remained till near eleven o'clock.

30th.—We left Mola at five o'clock and, happily, passed this troublesome Garigliano without further difficulty. We breakfasted at Capua on omelet and figs, for which this country is celebrated, and shewed our passports, for the dozenth time, at least, since we entered the kingdom of Naples.

We experienced considerable difficulty in the Neapolitan language. A Roman boy who is with us had

some trouble in conversing with the postillions, and one of them told him that "the Italians do not understand the Romans."

From Capua to Naples the road is unexceptionally good, and the country beautiful and rich beyond all imagination.

*Naples.*—We entered Naples at half-past three o'clock and, after some difficulty, succeeded in procuring indifferent bedchambers in the Hotel dell' Aquila d'Oro. It is the system here, as at Paris, for all the world to dine and breakfast at the *trattorie*, though you may have dinner brought to your hotel or lodging. In summer the latter plan may be pursued with advantage, as you are sure by it of not having things too hot.

We dressed, therefore, on our arrival and went to one of the most fashionable of these places. The waiter, who saw us hesitating among dishes the names of which we had never seen before, told us that, if we pleased, he would bring us a little dinner of a few dishes. To this we readily consented, and dish succeeded dish till there were at least twenty dishes upon the table, for four persons. For this (including excellent wines of different kinds and paying waiter) the price was about twelve paoli, or less than six shillings a head.

In the evening we went to the theatre Nuovo. There was an indifferent little opera, in a small house, fitted up in wretched taste and covered with heavy gilding.

31st.—Breakfasted at a *trattoria*—most uncomfortably. People in this country have no idea that a man wants more for breakfast than a little thimbleful of coffee or chocolate and a morsel of bread.

After breakfast we went down to the Chiaja [and great publick walk, which is, beyond all comparison, the finest thing of the kind I have seen. In the center of the principal walk is placed the famous group of the Farnesian Bull. The Chiaja is the most fashionable place of residence at Naples, and certainly one of the most charming in the world. The principal street, the Toledo, is the finest on the Continent. It is nearly a mile in length, wide, well paved (or, rather, flagged) with lava, and usually crowded with carriages and foot passengers. The buildings, though high, are, however, ugly and mean, and the shops despicably poor. We do not see many of the *lazzaroni* in the streets, and I should suppose that a French Government must have greatly thinned their numbers. Galley slaves, chained and guarded, meet us at every turn.

We visited the great publick gallery of statues and paintings. The paintings are numerous, but not very interesting, except for the Neapolitan school—if the term may be used. Of the statues, the Farnesian Hercules is, no doubt, very fine, but it gives me no pleasure; I cannot help thinking it exaggerated. The Flora is one of the most beautiful statues I have seen: the Apollo himself has not more of the real

spring of life; and, although of colossal size, it is peculiarly light and graceful. Aristides is perfection itself. Canova has marked the several points from which it may be studied to the greatest advantage. This statue is so much injured by fire as to render it impossible to make a cast from it, and this adds, in no slight degree, to its intrinsic worth. The two equestrians (Balbus) are very good. One of the riders had his head carried off by a cannon-shot from Nelson's fleet; the statue stood at that time in the King's garden at Portici.

In the evening we went to another theatre, where the entertainment was on the plan of our English opera—songs mixed with dialogue; the singing not very excellent.

*February 1st.*—To Sannazar's tomb, and then to Virgil's, in which I read some of his First Georgick, and gathered leaves to preserve in my book. The whole world should not persuade me, now, that this is not Virgil's tomb.

To the grotto of Pausilipo, a road or vaulted gallery bored through a great hill. It is half-a-mile in length, fifty feet high and thirty broad. Although so large an opening admits a vast body of light at the ends, yet it is necessary to keep a dozen of great lamps always burning; and, after all, it is so dark in the middle that you can hardly distinguish a carriage coming towards you. The wonder of this work beats the Simplon galleries all to nothing.

We visited the catacombs—the first I have been in. They extend several miles under ground, and are interesting and curious; but there is something extremely disagreeable, and almost amounting to a feeling of disgust and horror, in quietly traversing, by the glaring light of torches, these wide domains of the dead, surrounded on all sides by the scattered bones and disturbed skeletons of thousands. We felt it so, and were glad to return to living objects and daylight.

The buildings at Naples are an extravagant mixture of every kind of barbarous architecture that ingenuity can devise. The taste is universally depraved. In every piazza (or, as it is called here, *largo*) there stands a clumsy, ill-shaped stone candlestick, generally supporting a gilt virgin or saint. The insides of all the buildings, and many of the outsides, are be-daubed with gold and gaudy colours. In short, gold hides every defect here, and atones for every fault. The clothes of the lower classes of people, both men and women, are covered with it in the shape of bordering, flowering, lacing, and embroidery. The cupolas of churches are done with little octagon shingles—red, purple, gold and silver.

In the evening to the theatre of S. Carlo, which is generally considered the finest in the world. Except the Milan theatre, I have never seen any that can bear comparison with it; but although I was, at first, greatly struck by its splendour, I now like La

Scala better. The shape of S. Carlo is not, in my opinion, so elegant ; and the decorations are certainly inferior in taste. Neapolitan glare has crept in here, and gilding and rich ornaments are too profusely employed.

The orchestra has seventy performers. There are ten double-basses and seven violoncellos. It appears to me perfectly good ; the whole moves, even in the loudest parts, with the smoothest, sweetest tone, like a single instrument. The leader's name is Festa. The opera to-night—*Medea*, by Mayer. I was not greatly pleased with it, nor, indeed, with the singing neither, which was certainly good, but inferior to what I have heard, and the house is miserable for hearing. Ballet most indifferent.

2nd.—To Pompeii. I had been greatly mistaken as to the nature of what is to be seen here, and had really supposed that we were to descend underground and be conducted through some old ruins and buildings, to be seen either by torchlight or by light admitted through an opening above. What, then, was my astonishment and delight at finding myself in a town as open to the heavens as Naples itself, where we traversed streets, forums and gardens, entered the temples, halls of justice and private houses, shops, bakehouses and cellars ; in short, where we were in a Roman town such as it appeared seventeen centuries ago. If you can imagine a great town deserted by all its inhabitants, stripped of its moveables,

and with the roofs of its buildings lifted off—such, precisely, is Pompeii. One sees mosaick floors, baths, fountains, the names of the owners of the houses, and scribbling of names and attempts at drawing in various places—particularly by the loungers in the lobbies of the amphitheatre. The leading street from one of the gates is opened, and some of those branching from it. The tracks of carriage wheels are visible everywhere, in some places very deep. One of the most interesting parts is the street of the tombs, outside of the gate. Some of them look as fresh and white, as if the marble had just come out of the artists' hands. There is a superb amphitheatre, but it is not quite cleared ; they told us it would still require four months' labour. In one of the underground passages there were found, about a fortnight ago, twenty-four skeletons. In the cellar of a kind of casino, in a garden, we saw a number of earthen jars ranged along the wall ; Sir William Hamilton opened one of them and found the wine still in it. In this cellar were discovered the remains of seventeen persons, probably the family, who retired here for safety ; one of them grasped a handful of gold ; necklace and bracelets were on another.

Everything to be seen or heard of in this town, so miraculously preserved for our gratification and instruction, excites a degree of interest that I have never before experienced, and the sights of this single day have made me feel more than all the anti-

quities of Rome together. Our ideas of Roman magnificence are fully supported by the superb buildings and splendid decorations of this very inferior city. Pompeii is indebted for the state in which it is preserved to the manner of its destruction ; it was gradually filled up by a shower of a kind of pumice-stone like coarse gravel, which, from its light and dry nature, easily penetrated the inmost recesses of the buildings, and filled up every chink. I carried away a handful of this shower from the amphitheatre. I consider it a great curiosity, as I trust that there is no specimen of it in the Kingdom of Great Britain.

In the evening there was a grand masked *carneval* ball at San Carlo. We had tickets ; but when we were dressed and setting out it was raining *a l'Italienne*, and (our valet being out of the way) the waiter, whom we sent for a carriage, made an accurate calculation of the chances for and against our getting to the ball without his assistance, the result of which was that we were to pay three crowns for a set-down about two hundred yards. We were so provoked at this gross imposition that we instantly dismissed the carriage, and, calling for candles, to the amazement of our calculator, walked quietly to our beds.

3rd.—We left Naples at eleven o'clock to ascend Vesuvius. At Portici, six miles from the town, we mounted mules and commenced the ascent. An hour brought us to the Hermitage, a single house on the mountain, inhabited by a hermit and his servant,

who make a livelihood by waylaying and imposing on strangers that travel this way. The hermit was not in the house; but his attendant forced us in and laid before us bread, wine, cheese, and fruit, for which, as he does not sell and would not name a price, we paid enormously.

From this spot the view is magnificent; on one side the whole extent of the bay, and beyond it the bay of Gaeta with its lovely shores—all this under a warm sun, glowing with a summer heat; on the opposite side the Apennines rise, covered with snow. These are views not to be conceived by those who have not seen them.

After a short delay we proceeded, and in half-an-hour more of increasing difficulty of ascent, during which I trusted to the prudent physiognomy of my mule and committed my safety to his judgment, we reached the spot from which our climbing was to begin. This part of the mountain is incredibly fatiguing. It is a regular cone, so steep and smooth that there are but two paths by which it can be ascended—by the favour of two old streams of lava. In the first quarter-of-an-hour we were forced to stop several times from want of power to proceed, and had I not felt assured that I could do what so many had done before me, I should certainly have given up in despair.

Our toil continued, with short intervals of rest, for an hour-and-a-half, when we reached the brink of the crater and were amply rewarded.

The present crater is a mile-and-a-quarter in circumference, and of depth unfathomable. This prodigious gulf was filled with volumes of smoke, ascending rapidly into the air and forming a vast chain of clouds. A noise was heard from the bottom like the roaring of the sea, which, at intervals, increased in loudness till, with an explosion, large stones were hurled into the air, attended with blacker and more tremendous volumes of smoke. Farther out than where we stood, large fissures have opened within the last two days ; and we stood upon the edge, up to our ankles in hot, wet sand, which has fallen in a shower within the same time. Every appearance indicates an approaching eruption, which some calculate upon as near as eight or ten days. We passed over the late crater, which is now closed and like the rest of the surface of the summit. The present one was only opened last year, on top of a hill three hundred feet high, formed by that eruption. The summit of the mountain is a rough plain, I suppose quarter-of-a-mile in breadth, covered with rocks. Sulphurous smoke is bursting out from every part of it, in such quantity and strength that we were obliged to hold our noses passing through it ; and some of the rocks were so intensely heated that we could not hold our hands within a foot of them.

I had expected that our return would be not only laborious but, from the extreme steepness, somewhat dangerous. I was, therefore, a little surprised when

my guide set off at a run and jumped over the edge, from which, in an instant, he appeared a hundred yards distant. I quickly followed, and in ten minutes, exactly, I was at the spot from which I had climbed with infinite labour for an hour-and-a-half. The side is so perpendicular that, raising a foot and bringing it a little forward, you fall at least ten feet, and the ashes giving way carry you ten more, so that, without much exertion, you advance rapidly. The only care requisite is to lean well back and raise your foot high enough to avoid tripping, which might be a little awkward, for the smoothness is such that a stone let off from the top will roll to the very bottom.

The day was as favourable as we could have desired. When we were going up, the sky was darkened and the summit of the mountain obscured, and the sun, piercing the clouds, cast a most splendid light upon the distant sea. Before we reached the top the clouds had passed away, and the sun shone brightly, illuminating the bay, the mountains, and the distant coast.

I have now seen the Bay of Naples in many points of view, and under a bright as well as under a clouded sky. Allowing for the difference of magnitude, and considering the one as a miniature of the other, there is not, perhaps, any one view of it superior to the Bay of Dublin, with which we are accustomed to hear it compared. I speak of the latter as seen under a favourable sky and with a full tide; but it is the height of injustice to the Bay of Naples to institute the

comparison. It is 120 miles in circumference, instead of thirty ; and all the features, hills, mountains and islands, are, in the same proportion, greater. The fact is that it is only because Dublin Bay is in some degree a miniature of this, that it has ever been named with it ; but to compare them is ridiculous. Two advantages possessed by the Bay of Naples, independent of its sky, are invaluable. The one is the city, rising out of the water and most beautifully encircling the bosom of the bay ; if I were not a true Irishman, I might contrast with this Ringsend and the smoke of Dublin. The other advantage is still more important—that there is no tide, and the water being equally high, the view is at all times equally fine. It is, to be sure, contrived for the honor of our bay that, whenever a stranger is unfortunate enough to arrive at low water, he must wait, though in sickness and anxiety, till bulls and bars are covered, and the scenery is displayed in all the beauty of a full tide.

In the evening to San Carlo. The King and Queen were present. He is a gay, handsome man, but with no very genteel appearance. His hair, which is very dark, hangs in ringlets down upon his shoulders ; his eyes are remarkably small and bright. He wore a blue uniform without lace or embroidery, a medal and star, and a white cravat. The Queen is pretty, and her appearance delicate and most interesting. The Princess of Wales was present, and towards the end of the opera she went round into the royal box,

kissed the Queen, and sat beside her for a long time.

It is a matter of curiosity to look back upon our own history, and observe the customs which we have exchanged with the Continent. Kissing is very common in France as a ceremony, and still more so in Italy. I have even seen gentlemen, meeting at a conversazione after a long absence, kiss each other ; this, however, seemed to be considered too affectionate, and did not pass without a smile. “ *Vi baccio le mani* ” is not yet become an exaggerated compliment. Gentlemen kiss the hands of ladies, and persons of inferior rank kiss the hands of both ladies and gentlemen. The following passage is from the life of Cardinal Wolsey, written by his gentleman usher, Cavendish. He attended the Cardinal on his embassy to France, and being sent on to the house of a gentleman upon the road, with whom he was to pass the night, he was received with much form by his hostess, “ and when she and her traine was all come out, she saide unto me, ‘ For as much,’ quoth she, ‘ as ye be an Englishman, whose custome is to kisse all ladies and gentlemen in your country without offense ; although it is not soe here with us in this realme, yet I will be soe bould as kisse you, and soe ye shall doe all my maides.’ By means whereof I kissed her and all her maides.”

The opera to-night was *Ginevra di Scozia*. There is an admirable arrangement in the pit of this theatre,

which I have not seen before. It is divided by arms into seats which are all numbered ; the tickets likewise are numbered—such a number of such a row. You then keep the ticket, going in ; and by this means you not only secure your seat for the whole night, but you may engage any particular place by sending for the ticket ; and all are sure of equal room, without the possibility of more being admitted than can be well accommodated. In all the Italian pits there are backs to the benches.

*4th.*—To Herculaneum. Although this name is oftener heard than that of Pompeii, yet it presents far less of interest to the stranger. There is nothing to be seen but a theatre, which is descended into by torchlight and consists of passages and openings cut in the lava ; and from this alone it would require time and attention to form any idea of an ancient theatre.

The most interesting thing to observe is the manner in which the destruction was effected here—so different from that at Pompeii : the one buried in a shower of gravel, the other in a flood of lava. It is, indeed, supposed that when Pompeii was covered, Herculaneum shared its fate ; on its site another town was raised which, being subsequently overwhelmed by a stream of lava, the lava sunk down and incorporated itself with the former volcanick matter. Portici is the third stratum of town—destined, perhaps, to be covered by a fourth.

Greater quantities of marbles and more valuable things have been discovered here than at Pompeii, not only because the destruction here was too rapid to permit the inhabitants to carry away their effects, but because, in fact, the place was richer. The excavations are going on ; but however interesting they may prove, all that can be done is to remove the statues, columns, paintings, or curiosities discovered. The openings must be again filled up, and with care, for Portici extends over Herculaneum, and would be exposed to a new kind of danger if the vaults underneath were allowed to remain and extend.

We next visited the royal Museum at Portici, where all the valuable things found at Herculaneum were formerly deposited. Part of them have been lately removed into the museum at Naples, and part carried away to Palermo by Ferdinand—to the great annoyance of those who do not visit Sicily. There are, besides other curiosities of Herculaneum here, a variety of workmen's tools, differing but little from those used at the present day.

On our return we went through the libraries and shops of several booksellers. Books are here in great abundance and of every kind ; but as far as we could judge, through the imposition practised everywhere, they are sold dearer than at any place we have been in on the Continent.

In the evening to theatre Fondo. There was a serious tragical comedy. The performance, by the

best company in Italy, was admirable, and the piece (translated from the German) really affecting. The applause was most liberal, and continued after the curtain dropped until the two principal performers came forward to return their thanks. A light, entertaining piece succeeded.

5th.—We gave up this day to going about the town and seeing the masquerading. At three o'clock the Toledo was filled with a double row of carriages, extending into the streets at each end of it, and forming a line of at least three miles. Masking was not general, either among the foot passengers or in the carriages ; but there were many good groups, and about one-third of the carriages were filled with masks—the coachmen and footmen in masquerade dresses, and the carriages greatly ornamented. All the carriages are open ; and some, belonging to the publick offices, of monstrous size, containing three or four rows of seats rising one above the other, and most fantastically shaped.

The best group was formed by the Princess of Wales and her party.\* She was in a long open carriage, built for the occasion, which was drawn by four white horses, and escorted by a number of gentlemen dressed as Cossacks and admirably mounted. The Princess was disguised as a goddess, and attended by about

\* The writer never speaks of the Princess of Wales in any other than a respectful tone. His remarks may be contrasted with those of the Comtesse de Boigne (*Memoirs*, iv., pp. 40-41).

a dozen of nymphs. Unfortunately, it rained the whole time; but no one seemed to mind it, and the crowd did not begin to separate till dark. The King drove through the streets with a splendid equipage. A principal part of the amusement of a masking day consists in throwing *confetti*; these are little balls, the size of a small marble, made of some soft white plaster that makes a mark wherever it strikes. As you pass a carriage in the ring, with a masked party in it, they shout and point and throw themselves into some ridiculous attitude to put you off your guard and, the moment they succeed, you are sure to receive a volley of *confetti* in the face.

In the evening to a great masked ball at San Carlo. The house was brilliantly illuminated, and the pit covered over and the stage opened to the back. This immense space was so crowded that one could with difficulty move about. The boxes, from top to bottom, were filled, the lower tier principally with masked parties. The wit exhibited at this entertainment was, if possible, less than at our own masquerades, and we were fully exposed to it, from being in plain clothes and English. I did not see a single attempt at supporting a character.

Joachim and his Queen were present in the second tier of boxes over the stage. He and his aides-de-camp wore coloured clothes. His dress was a light green inside coat, with a velvet surtout of a still lighter green lined with fur. He seemed to enjoy the scene,

and very good-humouredly answered the salutations of the masks as they crowded under his box. The Queen did not attend much to what was passing. She seems pensive and abstracted, whether from general habit or not, I don't know.

We returned home at half-past one o'clock in the morning, changed our dress, and left Naples before three.

Naples, with the advantage of its bay, is, I suppose, the most beautiful city in the world.

The exterior of the town, to be sure, is ugly, dirty, and confined; but the Toledo is a noble street, and a considerable portion of the building is along the water, and this is all very fine. The Chiaja alone would be sufficient to redeem the ugliest town that ever was built. The population is immense, and exhibits the bustle and activity of the most crowded parts of London. The buildings are, almost without exception, in the worst imaginable style of architecture.

Of society our stay was too short to permit us to attempt anything; but the King keeps a splendid court, and pleasure seemed to form the whole employment of my acquaintances among the English, as well as the subject of all their conversation. I believe it to be the most idle, dissipated, luxurious, and profigate capital in Europe.

In thirty-eight days there have been but two without rain. The English were complaining of the cold

of December, for there are no fire-places in almost any of the houses, and a charcoal pan in the middle of the room, though it should, in reality, cause sufficient heat, would never make an Englishman think himself warm.

## CHAPTER XII

### HOMEWARD

*Naples to Rome.—February 6th.*

WE left Naples before three o'clock in the morning, under the same guide who had travelled with us from Rome; there were three carriages in company. When we had been about an hour on the road one of the carriages broke down and caused a considerable delay. An hour afterwards I was roused by a shouting and, looking out, I saw the same unfortunate vehicle flat upon its side, and its master, an old Italian gentleman in his night-cap, creeping on his hands and knees into the mud. A Genoese, a very pleasant man, who now travelled in the carriage with me, looked out; but instead of offering to assist, he quietly said, "*Ah, Poverino! mi fa pieta,*" and then composed himself to sleep in the corner. With some difficulty it was set to rights, and we proceeded; but in the course of the day, to finish the chapter of accidents, our carriage came down and kept us two hours on the road. Our Genoese, relating these misfortunes to our host at night, expressed himself, "*Abbiamo sofferto*

*tutte le disgrazie del mondo.*" These complicated mis-haps prevented our getting farther to-night than our old residence at Mola, two posts from Terracina. We were well entertained, and spent a very pleasant evening.

7th.—We started early, but the number of examinations of passports and custom-house delays obliged us to travel till eleven o'clock at night, in order to reach Velletri. The last two posts were generally through woods, and our conductor would not proceed without an escort of three *sbires*, to protect us against twenty-eight robbers who, they assured us, were in these woods. Of course we saw none, but as long as *sbires* are left at the post-houses, to bargain with travellers and get a crown each for riding a few miles, the woods will never be without robbers.

At Velletri our entertainment was in all respects as good as we could have desired ; but we, Englishmen, were charged ten pauls, while our Italian friends paid but seven. We thought this difference so reasonable (it usually being the double or treble) that we paid it without a murmur.

8th.—We arrived early in Rome, and thus terminated an excursion from which I had promised myself much pleasure, and that far exceeded my utmost expectations.

*Rome.*—10th.—I visited the study of Camuccini. He seems, by universal suffrage, to be ranked as the first historical painter now in Italy. We saw a great

many paintings—both original works and copies of Raffaelle's made for his own improvement. I was not, upon the whole, greatly pleased with them; but I certainly see new paintings under the disadvantage of not understanding sufficiently what part of the glare and rawness is to be attributed to the newness, and what to the bad colouring of the artist. The Romans say that Camuccini's drawing is very little inferior to that of Raffaelle.

11th.—To see the great fresques of Annibal Caracci, in the Farnese Palace. I have seen no fresco painting that gave me more pleasure.

12th.—We heard to-day an anecdote that is another proof of the improvement to be expected under the papal government. In the time of the French the cow-pock was encouraged in every possible way, and a premium of two paoli was given to everyone who brought an infant to be inoculated. It is now so entirely extirpated that the Marchesa Massimo, wishing to have her child inoculated, is forced to send to Milan for the infection.

13th.—I heard vespers in S. Peter's, and then bade farewell to this divine structure—probably for ever.

We descended into the subterraneous part, in which there are tombs of Popes and other great men; amongst them those of Cardinal York, James III, and Charles III.

14th.—I left Rome. As I had passed through Florence and Sienna in going to Rome, and my friend had taken



MR. JUSTICE MAYNE  
*From a miniature by Comerford in the possession of Mrs. Broke*



the Perugia road, we now varied our route—at once crossing the Alps and coming down upon the coast of the Adriatick at Fano.

On the eighteenth we reached Bologna at one o'clock, and spent the remainder of the day in revisiting some of the best galleries of paintings. The winter here had been severe, and snow was still lying in heaps in the courts of palaces and other sheltered spots. We did not, however, find any snow upon our road.

The route from Bologna to Rome by Rimini and Fano is, for those who do not want to go through Florence, in all respects preferable to the other. The mountain is less, both in quantity and difficulty; the drive along the Adriatick is extremely fine, and Umbria is quite enchanting.

I must confess, however, that our pleasure was considerably diminished by the rascality and attempts at imposition everywhere, until we arrived at Bologna. At every second post-house we had a battle for a fourth horse,\* against all law, and we were several times forced to apply for redress to a magistrate. Bargains made at night were denied in the morning; postilions were knavish and insolent; in short, we

\* This particular "imposition" seems to have been hard to kill. It was still in vogue when Mr. Mayne visited the Continent seven years later with his father and other members of his family. The indignation, on that occasion, of his sister Dorothea at being deprived of one of "*quatre chevaux*" paid for, found an expression which passed into a household phrase: "I have paid for my cat, and I will have my cat!"

were kept in a raging fever from morning till night. It was our ill fortune to travel so early in the season ; for the innkeepers, postmasters, and postilions, seeing but few travellers during the winter, think it fair to indemnify themselves by a heavy tax upon the first-comers of spring ; besides, as there was no run upon the road, the postmasters could always well spare us a fourth or even fifth horse, which might as well attend us as lie in the stable. Several times they forced an additional horse upon us, in spite of us—and we never paid for him.

Through the north of Italy we travelled with an amazing speed. From Rimini to beyond Milan the roads are perfectly level and admirably kept, the horses excellent ; not a moment is lost at the post-houses, and the drivers are of so elastic a nature that, by a judicious application of the soldi, they may be stretched out to racing speed. We made our journey of nearly 100 miles to reach Milan in time for the opera, which we accomplished. We ran off, the instant we arrived, in our travelling dresses, were in the theatre at eight o'clock, returned and supped at twelve, and were off the next morning at four.

The first person I saw upon the stage was Tramezzani—to my great surprise, not knowing he had left England. He was not heard well in the house, and no attention is paid here even to the most favourite singers, except in particular songs or in a new opera.

*Turin.*—On the 22nd we arrived at Turin. There

is nothing here worthy of attention, except the outside of the town, and the theatre, the shape of which has been the model of the best theatres in Italy.

We left Turin at twelve o'clock on the 24th, and reached Susa about seven in the evening. It had been our intention to sleep here; but a large English party was already arrived, and the sky being perfectly clear, we determined to enjoy the novelty of ascending Mont Cenis by moonlight.

I never was more completely gratified. The solemn stillness of the hour; the tremendous scenery of rocks, torrents and precipices amidst which we continued to wind in every direction, sometimes returning along the face of the mountain by a road but a few yards above that which we had last trodden; the village of Susa immediately under us, with its river winding through the valley; the long interminable line of Alps, covered with snow and illuminated by the moon—all this awakened in us ideas that must be felt to be understood.

Two hours and a-half brought us to Novalese; so far, scarcely any snow. The inn at Novalese is comfortable, and we were civilly and well entertained.

Early next morning we proceeded upon our ascent. From Novalese the mountain was covered with snow many feet deep, but frozen so hard that our wheels seldom sunk more than a few inches. We were, however, attended by two men walking beside the carriage and holding cords attached to the top, to support us

and prevent an upset in case the snow should prove treacherous in any spot. A great number of men were employed clearing away the snow, which they did by cutting away one half first—as a hill is levelled. We reached the summit in safety, and without ever dismounting for a moment.

The descent is more alarming, especially in the state we found it, covered with ice; for the precipice is quite open and unprotected, and the road not being an exact level, but (in order to throw off the water) sloping gently to the outer edge, our wheels were every moment sliding towards the precipice, and often so near as to try the strength of our nerves. To-night we sleep at San Michele.

The passage of Mont Cenis is now performed with the greatest facility, and the safety and convenience of travellers is well consulted. Except after a fall of snow, carriages of every kind can pass with ease; sledges and chairs must then be used, and the carriage taken to pieces, as formerly. Twenty-five houses of refuge are distributed on the most important points of the mountain, within bell-sound of each other. These are inhabited by seventy-five persons, whose sole employment is to attend to the repairing and clearing of the road, and to assist travellers. The houses are well stocked with flour and salt provisions at the commencement of the winter. The scenery is not, I think, at all so magnificent as that on the Simplon, nor so diversified. Still, there is in all these

great mountains, in snow, a sublimity that cannot fail to fill the mind with awe.

At Turin the language of the people is a mixture of French and Italian ; from names of shops and advertisements it would be difficult to tell which was really the language of the country. From Turin the language gradually slides into the French, till, at Mont Cenis, our Italian was finally closed. We heard no more of it, and at the next post were not understood in it. From this spot, too, commence the conceit and insolence of French superiority. They despise their neighbours on the other side of the mountain, and it is a dire affront to ask any man or woman, "Are you Italian or French ? "

We met a striking instance of this to-day. A postilion set out with us from San Michele, driving four-in-hand at full gallop. It was growing dark. We quickly perceived that he was drunk and, after several hair-breadth escapes, we insisted upon returning to the town. These postilions are under strict military discipline, and such misconduct, if known, would subject him to very severe punishment, if not to ruin. The man prayed and begged, almost out of his senses, that we would not insist on going back. He declared that, rather than return, he would desert and go to the mountains. He even, once, was proceeding to violence, and attempted by force to mount his horse and drive on. In the midst of his drunkenness, alarm, and terrified entreaties, with the most earnest manner and

in quite a tragedy tone, he said, "I give you my honor, sir, I am a Frenchman." For the honor of the great nation we compromised the matter. We returned and told the postmaster that we did not like going on in the dark; and, in his hearing, gave directions to the postilion (who was now quite sober from fright) to be ready to drive us in the morning. We were heartily glad next day that we had not exposed the poor fellow, for he was a decent-looking man and seemed ashamed and truly penitent, and assured us that he had not been once drunk for years before.

After being some days in the mountains among rocks and woods, and with snow everlastingly before my eyes, I cannot express the delight I experienced when we entered the delicious valley of Mt. Mélian. I thought I should never have been tired of gazing on the green fields, which were then in their finest verdure.

*Chambéry to Paris.*—We pursued our journey from Chambéry to Lyons, and then varied our route to Paris—going by Chalons, Macon, Dijon, Troyes Nogent, and Provins.

From Dijon to Nogent we observed sad signs of the Austrian retreat in the last year. Throughout that country the single houses were levelled to the ground, and the half of every village was destroyed. At Nogent, the scene of a battle, the bridge was blown up, and the town, into its very center, half in ruins.

The people there crowded round our carriage, begging, and had every appearance of misery. A still more unpleasant mark of the campaign was in the roads, which were all cut into trenches by the guns and waggons. Our wheel slipping into one of these, as we were passing a waggon, struck against it and broke our crane-neck, which delayed us for half a day in the next village.

*Paris.—March 2nd.*—We arrived in Paris at nine o'clock in the morning, the seventeenth day after our departure from Rome.

Immediately after breakfast we ran off to the Louvre. On entering the hall we discovered that the annual exhibition of the works of living artists was now holding ; I was glad to have the opportunity of seeing this. There was a considerable number of casts, but few statues. The paintings in great quantity. In my judgment, there were very few pieces of great merit. The subjects were affected and extravagant, the figures distorted, the outlines hard and abrupt, the draperies stiff, and the colouring infamous. On the whole, I think the general taste in our London exhibitions superior ; but there is certainly this striking difference—that our collection contains little else than portraits and landscapes ; while here the majority were historical paintings, which evinces, at least, the endeavour to be great. They may succeed, but there are fearful odds against them.

This evening we saw the comedy of the *Marriage of*

Figaro, in which Madelle. Mars played the part of Susanne inimitably ; and altogether this was the best supported comedy I have seen. Madelle. Mars reminds me greatly of Catalani in her comick parts.

The following evening we saw the tragedy of *Les Templiers*, in which Talma and Lafond played together. Talma is the only man on the French stage whom I would call a great actor. His person is good, his countenance dignified and expressive ; his voice full, sweet, and excellently managed. He seemed to me particularly to excel in expressing strong emotion, and in energetick declamation. His manner very much resembles that of Kemble, but is not quite so studied ; and yet his gesture seemed to me less easy : but the rules of the French drama demand a studied, measured manner, and Talma finishes his performance so highly as to exhibit more of nature than is usual on the French stage ; while our drama, on the contrary, is guided by rules suggested by nature, and Kemble goes to the utmost limits of what our love of nature will endure. For this reason I would pronounce Talma the greater actor.

*Paris to Calais.*—We left Paris the following day at one o'clock and slept at Chantilly, where I revisited the château and stables.

Travelled all next night in order to reach Calais in time for the packet ; but, leaving Boulogne in the morning, a drunken postilion drove us against the town gate, and smashed our unfortunate carriage in



MADEMOISELLE MARS  
*From the collection of A. M. Broadley, Esq.*



a deplorable way. This accident kept us till so late an hour that we did not enter Calais before ten (or indeed, I believe, eleven) o'clock at night. When we were driving up to the town, our postilion turned round and asked us whether we had a pass. This was the first time we had thought of such a thing, and he told us that, had he supposed we were without an order, he would not have come on, for that it was very probable the gates would not be opened to us at such an hour. We drove on, however, and after some explanation and entreaty on our part, and messages and negotiations within, the keys were brought down and we were allowed to pay our way through three or four gates.

While we were waiting at Boulogne to have our carriage mended, two captains of packets strongly advised us to sail with them, instead of going on to Calais. Under the circumstances there would have been some convenience in adopting this plan, and I told them that, if we could dispose of our carriage advantageously here, I would go with them. One of them went to see about this, and in his absence I asked the other what he would charge for our passage. Such was his moderation that, notwithstanding our distress, he only asked ten guineas each. When his friend returned I overheard him say, "They have been talking about price of passage." "Well," says the other, "what did you say?" "Why, the carriage is so much broken that I said ten guineas."

The friend shook his head, guessing, truly, that even though we were English and our carriage so much broken, we would not easily pay ten guineas where one might be considered unreasonable.

*Home.*—We landed in England, after a rough passage of five hours, March 8th, 1815.

I have rarely felt more delighted than upon my return. It gave me such a feeling of happiness to be in my own country again, with English faces and English voices about me, that I was disposed to admire although everything had not, indeed, been truly admirable. On the road to town every carriage, every horse, every house, and every person was interesting, and my attention was as completely engaged as it ever had been in a strange country where every object was wholly new. Abroad one feels that he has no interest in common with anything about him, and this feeling will, at times, dash his pleasure in what he sees.

Fortunately for my safety, and for that of other English travellers who return to their native land with my feelings, a Dover and its custom-house are most judiciously placed in the way, to counteract the effects of a too excessive joy.

We found them most effectual dampers, for after having been forced to pay half-a-guinea each for a boat to carry us ten yards, we were almost suffocated and pressed into the sand upon the beach by a crowd of noisy ruffians, who would have forced us to lodge

that night in five hotels at the same time ; and having escaped this danger, we were stretched upon the rack at the custom-house, and, finally, cheated at our inn more than we had ever been in France or Italy.

THE END



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